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PRISON DEMOCRACY

BY FRANK TANNENBAUM

I

It was late at night. All were asleep except four of us — three prisoners and myself. We were smoking our pipes and drinking tea in the warden's kitchen and talking. Our conversation ranged over many things — things that are weird and fascinating when the mood of a silently creeping night has settled upon an isolated community. Suddenly I turned to one of the prisoners and said, —

'Jack, how do you like working here?'

He looked at me for a minute and replied: 'Well, I like to work for the old man [Mr. Osborne]; he is a clean-cut fellow, and you always get a square deal from him; but in here I am a servant.' And then, pointing through the window where, in the distance, broken by a few glimmering lights, loomed the prison in outlines blacker than the night, he continued, 'While there, I am a citizen.'

Puzzled at his answer, I asked for an explanation; and he enlightened me with the cheerful remark: 'You must be simple. Here I have to do what I am told, just like any other servant; in there we govern ourselves as free men.'

A paradoxical state of mind for a convict, if one remembers the old prison system. Under the old prison system the privilege of working in the warden's

house was the final mark of confidence and the most cherished of all privileges. Here, apparently, while the boys liked to work for their warden, they regretted the fact that they were not active participants in managing their own affairs as they would be if they remained in the prison proper. This sentiment was concurred in by the other men.

While thus smoking our pipes and drinking tea, I was initiated into many of the mysteries of prison democracy — one of them, the keen sense of responsibility. I was told by one of the boys in the kitchen — a fellow with a smug face and bald head, with many fanciful tattoos on his arms and chest — that this business of running a prison was no 'cinch,' and that the chief trouble was that some of the men who had short 'bits' did not appreciate their full responsibility. At the last election, he told me, they had three tickets in the field: those who were in office and wanted to stay in; the independents who would have liked to get in; and the long-timers. I inquired for the distinctive platform of the long-timers' party.

'Well,' he said, 'we fellows have most to lose if this system goes wrong. We are going to stay here after the others are gone, and it is up to us to see that

nothing goes wrong, because we are the *responsible party*.'

I sauntered into the prison one day, and found myself in the League room, with half a dozen boys. An argument developed about the efficacy of the democratic method, and I found to my great surprise that democracy had staunch supporters here, stauncher than in some places that I know outside of prison. One of the men in the room — Mack, a great big fellow with broad shoulders, and a voice like that of a bull, husky and sturdy — said, with a bang on the table, 'Well, be gad, I never worked in my life, but when I get through here I am going to try it, and I am going to be a labor agitator.'

That was curious. I somehow could not think of Mack as a labor agitator. I said, 'A labor agitator, Mack! Why in the world that?'

Mack had never been a laborer. He had been a thief all his life. He looked at me with some scorn. 'Well, why not?' said he. 'I tell you boys, this thing, democratic self-government, is the cure for all our troubles, and I am going to preach it when I get out.'

A little later in the day I was talking to one of the men doing time — a young man, straight, well-built, blond hair, a fine sensitive face, with a good education. Technically, he never completed it, having been expelled from some half-a-dozen colleges in succession. He told me quite frankly what the trouble was. He said, 'I had too much money and too little sense of proportion. I am the black sheep in my family. I was never any good, but I tell you what — when I leave this place, I am going to preach the gospel of a square deal, and I am going to do it for the rest of my life. This is the first time I have seen it applied in practice, and it works. I have found a life's job.'

One day I found myself talking to a farmer lad. His sentence was two years.

I wanted his opinion. He said, 'Well, two years is a pretty long time for a fellow to spend any place, especially in prison; but I tell you what, I ain't so sorry that I am here. This is the greatest experience a man can have. I have learned more since I have been here than in all my other years put together, and I feel the better for it.'

Sitting with two professors from Harvard, who were visiting the prison, and watching a trial where five young lads, all under twenty-one, acted as judges, while a number of witnesses were being called, I observed the young boys, one of whom, who was doing life for murder, was the presiding judge. The judge was saying, as one of the witnesses went out, in answer to an objection that there seemed to be no evidence justifying the continuance of the trial, 'That is not the point. I don't think the fellow was guilty myself, but I do think some of these witnesses are lying, and the point, fellows, is, that we have got to learn to tell the truth or this darn machine won't work.'

One of the professors turned to me and said, rather wistfully, 'If we could only make our colleges more like this, what a different result our educational machine would achieve!'

Something strange and phenomenal had occurred just before I visited the prison. Nine motors filled with prisoners had gone to Manchester, New Hampshire, to give a play. They were practically without guard. On the way home, late at night, a blizzard developed, and in making a sharp turn in the road the two first cars, one with Mr. Osborne and the one immediately behind, took the right road, the others went astray. Mr. Osborne arrived at the prison with seven cars of prisoners missing. The other cars kept straggling in one by one as they found the way, the last one arriving about ten o'clock in the morning.

One group of prisoners had a particularly trying time of it. They ran out of gasoline, their car broke down several times, and finally burned, leaving them stranded and practically without money. In despair they waked a farmer and inquired for the county jail, planning to spend the night there and return to the prison in the morning. After making their way to a little town, from which a bus service was running in the direction of Portsmouth, and waiting until morning for the bus to start, they found that they had to borrow money to get back to the prison, as the little they had had been spent for gasoline. They all arrived safely at the prison by ten o'clock. One of them was a life-prisoner and another was doing twenty years; yet they had made no attempt to run away. Why? I don't know very well, and the men don't seem to, either. There is, however, a glimmer of explanation.

I talked to the lifer and asked him why in the world he had not run away, and he said, 'What do you mean — run away? How the devil could I take the responsibility of leaving the men behind me to suffer the consequences of my having betrayed their trust in me? I went because *they* sent me, and if I had not come back they would have suffered the consequences.' And then he continued without any apparent strain at all, 'Why, the idea of running away never came into my head. I was sent to participate in a play and help raise some money for the boys. I enjoyed doing it, and I just came back as I was expected to — and that's all.'

After a little silence he added, 'We had so much trouble that night, we were so worried about how we would get back, that when we finally did come near the prison, we felt that home never looked better. It was the most natural thing for us to come back, and we did not think of anything else. The

thing that I wanted most was to get a little rest, and then to tell the rest of the boys all about it.'

The boy of good family mentioned above was one of those who went on this trip. He said to me, 'This is an experience that I will never forget. There we were, all convicts, doing from two years to life, and free to run away, and yet no one did. What is more, I am sure if anyone had tried to do it, the others would have prevented him. There was a peculiar feeling of responsibility and of joy in carrying out the implication of this responsibility that exceeds anything I have ever believed to be possible. You see we were all free men — at least, free to run away; but our responsibility carried us back to prison, and yet you might almost say that we found our freedom in going back to confinement. Curious, is n't it? Almost ridiculous to think that men free to enjoy the possibilities of a life without restraint should return voluntarily to imprisonment just because they had a strong feeling of attachment to the men they left behind. Probably, too, there was also in our minds the knowledge that the rest would suffer if we failed them, and you know, there is n't a single one of us who regrets having come back. We feel that this experience has made the life of every one of us richer. I guess that we all came back because we were expected to and because everyone was sure that we would.'

One day in Auburn, as the sun was setting over the walls, and the dim shadows of the coming night were settling down on the prison, I stood with Tony in a corner and watched the men in gray pass by on their way from the shops to their cells. Tony is a young fellow, about twenty-one, a little above medium height, broad-shouldered, well-knit, thick neck, round head, keen blue eyes, with a remarkably boyish face on which the lines

of character and strength are just beginning to develop. He has a record of being one of the worst gangsters in New York City. From the age of fifteen on he dominated one of the large gangs on the upper West Side. He dominated it on the basis of personality. He proved himself the quickest, the bravest, the cleverest and the most honest — honest to his own group. He did not know any other honesty. Brought up in a family where the father was dead and the mother was poor, in an atmosphere where gangsters and professional criminals dominated his environment, he learned the fine art of being a professional criminal at an early age, and he learned it well. He knew nothing else. He had little schooling, and little experience beyond the horizon of his own immediate group, but that group he dominated. He had been tried on charges of various kinds, including murder, before this, but never convicted. Either he was too clever, or the witnesses were too much afraid of him, or, probably, he was never really 'caught with the goods.' Be that as it may, he was serving his first term in a state prison. Let me say that Tony was worshiped by his own group as a leader and loved as a friend.

I was standing there and talking with him when he turned to me suddenly and said, 'You know, Frank, I've got so that I can stand and "argue" with a man.'

It dawned on me slowly that he was really saying that this was the first time in his life when a difference of opinion did not involve a fight: that he could 'argue' with a man when he disagreed with him, rather than fight with him.

As the men kept filing by, he said, 'You know, when I first was elected top sergeant I was in a terrible fix. I wanted to punch everybody in the nose who

broke the rules; but I knew that, if I punched him in the nose for breaking the rules, I'd be breaking them myself; and I could n't do it. It was really a terrible thing. I wanted to give up the job, but I stuck it out.' Then, with half a smile, 'You know, I think it did me a lot of good to stick it out.'

II

These are some of the evidences; I could multiply them by the hundred if there were the space, the patience, and the necessity for it. But enough has already been said, I think, to make the reader ask the question, 'What in the world is it that makes the criminal, as we know him, behave in this paradoxical fashion? These men certainly do not sound like criminals or talk like them. And if not, why not?'

Well, that is a question which this article is going to try to answer. It is a hard question to answer, and the answer is bound to be unsatisfactory.

To understand fully the significance of democratic organization in the prison, we must understand the criminal before he comes to prison. The real criminal problem is the professional criminal, the man who has, for one reason or another, accepted law-breaking as a regular method of making a living. He is *the* criminal problem. Obviously, he is not the only one who gets into jail; but any prison procedure must be judged primarily by its influence upon the professional criminal.

The men who get into prison, as I have known them inside and out, tend to divide themselves into six fairly distinct classes, which overlap, it is true, yet each of which is sufficiently distinct to stand as a group, marked off from the other groups.

The first is what might be described as the casual criminal: the man who, having once committed a crime and

been discovered, is probably never going to repeat the offense; the man who is weak rather than bad, who slipped under pressure and whose sensitive consciousness and feelings of shame, as well as other influences, such as home and family, tend to keep him from repeating the act, once he has escaped, or suffered, the consequences of his first breach of the law.

The second, and a very large, part of the prison population must be classed as economic criminals. When I was at Blackwell's Island, in 1914 and 1915, the prison population of that institution increased one half. It rose from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred. What was true of that penitentiary was true of all the other criminal institutions of New York City, as I was informed by the Commissioner of Correction. It will be remembered that the winter of 1914-15 was one of the hardest we have had in a long time, New York City alone having some half a million men unemployed for many months. The statistics for last year, which have just been published, show a remarkable decline in the criminal population of New York. It was a comparatively prosperous year, and there was little unemployment. This seems to indicate that economic conditions have a direct bearing on the prison population. How much more it could be reduced by improving economic conditions still further, we cannot say. But it does seem obvious that in all probability the prison population will tend to decline with the improvement in the general economic background of the men who are to-day in prison. We thus have a definite group of men who get into jail when conditions fall below a certain level, and stay out of jail when the level is raised. This group must necessarily affect all the remaining groups. The recidivist cannot be considered altogether immune from the influ-

ence of a changing economic situation.

The third group, a group much more characteristic of the workhouse and the penitentiary than of the state prison, is one that might be described as derelicts. Not all men can pass the test of industrial civilization, and they break. Non-employment, sickness, accident, and other factors tend to develop irregular habits, nervous temperament, irritability, and lack of interest. They become the driftwood of the community, and some of them — one might almost say the best — drift into jail.

There was an old man in the penitentiary whom we used to call 'Pop.' For some twelve years he had come back every winter and left in the spring. I got to the penitentiary in February. He left in April and returned at the beginning of November, and I left him there when I was released in March of the next year.

One day I said, 'Pop, why do you come back to this place so often?'

And he replied, 'Well, my boy, what can an old man do? I ain't got no home, no family; nobody wants an old man, and the work is too hard, even if I could get it. I am not a strong man any more. When spring comes I go across the river to the heights, sleep in a barn, mow a lawn here and there, chop a little wood, and get by. When it gets cold again, I come back to the city, take a few good drinks, then break a window and get six months in the "pen." In this place I am at least sure of a bed and kept out of the cold.'

'But,' said I, 'why don't you go to a charity institution?'

'Who — me? You must think I am a beggar. I tell you what, young fellow, I ain't. I am a self-respecting man, and I'd rather be in jail any day than in a charity home.'

'Pop' is not an isolated instance. He is a type of the men and women who help to fill our city jails, and some of

whom ultimately get into state prisons. They are the defeated in the struggle for life.

The fourth class is the accidental criminal: the man who runs counter to the law by accident, often the accident of good intention. In a fight that is innocent enough, a blow may be struck which has fatal consequences. Or it may be that some friend has broken the law, and in seeking to escape the police appeals for protection, for the hiding of stolen goods. The arrest of the criminal involves the well-intentioned friend, who is convicted of having received stolen goods. To this class belongs also the man who, in a passion or a fight, has struck a blow which had a worse consequence than he planned. Many men behind the bars belong to this group. Sometimes, having come to jail by accident, a man continues to come through choice, a choice determined by the loss of social position, the ruin of his fortune, the acquisition of new habits, the making of new friends, the perversion of morals, the development of a feeling of hatred and revenge. A criminal record is a kind of branding of both the soul and the body. The man becomes marked, and often the police and officials help determine the destiny of the forces which an accident set in motion.

The fifth class is the definitely sick — and there are such men in prison, though not all the sick ones are there, and, in spite of the popular impression, not all who are in prison are sick. I use the word 'sick' in the sense given to it by men who speak of crime as a disease, or of the criminal as diseased. There are men who are, by native capacity and content, not fit or able to live a normal life within the strained conditions of our social organization. They are often diseased, physically and mentally. These men belong in a hospital — not in a jail. But they are not so important a part of the prison population as the

prison psychiatrist generally tends to indicate. The psychiatrist's conclusions will have to be checked up by a much wider analysis of the people outside of prison before his description of the characteristic features of the criminal can be accepted as conclusive.

III

This leads us to our last class, the professional criminal. He is the centre of the prison problem. Recidivism is no proof of mental inferiority, of physical deformity. The evidence of those who have been in prison and who know the criminal best — the professional criminal — is contrary to any claim that would make recidivism in itself a proof of inferiority. The professional criminal is a man who has accepted crime as a profession. He has developed an aptitude for it, a liking for it. The habit, the environment, the ties of friendship, the group adhesiveness, all tend to keep him where he is. He gets there, generally speaking, through the open door of the juvenile institution. A discussion of prison democracy must be concerned with its results upon these men.

The professional criminal is peculiar in the sense that he lives a very intense emotional life. He is isolated in the community. He is in it, but not of it. His social life — for all men are social — is narrow; but just because it is narrow, it is extremely tense. He lives a life of warfare and has the psychology of the warrior. He is at war with the whole community. Except his very few friends in crime he trusts no one and fears everyone. Suspicion, fear, hatred, danger, desperation and passion are present in a more tense form in his life than in that of the average individual. He is restless, ill-humored, easily roused and suspicious. He lives on the brink of a deep precipice. This helps to explain his passionate hatred, his brutal-

ity, his fear, and gives poignant significance to the adage that dead men tell no tales. He holds on to his few friends with a strength and passion rare among people who live a more normal existence. His friends stand between him and discovery. They are his hold upon life, his basis of security.

Loyalty to one's group is the basic law in the underworld. Disloyalty is treason and punishable by death; for disloyalty may mean the destruction of one's friends; it may mean the hurling of the criminal over the precipice on which his whole life is built.

To the community the criminal is aggressive. To the criminal his life is one of defense primarily. The greater part of his energy, of his hopes, and of his successes, centres around escapes, around successful flight, around proper covering-up of his tracks, and around having good, loyal, and trustworthy friends to participate in his activities, who will tell no tales and keep the rest of the community outside. The criminal is thus, from his own point of view, — and I am speaking of professional criminals, — living a life of defensive warfare with the community; and the odds are heavy against him. He therefore builds up a defensive psychology against it — a psychology of boldness, bravado, and self-justification. The good criminal — which means the successful one, he who has most successfully carried through a series of depredations against the enemy, the common enemy, the public — is a hero. He is recognized as such, toasted and feasted, trusted and obeyed. But always by a little group. They live in a world of their own, a life of their own, with ideals, habits, outlook, beliefs, and associations which are peculiarly fitted to maintain the morale of the group. Loyalty, fearlessness, generosity, willingness to sacrifice one's self, perseverance in the face of prosecution, hatred

of the common enemy — these are the elements that maintain the morale, but all of them are pointed against the community as a whole.

The criminal is not conscience-stricken, because his warring psychology justifies his depredations upon society. His morals centre around the conviction that dishonesty (against the community) is the best policy, and more, that dishonesty is a characteristic prevailing element among other people; that the difference between the criminal who has been in jail and the rest of the community is that they are yet to be in jail.

This leads us to the criminal's background. Where does he come from? How does he acquire this peculiar concentration of the qualities characteristic of most other people, in this perverted but intense form?

The average professional criminal begins his career as a boy, often as a child; a bad boy, a naughty, turbulent, energetic, and noisy child. Some of them begin their lives of 'crime' as early as the age of seven. More than twenty per cent of our criminals are under twenty-one. Raised most often as he is in poor families, in overcrowded rooms, the young boy receives little care and attention. At a very early age he generally is left to roam. The home is a place where he sleeps and has his meals — poor meals, often irregular ones and dirty. He lives in the street with other boys situated like himself, and they organize into gangs. Each little boy is striving for leadership, and fights are constant. Not living his life at home, he lives it in the street. He plays craps, collects pictures, trades, bargains, steals, avoids the policeman, hears stories of brave criminals, and being poor, finds means of increasing his expenditures for sweets, moving-pictures, and other boyish extravagances by illicit games and by being introduced to the practice of older boys. This is the setting for the

average boy. What makes him into a criminal ultimately is not his gang life so much as the fact that his gang life is his *only important outlet*.

This boy finds school life rather monotonous, dull, uninteresting. The teacher is overburdened. The boy needs sympathy, love, understanding, some occupation that will give bent to his energy and discover his interest. His home brings little influence to bear upon that tendency. The school falls short of fulfilling the needs of this boy, who needs so little and yet needs it so much. He is a truant. The teacher is helpless. The mother is both helpless and hopeless. The boy is left to drift, except for the truant officer. But the truant officer, the policeman, the society for the prevention of cruelty to children, and other institutionalized elements in the community that concern themselves with this boy can generally give him everything but what he needs: he needs sympathy and understanding, and these are the two things that are rare indeed among institutionalized people and concerns.

Ultimately he gets into trouble. Some special prank, some participation in the illegal conduct of older boys, too frequent staying away from school, anything that a boy may easily do when adrift, lands him in an institution. But an institution for 'incurable' boys is the last place for an 'incurable' boy to be sent to. Institutions generally, regardless of their motives or objects, proceed on the basis of discipline, and the boy needs growth. Suppression does not suppress, it distorts.

One who would understand the possibility for evil, for emotional distortion, of juvenile institutions must talk at length with men who were brought up in them. He would be startled at the tales of cruelty, barbarism, neglect, and mistreatment, which, if they were not so widely corroborated by practically

all men who have been brought up in such institutions, would seem unbelievable. I do not accuse of cruelty the men and women in charge of them. All one has to do is to understand the conditions under which they operate. They are but human, given to exasperation, given to becoming callous and indifferent, occupied and troubled with personal interests which make system and method essential for dealing with children. System and method imply regularity, and regularity implies, where children are concerned, inevitable deviation, difference, and friction; and to maintain regularity, discipline becomes necessary, and the limits of discipline vary very widely: they vary as widely as the human beings concerned vary; and what that means in the life of the children one need not specify, except to say that it means suppression.

The length of institutional life varies. It is, however, usually long enough to institutionalize the boy, in the sense that it tends to make him unfit for any normal and regular occupation. If he does not stay there until he is twenty-one, he very often returns two or three times to some juvenile reformatory institution before he reaches that age. He returns because his experience in the reformatory has done nothing, generally speaking, to add to his adaptability. In the institution he has learned bad habits. I remember one 'hardened' criminal saying to me, 'I was sent to a juvenile institution at the age of eleven, and returned at about fifteen as a good pickpocket. I went to a reformatory at seventeen as a pickpocket, and returned as a burglar, with all that implies in one's life and habits.' As a burglar, I went to a state institution, where I acquired all the professional characteristics of the criminal and have since committed all the crimes, I suppose, which most criminals commit, and expect to end my life as a criminal.'

He was a kindly old fellow, with a twinkle in his eye, and I asked him, 'Dutch, how do you feel about the game, anyway?'

'Well,' he replied, 'my boy, when youse been in jail as long as I have, you don't feel much about what you do to other people who ain't your friends.'

In the institution the boy makes a few friends, and when he is released these generally become the centre of his emotional existence. He is a little more callous, a little more hardened, a little more set. He has felt his first tinge of bitterness, of hatred, of fear. He has resented brutality, and become brutal in the process, because resentment, when it breaks itself on a stone wall, hardens. Too often he comes back without a trade, without interests, with a bad name, with lurking distrust in all about him, with the police, the parole officer, and all the 'good' people just a little different in their behavior toward him; and he feels different, and *feeling* different, *he is* different. He finds that he has few friends, and these few are, like himself, isolated, suspected, and persecuted. A sense of grievance binds them together. They become friends in all things. They build a loyalty that resists the encroachments of a suspicious world, and their loyalty is based both on common danger and on a sense of common grievance. There is no social consciousness, because there are no broad social connections. There is no social interest because there is no broad sense of responsibility. They are 'bad,' but they are bad in the sense that their good instincts have been distorted to bad motive, and not in the sense that they have no good instincts.

This then is a general background of the professional criminal, and to this background we must always remember to add the sense of constant danger and fear with which the life of the criminal is darkened.

IV

Let us see this criminal as he is when he comes to prison under the democratic organization. He has been in prison before, generally, and he knows what to expect. He finds just the opposite situation from what he has known. Instead of discipline, hard and brutal, he finds discipline based on coöperation and democratic participation. He does not understand what it means. He does not believe it, and he often, upon arrival, tries to take advantage of it.

With his background of suspicion, of hatred, of distrust, he brings with himself into prison a peculiarly aggravated sensitiveness. As a rat trapped and confined, before confinement has become a habit, gnaws at the cage and exhibits elements of desperate exasperation, so the criminal, suddenly cut off from a thousand associations, a world full of possibilities of joys and pleasures, which now seem more vivid, more keen, more essential, just because they have become impossible, feels unstrung, broken, and, one might almost say, crucified. He is in no mood for the understanding of democratic organization, with its demands upon personal interest and good will. Relief, which he must have, comes slowly, and generally it comes through building a fantasy of revenge, of retaliation, of self-expression and fulfillment. It is this man who comes into prison and becomes the subject of a democratic organization. This man is the criminal problem, and prison administration must stand or fall by its effect on him.

Prison democracy is a peculiar institution. It is made up of criminals who are the citizens of this community, and yet it is not a criminal community. The men are organized on a free democratic basis, and their organization centres around problems which are peculiarly vital to the whole group.

The man who originally came from a criminal community, and who under the old system was thrown into a community of criminals, now finds himself face to face, in an intensely personal way, with the grouping of men who do not operate as criminals at all; and yet their operations are of immediate consequence upon his well-being. They operate in terms of social need. Theirs are the problems of government, administration, and discipline, of education, of sanitation, nourishment, amusement — and these are not criminal problems. Like every community, this one contains its full measure of human strength and human weakness. Politics plays its part here as well as in the outside world. There are to be found intrigue, passion, jealousy, ambition, desire for leadership, for being in the limelight; there, too, is to be found the craving to serve, to be a busybody, to carry on reforms, to agitate for new things, to preach, to play, to build. It is a whole world, involving love and hatred, containing within itself some of the major problems of the outside world. There is, however, one basic difference. It must be remembered that this is an isolated community, a secluded community; that men cannot leave it at will, that what is done has an immediate influence upon the rest of the men. Government is a very personal experience in prison for every man there, because each man suffers or benefits immediately from the results of the activities of the group.

The prison community is thus essentially social. From such contact as the writer has had with prison organization he feels that it would be hard to duplicate anywhere outside of prison the social intensity and civic interest contained within a prison democracy. This paradoxical situation can probably be explained by two outstanding facts, true of the prison, but not, in

their full significance, true of any other community.

The first is that life in prison is not so keenly competitive as it is in the world at large. Men are more social because the struggle for existence in the economic sense has no place in the lives of the men behind the bars. They live a life where the danger of hunger and want, where the possibilities of lack of shelter and clothing, are unknown and undreamed of. There is no struggle for existence among the prisoners against each other. This means that the bitterness and disappointment, the hatred and antagonism, the selfish, competitive character of the individual, is not so much in evidence. There is a kind of equality in the prison world which is almost unique. The prisoners live under the same conditions: they eat the same food, wear similar clothing. There is more unity of interest, more similarity of occupation, more consistency of habitual procedure, than is to be found in the outside world. What holds true of the physical appearance of the men tends to be true also of the social aspect of their existence. The men's problems, as prisoners, are fairly similar, their interests as prisoners are more or less the same, they benefit and suffer from the common evils of prison life. They are thus bound together as men in the free outside world are not. This leads to the other aspect of the prison situation which makes for socialization of the individual.

The group is so small, and their interests are so closely knit together, that the activities of any member have a direct influence on the well-being of all the others. There is not only greater proximity of physical contact, but greater dependence upon the social responsiveness of the individual. The interests of the group are so bound up with the behavior of the individual that he is under constant pressure to

conform. The demand upon him to play the game honestly is almost irresistible. A man who stands out from the rest of the community by his unsocial behavior is in a more difficult situation than is the criminal in the outside world. In prison the man cannot escape the pressure of scornful, suspicious neighbors. He comes into disrepute in the community, and everyone knows all about him. He is shunned, disliked, avoided. He is scorned and sneered at, and lacks the sympathetic support of the little group which in the world outside makes the criminal's life bearable. He who will not play the game 'on the level' in a prison democracy is thus an outcast who cannot avoid the most serious consequence of being an outcast — effective excommunication. The pressure for conformity in the interest of the group is thus intensified to a degree hardly imaginable. Men are caught in the vortex of a group that demands social conformity — conformity with the things and rules which are good and essential for this self-governing group. And woe to the man who will not accept the implications of social organization.

In the older prison system the honor went to the man who was the most disobedient and troublesome prisoner. Under the democratic organization he is a nuisance to the prison group and is treated as such. This fact tends to make the man who is the most insistent upon group approval — that is, the most sensitive and rebellious type under the old system — into the most social and serviceable type under democratic organization.

This does not mean that there is no competition, no difference, no deviation, no outlet for individual energy. But it is an outlet which must assume the form of emulation, of striving for greater service, rather than of anti-social behavior. The prison community

has thus become one that literally compels men to take on the socialized character of the group. A prison democracy is the last place for criminals to practise crime. Conformity to the needs of the democratic group is the basis of existence, and conformity therefore becomes the rule, because the individual cannot stand up, even if he desires to do so, against the solid will of a closely knit organization.

There is another element involved, and that is the craving for play. It is an experience, new to most of them, which draws upon many potential characteristics. There is much fun, interest, and play in running for office, in administering things. There is an adventure in building a school system, as 'Doc' Meyers did in Sing Sing without himself having more than an elementary education. Men who have never done anything but break laws find a curious lot of self-expression in being sergeant or deputy, in making or enforcing laws. All these things have their influence. They react upon the men who are playing the game, and who, if they began doubtfully, cynically, half-humorously, soon find themselves absorbed in the real problems, because they *are* real problems. This is no longer a criminal community. It is a community of former criminals and present convicts, who are functioning as independent citizens within a certain prescribed sphere, limited by overshadowing walls, but within which there may be comparative freedom. It is this community that confronts the newcomer, and to him who is a stranger to it, it is a perplexing and paradoxical situation.

In Sing Sing, for instance, on his arrival the man was visited by a committee, who interviewed him and found out what service they could render him. Was there anything he wanted to learn — was there any particular job that he could do best, or would like to do?

Was there anything that the prison organization could do to help his family? To the ordinary criminal this seemed like an attempt to 'put something over' on him. It was, probably, his first experience in being offered a service without being asked for a return. Generally the newcomer, with his older psychology and outlook, would take advantage of it, and the newcomer in the prison organization was, generally speaking, a troublesome person. However, the intensity of the situation is so great, the problems so varied, the means of outlet so numerous, the area so limited, the grouping so intense, that he finds himself drawn into the vortex, one might almost say against his will.

The process by which this happens is hard to describe. It differs with different men, and varies with the varying temperament. In some cases it is cataclysmic. In others it is gradual. It may happen in many ways. The man, for instance, is placed in a shop soon after he arrives in prison. He is still peevish, moody, discontented, upset, and morose. While there, somebody smiles at him genially, says a cheery word to him, or picks up something that he drops. He makes a friend. In due course he will find that there is an election coming. The whole shop is busy with interest for the competing delegates — political drumming is in the air, people are canvassing, soliciting votes, making promises; and he finds that his friend, or somebody whom his friend is interested in, is running for office, and *ipso facto* he finds himself interested. He becomes busy, anxious, excited; with a throbbing heart he stands on the edge of the group when the count is taking place; and as his friend is either defeated or successful, his heart responds with its proper beat. He is already a different man. This is the beginning of a new series of operations, of thoughts, of new interests, new ambitions.

Or perhaps his friend may have got into trouble, and he accompanies him to court; and in court he finds that he can play his due part, either as a credible witness, when his word is as good as that of any other man, or as counsel pleading the cause of his friend, or as an onlooker intensely interested in the proceedings. A vision of a new world dawns upon him. A world of social problems and responsibilities, of which he was but vaguely aware before.

Or he may like to play ball, and join the baseball team or a committee on baseball; or boxing, and join a committee on boxing; or he may have religious interests and join the Catholic committee for the proper care of the graves; or, if he is a Jew, he may find himself on a committee to arrange a Passover party for the boys in prison. Anything is sufficient to make a start, and opportunities are numerous. There were some two hundred men on committees in Sing Sing during Mr. Osborne's time, about a fourth of the population serving on some committee or other, from sanitation to constitutional reform. Or he may be interested in education, going to lectures, classes, moving-pictures, or helping to teach. The particular process does not matter. What does matter is that the intensity of the social organization forces upon him social responsibility, and that the ordinary desire for conspicuousness and play, the ordinary human interest to do one's share in the light of the approval of one's fellows, is sufficient to draw him out of his hard shell, to throw back into the dimness of a receding consciousness previous thoughts, previous experiences, and previous outlook, and replace them with an altogether new set of emotions, interests, ideals.

Under the older system the prisoner had nothing to do, so he brooded upon the past and planned vengeance for the future. At present he is so busy, the in-

terests are so various, the associations so intense, the *esprit de corps* and factional pride so constant, that he forgets, one might almost say, that he is in prison. His whole life tends to become vibrant with an altogether new set of values and a new set of experiences.

I remember sitting one night in Sing Sing with a large group of executives, board members, and other officials. It was late. The whole prison was asleep. The guards were gone, except for those outside the walls. We sat in a room smoking and talking — talking officially, because it was a meeting.

One of the boys got up and said, 'Fellows, we have to look at the prison in this way. It does n't make any difference why we are here. That is past and gone. We can't leave here when we want to, either. That is not in our power. We are here to stay. Some of us are going to stay a long time. I have twenty years. Some of the boys have life. Some of them have less than that. But we are here, and it is our business to make Sing Sing just as useful a place for the men who are here as possible, and just as interesting a place as possible. Useful to the man who is going to leave. We have got to teach him a trade and develop him into a man. Interesting and useful — at least, useful in serving those who are going to leave — must be the life of the men who are going to stay here all the time. This is going to be a hard job, I know, but we have got to do it. There is no reason why we should just rot and rot and dry up and get worse and harder and more bitter. Let's make this place into a real college for the men, so that the boys who leave here will leave better and bigger men than when they came, and remember those they left behind with a good heart.'

And the others approved.

This is no idle attitude of one man. The boys in Sing Sing spoke of the

prison as the college for the remaking of men. The boys in Portsmouth speak of it to-day as the University of Portsmouth. The most interesting result of this whole business is the fact that the prisoners themselves have become prison reformers, and become so with a heart and a will, an idealism and emotional setting, which are characteristic of the true propagandist.

This newer experience, to be made permanent in the life of the criminal, must carry with it certain elements which are not directly within the power of the prison community. These men have arrived, as a result of the socializing pressure of a prison democracy, at a newer outlook, and at a newer view of life. At least for the professional criminal, the democratic experience and its consequence are a spiritual awakening that is not to be denied. But the professional criminal, under present conditions, does not possess, generally, the means of continuing this experience when he has returned to the world from which he came. He may be a different man spiritually, but the larger community, to which he has returned, has not materially changed. Suspicion of the man who has been in prison still exists, his possibilities for work and life away from crime are not basically different from what they were before he came to prison. It is this fact which makes imperative the introduction of certain additional factors, which will tend to carry over to the world beyond the prison walls the experience and habits acquired in prison under democratic organization.

The prison must actually become a self-governing, as well as a self-sustaining community in an economic sense. It must provide the means of learning a trade as well as that of earning sufficient money for self-maintenance and the care of dependents stranded in the world outside. This is not an impossible task.

There is no visible reason why scientific organization of the working and economic aspect of the prison community should not be capable of carrying full support of the individual, as well as of the group beyond the prison dependent upon the inmate for an income. It would be the means of maintaining intact such family ties as the prisoner may have had. The work, to be fully successful, must be so organized as to make possible the entrance of the criminal into an economic grouping in which he can function, and which will at the same

time contain the possibilities of continuing his newer democratic experience. This can apparently be done only by organizing the prison work in contact with, and under terms acceptable to, the labor unions, and thus providing for the entrance of the freed man into a labor group controlling his particular industry, and at the same time making possible the continuance of the method of democratic self-determination by participation in the problems and interests of the democratic labor organization.

IS A TOBACCO CRUSADE COMING?

BY L. AMES BROWN

I

WITH the prohibition of liquor an accomplished fact, there is evidence of increased activity on the part of those who oppose the use of tobacco. 'Anti-tobacco' leaflets flit through the mails with greater frequency. New 'cures' for the tobacco-user appear in the magazine advertisements. Newspaper headlines of such tenor as 'Nicotine Next,' or 'A Tobaccoless World by 1925,' recur. An organization that devotes a part of its energy to the elimination of smoking has just completed a money-raising campaign. Significant indications of anxiety are to be noted among members of the tobacco industry.

In some well-informed quarters, the opinion appears that a national movement to suppress or greatly to restrict smoking may take definite form. One of the chief causes of this opinion is the

vast amount of reform energy and ability that has been dumped upon the sociological market by the adoption of prohibition. When the Anti-Saloon League programme was achieved, it was supposed that a goodly proportion of its well-paid and efficient organizers would seek new employment. One change already has been made: Dr. Edwin C. Dinwiddie, the National Legislative Superintendent of the League, has resigned to become General Superintendent of the Southern Sociological Congress. The feeling naturally arises that some of these experts may look with real favor upon a war of extermination against tobacco.

It has been a year of rumors and surprises as to things political, in which were mingled some exaggerated assertions regarding the future of tobacco.

One such rumor had it that a well-known millionaire philanthropist had set aside a million and a half for an investigation of the pathological effects of smoking. That sounded in a measure like the history of the Anti-Saloon League propaganda repeating itself; for any drive against tobacco that was to be based so soundly in scientific research merited serious consideration. No such appropriation has been made by the millionaire in question, however, and the origin of the story remains to be disclosed.

Oddly enough, it was this report, later disproved, which launched me upon a period of inquiry regarding the real outlook. What follows represents no effort to assess the arguments for or against tobacco, or to augment or impair the force of the new reform'; it is merely a summary of such available material as sheds light on future possibilities.

II

Although it is but natural to expect that a movement against tobacco would draw heavily from the forces that dominated the prohibitory movement, it is somewhat surprising to note the definiteness of the New York *World's* assertion (April 18, 1920) that 'the nation-wide campaign for the abolition of tobacco' has been under way a year or more. 'The time when the suggestion of tobacco prohibition could be laughed at has passed,' says the *World*. 'It is a definite possibility; and unless vigorously met, it will become a real probability. The same forces that imposed prohibition on an unwilling nation are behind the anti-tobacco movement. They are the sharpest, shrewdest and most adroit politicians, — past masters in the field of practical politics, — who don't hesitate to use any means to carry their point.'

Among the active forces that can be

listed as arrayed against the use of tobacco and as in some way aligned with ideas which, when carried out, will mean the restriction or abolition of tobacco, are the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Life-Extension Institute of New York. There are a number of additional factors in the opposition to tobacco, including influential personalities and business leaders who give consideration to claims of increased physical efficiency as a result of freedom from the tobacco habit.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is without doubt the most powerful and the most formidable organization which is actively opposing the use of tobacco. This is an organization of great scope and power, without whose efforts the adoption of national prohibition would have been extremely difficult. The New York *World* authority asserts that the Union, indeed, 'used the Anti-Saloon League as shock troops in the prohibition campaign'; and the figure of speech is not entirely misleading. This organization is now distributing, in large numbers, a pamphlet entitled *Nicotine Next*, which was prepared in 1918 by Frederick William Roman, Professor of Economics in Syracuse University. The booklet is but one of the many outgivings of the Union on the subject of smoking, which has ever been viewed by it as the twin evil of drink. It is, indeed, the cumulative result of its propaganda against tobacco which provides the foundation for the proposed crusade. For thirty years the findings of medical science on smoking, particularly by young men and women, have been constantly brought before the public, but with the advent of the Roman booklet the propaganda enters more ambitious fields. Economic questions, such as the alleged waste of land in the production of tobacco, health-conditions of tobacco-workers, the destruction of property and absorption

of capital entailed in smoking, fire-losses and loss of industrial efficiency, are raised, to provide an unsentimental background for the subject-matter of the argument. The publication deals also with the cases of prominent public men and leaders of this and other generations who have not been smokers. Of this publication, it may be said that it recognizes the modern method of sociological propaganda utilized so effectively by the Anti-Saloon League, and that it attempts an appeal to the reasoning process and to material interests, rather than the unmeasured attack on the smoking habit which colors a hundred publications on the shelves of the Congressional Library and has brought odium upon the critics of smoking as fanatics and extremists.

The Union maintains a 'Department of Anti-Narcotics' which has an impressive output of slogan material, including pledge-cards, blotters, stickers, posters, in addition to the pamphlets and booklets already referred to. The Union also publishes the weekly *Union Signal* at Evanston, Illinois, and the *Young Crusader*, whose columns provide a means of dissemination of ideas in regard to the use of tobacco.

The Union has always devoted much of its energy to the prevention of smoking among boys. Despite the extensive state legislation prohibiting the sale of tobacco to persons below sixteen or eighteen years of age, it is an opinion easily vindicated by consumption figures that smokers form a larger percentage of the rising generation than of the preceding one. The scientific facts against the use of tobacco by young persons are overwhelming. No mother is willing to have her young son smoke. Therefore, the anti-tobacco propaganda, in so far as it has been directed into this field, has been unanswerable. Legislation ought not to be necessary in any state to prevent the sale of

tobacco to a growing youngster. Self-interest should prompt tobacco-dealers to establish a voluntary prohibition. The reformers, contemplating a larger programme, rightly appreciate that the logical and strategical entering wedge in the matter of legislation is the protection of the young. Youngsters who smoke are really making a vigorous contribution, therefore, to the anti-tobacco crusade. This is a main consideration that has rallied the support of womankind to the reformers — this, and the average woman's natural aversion to the aftermath of smoking by a member of her household.

Astute observers of the situation from the standpoint of the tobacco interests have given much study also to the matter of smoking among women; and it is interesting to note that at least one of the larger companies producing cigarettes makes absolutely no effort to exploit their sale among women.

A hardly less interesting bit of propaganda against the use of tobacco is a leaflet — 'What It Costs to Smoke Tobacco' — which bears the imprint of the Life-Extension Institute of New York City. This leaflet, which was sent to me recently by the Institute, asserts that the Honorable William H. Taft is Chairman of the Board, and that the other officers include Professor Irving Fisher, Chairman of the Hygiene Reference Board; Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director; Harold A. Ley, President; James D. Lanahan, Secretary; Henry H. Bowman, Arthur W. Eaton, Robert W. deForest, Edward L. Pierce, and Charles H. Sabin — the latter President of the Guaranty Trust Company. Interest in the potential influence of the Life-Extension Institute upon the use of tobacco is justified, not only by the personality and importance of the men whose names are used in connection with it, but also by the fact that this organization recently carried on a

national advertising campaign which, no doubt, considerably increased the funds at its disposal for the support of its policy and programme. The Life-Extension Institute provides primarily a service of health-examinations and educational letters and advice, 'available at a moderate cost to individuals applying directly, to life-insurance companies for their policy-holders, employers for their employees, and to members of clubs, societies, schools, etc.' Its so-called 'Keep Well' leaflets are supposedly concerned solely with the prolongation of life and its betterment; but the authors of its publications do not restrict themselves to the field of health and physiology in their opposition to smoking. In fact, I find in the leaflet in question a most illuminating presentation of the financial aspects of the national consumption of tobacco. After showing that the United States is consuming tobacco at the annual rate of seven pounds per capita, while the United Kingdom consumes only two pounds per capita, and estimating that our annual expenditure is more than a billion dollars, the Life-Extension Institute authority essays an accounting of the other side of the ledger.

Recalling no doubt the genial defense of tobacco made by the New York *Sun* and other independently minded publications in the past few years, the writer suggests that, whatever the good grace with which we may have looked upon it for its association with the works of genius and its solacing of tired nerves, 'there is little difference of opinion as to its effects on the worker in science and in industry.' 'It is a curious fact,' asserts the writer, 'that the man of science and the hard-headed business man, on comparing notes, arrive at the same conclusion regarding both alcohol and tobacco. According to them, these drugs are not compatible with work. The cigarette-smoker is ruled against

by most employers. The man who is wide-awake, snappy, and alert, who does not reach for his pipe or cigarette as he leaves his desk, is looked upon as a free man, who does not lean upon a prop; one whose brain is ready to respond to the calls on it and does not have to take medicine in the form of tobacco for a day's work.'

Regarding this alleged effect of smoking on personal efficiency, Professor Farnum, quoted by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, asserts that such successful men of business as Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison, and such employers of labor as the Cadillac Motor Car Company, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Marshall Field & Company, of Chicago, John Wanamaker, and many others, condemn the use of cigarettes by their employees.

It is too early yet to list the Anti-Saloon League among the organizations threatening tobacco. The League farsightedly declines any present connection with the movement, feeling that such a commitment would complicate its present work. Its leaders are convinced that it would be unwise at this time for it to become public that they were instituting another campaign or propaganda. Time, and the more secure enthronement of prohibition, may present the subject in new aspects.

An element in the movement that is not to be ignored is the increased activity of companies that sell the so-called 'cures' for smoking. These companies carry on a propaganda that is even more energetic and impetuous than that of the philanthropic organizations previously referred to in this article. They leave nothing unsaid that can be thought of to prejudice the public against tobacco. One such statement that recently caught my eye in the advertising pages of a magazine was this: 'You know better than anyone else

that you ought to stop because, sooner or later, it [tobacco] is bound to undermine your health. Heart-trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, poor eyesight — these, and many other disorders, can often be traced to the use of tobacco. Besides, it is an expensive, utterly useless habit.' The demand for these 'cures' is steadily increasing and is being developed by the utilization of modern merchandising methods; within the past six months, I am informed, 300,000 lines of space in 400 different publications have been utilized to paint the evils of tobacco and the effectiveness of tobacco cures. A reader who is induced to write for particulars is pursued for months thereafter by pamphlets and form-letter literature, intended to convince him that tobacco is a demon as greatly to be feared as the demon rum.

From the standpoint of volume, the legislation already on the statute-books of the States is quite extensive. Laws to prevent the sale of tobacco to persons under eighteen years of age, or of greater stringency, have been adopted in the following states: Arizona, Arkansas, California, Delaware, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. Perhaps the most drastic state law is that of Kansas, a summary of which, recently prepared, reads:—

'It is unlawful to sell or give away or "to have in any store or other place of business" cigarettes or cigarette-papers; or to advertise cigarettes, or to sell on news-stands or trains newspapers or magazines carrying cigarette advertisements, or to sell or give away to any

person less than twenty-one years of age any smoking material, including tobacco and cigarettes. It is likewise unlawful for the proprietor of a place of business, including railroads, railway stations, and street cars, to permit minors of less than twenty-one years of age to use tobacco in any form, on penalty of a fine of \$25 to \$100 for each offense. "If, upon what seems reasonable evidence, any person, company, or corporation is suspected of having in his or its possession any cigarettes or cigarette papers to be offered for sale, barter, or free distribution," on sworn complaint of any citizen, "any officer authorized to make arrests" may search the premises of the suspected firm without search-warrant, and confiscate any cigarettes or cigarette papers.'¹

It is notable that the most stringent legislation has been adopted in certain Western states, including North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Iowa, where the tobacco-crop is not large, and the interest of the agricultural population is not challenged by the restriction. The extent of state legislation, however, while interesting, is not of great importance to the study of the possibilities of a new onslaught against smoking, because of the fact that the bulk of it has been on the statute-books for several years and is, therefore, in a sense, dissociated from a possible national development.

III

Even if first-hand material were not available to prove the existence of an extensive and energetic propaganda against tobacco, we could not ignore the many evidences of anxiety within the tobacco industry. The tobacco interests, powerfully financed and intelligently advised, have not failed to scrutinize every phase and figment of the

¹ *New York World*, April 18, 1920.

newly energized movement. In some respects, they are availing themselves of the lessons taught by the liquor interests in their ineffective fight against constitutional prohibition. Thus, an effort has been made to unify the defensive activity of the vast army of producers and distributors of tobacco-products. To this end, the different elements of the industry have been harmonized in a national organization, known as the Tobacco Merchants' Association. This organization is empowered to act in behalf of all branches of the industry. It has selected trained investigators to study the situation and to guide its policy, and has raised ample funds for such counter-propaganda as may be decided upon. Assurance is given that, when the time comes for aggressive action, it will be taken with due promptness.

At a recent annual meeting of the association, an interesting discussion of the anti-tobacco movement took place, and the President, Mr. Charles J. Eisenlohr, delivered a speech which deserves to be included, in part, in this article, as representing the opposite point of view from that of the anti-tobacco propagandists.

'Undoubtedly,' said the speaker, 'the great majority of the people of this country are opposed to any movement which will further abridge their fundamental rights to enjoy the gifts of nature to mankind. If it is possible to legally restrain the people from the unrestricted use of tobacco, it is possible to deprive them of tea or coffee, regulate the styles of clothes they shall wear, prescribe rules for popular entertainment and recreation, and abolish such plays and motion-pictures as fail to meet the requirements of radicals in every walk of life who oppose everything that does not conform to their own views. The very objects for which this great Republic was founded would, if such legislation were accomplished,

be subverted, and personal liberty be sacrificed beyond hope of resuscitation.'

The spokesman of the tobacco interests went into much detail in his denial of kinship between liquor prohibition and the movement against tobacco, while he charged definitely that the liquor-prohibition forces have now taken up the warfare against smoking. 'Tobacco does not excite or intoxicate,' he asserted, 'but it soothes and pacifies. Tobacco does not incite to the commission of crime, but it promotes sober deliberation and moral contentment. Tobacco does not lure men from the fireside, but it cements family ties and adds immeasurably to the harmony of the home. The elements that constituted the "dramatic appeal" for prohibition are, as a matter of common knowledge, utterly lacking in the case of cigars, cigarettes, or tobacco in any form, with the result that the new crusade is based chiefly on the question of health and hygiene. Surely this onslaught will crumble now, as it did once before, under the infallible test of scientific examination and analysis. Under these circumstances it is certain that neither the public sympathy nor the philanthropic support which helped the prohibitionists will be accorded any movement against tobacco. Indeed, we have every reason to believe that the present gale of vilification will blow itself out and die unnoticed at the feet of scientific truth and intelligent public opinion.'

These confident assertions were hardly uttered, however, before a committee began work on a defensive policy. When that committee reported, it indorsed the following recommendations: 'Though entirely confident of the final outcome, the situation is one that demands the utmost vigilance and the most serious consideration. It is time for everyone, in all divisions of the tobacco industry and its allied indus-

tries, to constitute himself a guardian of the personal liberty involved in this issue, working for the common good and through a common centre. Crusades, whether they are animated by a genuine desire to correct existing evils, or are projected by self-serving individuals, gather momentum, and sometimes, unless checked by intelligent and judicious opposition, sweep all before them. In so far as the anti-tobacco movement is concerned, it is of supreme importance that our industry concentrate all its energies to combat its influence. That the claims of those who inveigh against tobacco are wholly without foundation has been proved time and again by famous chemists, physicians, toxicologists, physiologists, and experts of every nation and clime. That they have given tobacco a clean bill of health and pronounced it a great God-given boon to mankind has not lessened the activities of those opposed to it, but on the contrary, seems to have stimulated their antagonism.

‘While we have no quarrel with honest reformers, we find it necessary, to protect our own interests, to make vigorous reply to the false and misleading statements contained in the anti-tobacco propaganda that is being spread throughout the country.’

The alertness of the tobacco interests in itself contributes to the probability that no such prohibition movement will assume important proportions. Because of their alertness, these interests will be careful to avoid blunders of policy, such as those by which the liquor producers challenged the decent opinion of the country and facilitated the objects of the Anti-Saloon League.

IV

The very magnitude of the tobacco industry, and its importance to the economic life and well-being of the

country, might well give pause to those who suggest that we remove it by capital operation from the economic body. Among the giant industries of the nation at the time of the liquor industry's destruction, its predominance over that industry was particularly evident in the field of foreign trade: while the United States was a debtor nation in so far as its imports and exports of intoxicants went, it was, to a very large extent, a creditor nation in the matter of tobacco-products.

Tobacco and cotton are two industries which receive special consideration from the government in statistical service, and complete information is gathered each year by the Bureau of the Census on every phase of tobacco-production, consumption, prices, and similar items. It is interesting in passing to observe that this special service on the part of the government's statistical bureau is performed in deference, not to the vast manufacturing industry, but rather to the considerable number of agricultural voters who are interested in the production of tobacco and in tobacco markets. From Bulletin 139 of the Bureau of the Census, containing the latest complete tables on tobacco, we learn that in 1919 manufacturers and dealers had on hand 1,234,884,396 pounds of leaf-tobacco — a quantity so vast that only a trained statistician can overcome the inclination to shirk the task of computing how many cigars and cigarettes could be manufactured from it. The acreage devoted to the production of tobacco in 1918 was 1,549,000 of what is probably the finest and richest soil in America. The average price paid to the producer in 1918 was 27.9 cents per pound, far above the price-level of a few years earlier. The importance of tobacco-production in the foreign trade of the United States is revealed by the Census announcement that the total exports of tobacco-pro-

ducts amounted to \$152,965,286, while our imports were only a little over \$60,000,000. Our exportation of cigarettes reached 12,145,539,000, of which nearly seven billions went to China. The Chinaman is forswearing opium in this day of enlightenment, and finds much solace in American cigarettes.

Passing from the importance of tobacco to the agricultural population, who are owners of the million and a half rich acres devoted to its cultivation, we are not less deeply impressed by the scope of the manufacturing industry. The Census records show a total of 15,504 factories engaged in the manufacture of cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, and snuff in 1918. They are operated under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, as distinct from fourteen bonded warehouses whose product is solely for export. These plants in 1914 employed 195,684 persons, at an annual remuneration of approximately \$100,000,000.

The cigarette is the first pet aversion of the anti-tobacco propagandist, who is indebted to the Bureau of Internal Revenue for complete and exhaustive figures on the rapid pace at which Americans have been cultivating the cigarette habit. The Internal Revenue tables reveal a total cigarette production of approximately 50,000,000,000 in the year 1918. Of this number, nearly 11,000,000,000 were made in bonded warehouses for export, leaving a paltry residue of 39,000,000,000 for use in the United States. It will be seen that this total provided an allowance of something less than a cigarette a day for each resident of the United States — man, woman, and child alike. The statisticians of the government point with interest to the remarkable increase in the number of cigarettes consumed in recent years. In seven years preceding 1918, there was an increase of 262 per cent. Since 1897, the number con-

sumed has been increased by more than 600 per cent: the *per capita* consumption of 50 cigarettes in 1897 increased to 380, although the per capita consumption of cigars, which was practically equal to that of cigarettes in 1897, has less than doubled.

The government, regarding tobacco as a luxury, has found it a prolific source of revenue ever since the Civil War, which likewise witnessed the real beginning of liquor taxes. In 1863, the government collected \$3,000,000 from tobacco; in the next seven years the annual yield of these taxes increased to over \$31,000,000. In 1918, Uncle Sam pocketed \$155,757,278. The last figure is by no means all that the traffic will bear, in the opinion of taxation experts of Congress; and the next tax-bill written by the Ways and Means Committee may provide an additional levy on tobacco.

It is not surprising that the tobacco 'antis' have taken a leaf from the book of the prohibition propagandists in seeking to gain driving force for their arguments from the very magnitude of the tobacco industry. It is deplorable, they submit, that a million and a half of the finest acres of American agricultural lands should be devoted to the production of a plant that adds nothing to humanity's store of food or clothing, and 'is not conducive toward serving any legitimate demand aside from the insignificantly small quantity used in dyes and insecticides.' An effort is made to deduce a relationship between the extent of the tobacco-growing industry on the one hand and the high price and scarcity of necessities of life on the other. The reasoning is submitted that, if these million and a half rich acres were devoted to the production of grains and other foodstuffs, it would tend strongly toward a reduction in the high cost of living. Indeed, the rapid growth of tobacco-culture, with its invasion each

year of new productive areas where the soil is found suitable, is held to be one of the most harmful developments in our national economy. One of the pamphleteers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union expresses derogatory opinions, in keeping with this point of view, of the policy of the War Industries Board in recognizing tobacco as an essential war-time industry. That writer believed it most illogical that, in a time of world-wide food-shortage and of belt-hitching economy extending to insistence upon war-gardening effort, the authorities at Washington should have allowed so large a proportion of our agricultural acreage and of farm labor to be utilized for the production of tobacco.

Always keeping foremost the contention that tobacco is a luxury, and a harmful one, the pamphleteers of the movement emphasize with increasing frequency the grand total of our annual income which is expended upon tobacco-products. They have arrived at an estimate of \$1,200,000,000, although the Treasury Department and the Department of Justice accept a figure greater than two billions. In this day of heavy taxation and price-stringency there are, of course, many ways to show how usefully this vast sum might be employed in other departments of individual expenditures. The statistical experts of the movement against tobacco have not yet, however, pursued their researches to the ultimate source of information to which the handbooks of the Anti-Saloon League point the way. One of the points which they have failed to cover is the aggregate capitalization of concerns directly and indirectly participating in the production of tobacco usables. Had they the time and facilities for determining the total amount of the wealth of the country which is represented by tobacco stocks and securities, they might have another impres-

sive total for their basic argument. But they do not fail to bring out the important claim that tobacco investments absorb large amounts of capital that might otherwise be available for the development of agriculture and so-called useful industries.

As their propaganda extends its scope, they will be confronted by many delicate questions of analysis which will perhaps not enure to their own advantage. The merest tyro in economics and finance will recognize that, whatever the grand total that annually 'goes up in smoke,' there would be a destructive side to the effort to save this total through prevention of smoking. The argument here comes back to the actual destruction of wealth which would be involved in ripping out the tobacco-manufacturing industry from our industrial structure. A gigantic volume of investments would, of course, vanish into thin air the moment that such an enterprise was seriously undertaken. Part of this capital would not be made available for other industries for the simple reason that it would be destroyed. It is a typical characteristic of such propaganda that it withholds complete analysis of such phases of its ultimate aims. Such movements are, of course, sociological in their nature and origin. Their supporters invade the realm of economics with a grand air of authority whenever a point can be made in support of their programme, but they retire when confronted with inevitable economic issues. In such circumstances, they disclaim willingness to have the case tried upon a materialistic basis — an attitude that was epitomized in the failure of the prohibitionists to incorporate in their programme any provision for the recognition of legitimate investments made in the liquor industry before the anti-saloon amendment was submitted.

Adoption of national prohibition of

the use of intoxicants has had a far-reaching effect in awakening thoughtful persons to the dangers that lie along the path of constitutional interference in personal and local matters. Constitutional law, instead of being a mysterious study mastered only by the expert, is rapidly coming out into the light of common day. The need for awakening the general public to the vital fact that the Constitution is the basis and principle of legislation, rather than an instrumentality of specific direction of individual life and habit, is fully appreciated now by many persons who did not work actively to prevent national prohibition. The recently organized Constitutional Liberty League is one of the instrumentalities through which a proper estimate of the Constitution's function is being driven home. This organization, while it is concerned with orderly measures for liberalizing the condition with reference to existing prohibition, looks forward into the future when other efforts to amend the Constitution in similar fashion are possible, and pledges itself, 'in all proper and lawful ways to influence public opinion, to the end that the standards of personal liberty of thought and conduct which were established by the founders of the Government of the United States shall be maintained and safeguarded'; and further, 'to oppose any impairment of the rights of American citizens as vested in them by the first ten amendments of the Constitution of the United States, or by the Constitution itself.' It is obvious that this declaration of purpose was drawn to cover just such interference with the rights of the individual as the anti-tobacco enthusiasts would perpetuate, and that it is indicative of a gathering spirit of opposition to such 'reforms.'

This is but one of a number of fac-

tors that contribute to the opinion that the day of the anti-tobacco crusade is far off. There is not yet a real concert of action among the various organizations and individuals that are pointed in that direction, nor is there a common programme. Practically all the propaganda work is being aimed at the individual as the custodian of his own habits, while it is only by implication that the arguments for rooting out the production of tobacco are advanced. Not until there is union among these forces will there be strength sufficient to force constitutional change. In the matter of organization, the movement is in its first phase — comparable to the period before the Anti-Saloon League was organized, to give real driving-power and an actual programme to the prohibition movement.

The easy course is to conclude that nothing will come of it; but only careless thinking tolerates that conclusion. Thousands of persons took this pose of confident assertion in the years when the prohibitory tide was rising. While it is true that the movement is only in its first phase, we should be ignoring recent political history if we relied too much upon the negative indications. The conservative view to take is that conditions have passed the stage where an anti-tobacco crusade was impossible to one where it is possible. It remains to be seen whether the movement will enter the realm of probable fulfillment.

Let us hope that the onslaught, if it comes, will be met by something better than a sudden, eleventh-hour propaganda of the corporations constituting the tobacco industry. For one thing, it is to be hoped that the ordinary man who likes his smoke will not be cowed and prevented from speaking out, as was the case with the ordinary man who indulged in intoxicating beverages.

RAROTONGA

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

My month on Rarotonga has passed in a succession of pleasant and dreamy days — fishing, swimming, swapping yarns in the evenings. I have been staying with a friendly cocoanut planter, an Englishman, whose life is a rare story of adventure. He went out to Africa at the age of seventeen and spent many years knocking about Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa — trading, prospecting, hunting, and fighting. He is one of those types born with an insight into the character of primitive man, and a knack for acquiring savage dialects. Add to this a keen interest in natural history, botany, and geology, an insatiable curiosity regarding native customs, and an excellent memory — and you have the combination which makes a genuinely interesting man. After eighteen years of Africa, he came to the Islands seven years ago, to recover from a severe attack of fever. Now he has learned the Rarotongan dialect and acquired a taste for island life which makes it improbable that he will ever leave this part of the world.

‘It is no use my trying to live in civilization,’ he says; ‘I couldn’t stand a week of it. Africa’s all right except for two things. If you stop there long enough, you are bound to lose your health, and then you’re no good to yourself or anyone else. It’s a brutalizing place, too; the natives understand only one thing — force; so in self-preservation the white man is obliged to become more or less of a brute. The

matter of gifts is typical. Here, in the Islands, when I go off on a trip, my people bring me presents, and when I return, I bring back presents for them; there is a friendly human relationship. In Africa it is different — I demanded gifts, but gave none in return. There, the weak give to the strong.’

I have been trying to persuade him to set down on paper some of his memories, but he is shy of the pen. There is a lot of unfortunate truth in the Earl of Pembroke’s remark, in his introduction to a book of stories by Louis Becke: ‘As a rule, the men who know don’t write, and the men who write don’t know.’ At any rate, it is a pleasure to listen to his yarns, as we sit here evenings, smoking our pipes, with the drowsy rumble of the reef in our ears. The night sky, for once, is cloudless, and the Southern Cross low over a black wooded point that runs out into the lagoon.

‘By Jove, what a night!’ says my host, lying luxuriously in a steamer-chair, bare feet on the rail of the verandah. ‘Feel that air; look at those stars! Smell that? It’s the flower they call *ariki vaine o te po* — queen of the night. The stars have a friendly way of shining down here — not the hard glitter you see in Africa. Clearest air in the world over there; nothing like it even on the high deserts of your Arizona and New Mexico. I remember a trading-post I used to have on the border of Portuguese East. I stayed there three years, alone — did n’t do badly either. My

place was on a knoll right in the middle of a big plateau: the sort of thing you call a mesa. There was an old male baboon who sat on a rock nearly a mile away — a sort of sentinel for his tribe, I suppose. I saw him every morning. Wonderful eyesight those brutes have. If I came out of the house without a rifle, he paid no attention to me; if I carried one, he was off like a flash.

‘There was no other trader about; the people used to come in twenty miles to get my beads and brass wire and butcher-knives. They traveled early to avoid the sun; just after daybreak I could sit on my porch with a pair of glasses and watch the long lines of niggers, traveling in single file with bundles on their heads, coming in to trade. The northern rim of my plateau was one of their ancient territorial divisions, and I used to wonder, at first, about a great pile of stones beside the trail. Then one day I saw that each fellow from the north picked up a stone and threw it on the pile as he passed — to placate the spirits of the strange country he was entering. The trading was over by noon, and they’d file off with their stuff.

‘That was a lonely place. I usually went shooting in the afternoons. The plateau was covered with scrub and some fairly high bush — regular menagerie. At certain times of year the elephants used to come up from the low country and raise no end of a row on moonlight nights. And the lions — I liked to listen to their grunting; you could hear it for miles, so deep-toned that sometimes it was merely a vibration in the air.’

The tale wanders on till bedtime, ending with a search for an authentic treasure of diamonds, smuggled out of Kimberley and buried in the grave of a savage king, hundreds of miles to the north.

The plantation runs from the mountains to the beach, close to a pass in the

reef through which, in ancient days, the long canoes set out on their voyages to New Zealand. Tiny as it is, Rarotonga is an historic place in the annals of the Polynesians. Students of their genealogies, which furnish the only means of estimating time, agree that the island must have been settled about 850 A.D., and that it was, for many years thereafter, a starting-point for the extraordinarily bold voyages of the ancients, who explored the Pacific from the Antarctic to Hawaii, and at least as far west as Easter Island.

It stirs one’s imagination to think of those brown, hardy mariners, coming from no man knows where, — without compass or chart or sextant, trusting to their knowledge of the stars and the councils of their soothsayers, — to explore the enormous expanses of the Pacific, in their frail canoes, bound together with cords of sennit, and stocked with pigs, fowls, *poi*, and a few drinking cocoanuts. What a sight it must have been to see a fleet of a dozen great double *pahi* — strung out in a crescent sixty miles from tip to tip, on the lookout for a landfall — thrash through the whitecaps, their clumsy sails of matting bellying out to the weight of the south-east trade! They are strange craft, those ancient canoes which one reconstructs in imagination: a pair of long hulls, upturned at the bows, bridged across with planking on which rests a species of house. There is a single mast amidships, guyed fore and aft with cords of braided cocoanut fibre. A crowd of people is gathered in the house of each canoe; pigs are tethered to the uprights, grunting disconsolately; fowls with bound legs and alert beady eyes lie about on deck. Sheltered from the sun and the sea-water, with their roots done up in moist earth and leaves, are young plants for the new island — taro, and bread-fruit, and mountain plantain.

The sun sinks low in the west, and

the men forward shade their eyes with their hands as they search the horizon for the expected land. Suddenly a signal goes up from the canoe at one point of the crescent, and five miles away, the next canoe, rising to the crest of a long sea, catches and passes on the word. The landfall is made — only a faint irregularity on the horizon; but the leader knows that to-morrow, if the wind holds, the tiny triangle will grow and take form, until a lofty mountain rises from the sea: the island of their destination.

Such must have been the migrations of old Polynesia, as early as the seventh century of the Christian Era. And there are families in the Islands now whose genealogies go back to those days without a break, recording the names and deeds of every ancestor. The thought staggers one a little. Who and where were our ancestors fourteen hundred years ago? Or four hundred? Yet it is believed that Tahiti was settled about 650 A.D.; and the descendants of those early voyagers survived with only small changes of custom, clothes, and speech until the time of Captain Cook. To us, the days of the Crusades or the Battle of Hastings seem ages past, remote, almost legendary; to the Polynesian, counting the generations of his forebears, such dates are only yesterday. This mental attitude toward time is not wholly the result of residence in one spot and a knowledge of those who have gone before: it is part of the very atmosphere of the South Pacific, of the minute particles of land scattered over a lonely ocean that makes up nearly a fourth of the surface of our earth. Time loses its proportions here, where a month is like a week, and a week is like a day. And space, too, which goes hand in hand with time, becomes a small thing, where one travels a thousand miles by sailing-vessel to see a friend, and stays for

many months, perhaps, before another vessel comes to take one home.

From the Island standpoint, the time to accomplish a given task is a matter of indifference. You will see a couple of men begin to build a canoe, work a day or two, leave it for a month, return for another day's work, and finish it, perhaps, three or four months later. And yet two men can build a canoe, complete with paddle and outrigger, in seven days. They are not, in my opinion, a particularly lazy people; it is merely that they do things in snatches, between fishing, bathing, picking fruit, drying copra, and the hundred other occupations of the day. They do not believe in hurry, and who can say that they are wrong? The European visitor will find that he soon becomes imbued with the same philosophy of leisure — a philosophy neither unpleasant nor unwise in lands close to the equator.

Even the missionary acquires this indifference to time, as witness a quaint account of early days in Tahiti: 'E Tautua no te Tupu Anga o te Ekalesia o Iesu' (The Story of the Beginnings of the Church of Jesus), written by the Reverend William Gill, and published in the Cook Island dialect by the London Missionary Society. The persistence of the first missionaries in forcing themselves on the unfortunate natives of Tahiti, and their indifference to the passage of years, during which little or nothing was accomplished, are astonishing. I have called the Tahitians unfortunate, and I believe that no one who has read of their past and knows the race to-day can fail to agree with me. They deserved well of the white man — these friendly and intelligent people, of whom Cook remarked, one hundred and forty years ago, that a European settlement among them 'would give the people just cause to lament that their island had ever been discovered.' Their faults were the faults of children, but

they were neither cannibals nor savages, and they had evolved, during the centuries since their ancestors first colonized the island, a form of society which seems to have been conducted with a minimum of friction, and to have permitted a large proportion of the people to enjoy happy lives. Without belittling the efforts of the missionaries among the more benighted people to the west, one cannot help wondering what the early evangelists hoped to offer to the natives of Tahiti, one half so pleasant, and even beautiful, as the ancient life they had come to destroy.

II

On August 10, 1796, the first mission ship arrived from England, after a passage of eight months. On board (the Reverend Gill tells us) were thirty male missionaries, and one female. From August until March of the following year, the ship lay in Matavai Bay, without one member of her company being permitted to land. After six months at anchor, within a few hundred feet of shore, the ship was visited by a powerful chief named Tu, the heir apparent, son of old Pomaré. The chief agreed to permit the foreigners to land, and on March 19 there was a great assembly of the people at Papeete, where they gathered to listen to the discourse of the missionaries. We are not told what language was used, or how the exchange of ideas was brought about — perhaps some incorrigible member of the ship's crew had been in the habit of slipping overboard on a calm night for a swim and a surreptitious run ashore. Such men often make the best of interpreters. In any case, the missionaries were now permitted to establish themselves on shore, although their preaching had been heard with no great signs of enthusiasm. At the end of the first year, not a single convert had been

made, and all but seven of the missionaries sailed away in despair to Tongatapu. During the next two years one of the remaining enthusiasts was killed, one returned to England on a passing vessel, and one 'stopped being a missionary.' As the last words were translated to me, I could not suppress a chuckle; a vision flitted before my eyes: the man who decided to stop being a missionary casting aside his black clothes in a frenzy, wrapping his loins in a *pareu* of tapa cloth, and departing toward the bush in long bounds.

The year 1800 found the few remaining evangelists pursuing their task with indomitable persistence, though still without the encouragement of a convert. They had learned the language in spite of the natives, who did everything in their power to make it difficult. In the following year a ship arrived from England with nine missionaries for Tahiti; but in spite of these reinforcements, the outlook was becoming gloomy. In 1802, their condition was really pitiful — clothes worn out, axes and tools stolen, and not a single convert to help them. In this year a great disturbance arose over the native god Oro, ending in the violent death of several of the missionaries. The survivors were forbidden to continue their work. The end of the next year (1803), during which old Pomaré died and was succeeded by Tu, found them still without a convert, and in 1809, when all the missionaries, except a man named Nott, returned to England, the first convert had yet to declare himself.

The Reverend Nott, of whom we are told very little, must have been a powerful exhorter, for he accomplished, with the aid of a few newcomers from England, the task his predecessors had given up in despair. In 1815, one Patii, keeper of the idols on the neighboring island of Murea, was prevailed upon to build a great oven, strip the garments

from the ancient gods of wood, and consign them, one by one, to the flames. The people stood by in awe, thinking that Patii's sacrilege would cause his death on the spot — 'but nothing happened, so they knew that the rule of the idols had come to an end.' The knell of heathendom was sounding, and had James Cook, the discoverer and friend of the Society Island people, been present on that day, he might have heard another and more mournful sound — the death-knell of the native race. To say that Christianity was their undoing would be absurd; they died and are dying under the encroachments of the European civilization of which Christianity was the forerunner. Everywhere in the South Seas the story has been the same, whether told by Stevenson, or Melville, or Louis Becke. We brought them disease; we brought them cotton clothing (almost as great a curse); we suppressed the sports and merriment and petty wars which enabled the old islanders to maintain their interest in life. And lastly, we brought them an alien code of morals, which succeeded chiefly in making hypocrites of the men whose souls it was designed to save. To-day there is nothing to be said, nothing to be done — the Polynesian race will soon be only a memory.

From Tahiti, native converts took the new faith to distant parts of the Pacific. The heroic John Williams, who carried on the work of Nott in the Society Islands, and died a martyr's death among the Melanesian savages to the west, was recognized as the discoverer of Rarotonga, though the island had been visited, two or three years before, by a Captain Goodenough. There is a tradition, recorded by Mr. S. Percy Smith in his book, *Hawaiki*, that many years before the visit of Goodenough a great ship appeared in the offing. One of the natives, plucking up courage to paddle out to her in his canoe, found that

groves of breadfruit were growing on her decks, and that the name of one of her headmen was *Makore* (McCoy). She was the Bounty — without a doubt — laden with young breadfruit trees for the West Indies, and in the hands of the mutineers. Let me remark parenthetically that there is to-day in Rarotonga a Miss McCoy, from Pitcairn Island — a descendant of the mutineer Makore. Although it covers so large a portion of the world, the Pacific is small.

III

Early in 1823 Williams set out from Raiatea for Aitutaki, where he met a woman left there by Goodenough, and learned from her of the existence of Rarotonga. As she desired to return, he took her aboard and started on a search for the new island. For six days they beat back and forth on the lookout for land, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the captain of the schooner was persuaded to continue the search. At dawn of the seventh day there was a shout — the high ridges of Rarotonga were in sight, faint and blue on the southern horizon. That night they came to anchor off Avarua and landed the woman Tapairu, related to the reigning family of Makea. Though the Rarotongans of those days were a wild lot, quite unlike the gentler Tahitians, the foreigners were not badly received, and before his departure Williams obtained permission to leave on the island a Raiatean missionary named Papehia, who had accompanied him on the voyage.

The people of Rarotonga took kindly to Christianity from the first. In 1827 John Williams returned, caused a large church to be built, and formulated a code of laws which was in force until the establishment of the British Protectorate, in 1888. I have a book of the old laws beside me as I write — a criminal

and civil code so quaint that I am tempted to quote entire pages. Many of the regulations are just and well calculated to fit the needs of a primitive community; others are bigoted to the point of absurdity. The penalties incurred by transgressors varied from death and long periods in the stocks to the payment of twenty Chilean dollars or the building of so many fathoms of road. If you speared a neighbor's pig to give a feast, you were obliged to 'Pay four pigs like the one stolen, one to the chief, one to the police, and two to the owner of the stolen pig.' It was unlawful for a man to have tattooed upon his body the name of a woman, or to weep at the funeral of a woman to whom he was not related. Best of all, — a priceless ordinance, which, to date, our own virtuous law-makers have overlooked, — it was unlawful for a man to walk in the evening with his arm about a girl's waist, unless he carried in the other hand a lighted torch!

The year after the making of the laws, the Reverend Mr. Buzacott arrived in Rarotonga. He must have been a remarkable man. It is said that no European, before his time or since, has succeeded in mastering the language of the Cook Islands as did this patient and talented missionary, who devoted his life to the translation of the Bible into the native tongue. The task was a colossal one, — just how colossal, only a student of the Polynesian dialects can realize, — but he accomplished it at last, and the work stands as a monument to his memory: so idiomatic, so simple, and so nobly phrased, that it challenges comparison with our own King James Version.

Fond of reading, and possessing practically no other books in their language, the Rarotongans have become remarkable students of the Bible — many of them can recite chapter after chapter, or turn instantly to any text.

In this manner the Bible has come into daily use where worldly matters are concerned. There is an English planter on the island who has been here many years and has a native wife, a woman with only one fault — she likes to sleep late in the morning. This habit was apt to delay the men in getting to work; for the cook did not always have breakfast ready on time unless aroused and urged on by her mistress. The planter was somewhat put out — the kitchen was not a man's province. Then, one evening, as he was reading the Rarotongan Bible, his eye fell on the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, fifteenth verse. With an inward chuckle, he handed the book to his wife, suggesting that she read the chapter carefully. This is what she read, amid an enumeration of the qualities of a good woman: 'She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.' Since that day, the men have gone to work on time.

In the days of mission rule, the native judges, in their administration of justice, often consulted the Scriptures. One old fellow, in particular, was famous as a Bible-student, and for the practical ends to which he turned his knowledge. His name meant 'Blower of the Conch-Shell.' One Sunday a vessel dropped anchor in Avarua harbor, and all hands, except the captain and one sailor, came ashore. There was a horse on deck, brought from a nearby island, and as it was suffering from hunger, the captain tried to prevail upon the remaining sailor to get a canoe and swim the poor brute ashore. The boy (a native) refused, on the ground that it was Sunday. Going ashore himself, the captain ran across old Blower and mentioned his trouble with the horse. The judge thought for a moment and then asked how much pay was due the sailor. Informed that it amounted to eleven Chile dollars, he told the cap-

tain that the horse would be ashore within an hour or two, and sent a boy to tell the sailor to appear before him at once. When the man presented himself, Blower had his Bible in hand, open at the twelfth chapter of Matthew.

“What man shall there be among you,” he read, “that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath Day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out?” Now go, and bring the poor horse to shore, and be thankful that I fine you only eleven Chile dollars for such inhumanity.’

On another occasion — a Sunday also — a native had rented a horse to take his family for a drive. The horse developed a maddening streak of balkiness, until at last, in a frenzy of rage, the promenader seized a spear and killed the animal with a single thrust. When he had cooled down, he began to shake a little in his boots; he could not pay for the horse, and a chilling vista of endless fathoms of road — built by himself — seemed to stretch ahead. With strong misgivings, he consulted old Blower of the Conch-Shell.

‘Ah, this is serious, my son,’ said the judge; ‘you say you have no horse to give in return for the one you have killed. What have you, then?’

‘A fine pig.’

‘That may do,’ said the old man, musingly; ‘if the pig is really a fine one. Yes, I think I can get you off. Bring the pig to-night — to my house, mind!’

Next day, when the owner of the horse appeared, much incensed and demanding retribution, Blower shook his head. ‘You have rented a horse on the Sabbath Day, and for that reason your claim for damage is denied. And do not forget to be thankful that you have escaped so lightly.’

The old mission rule — at once harsh and kindly, just, and bigoted to the point of quaintness — is gone forever now. Rarotonga is a dependency

of New Zealand, administered by a British Resident, under a system of laws which gives the native, if anything, a better chance than the European planter or trader. But the island is the same, and the people have changed very little, I fancy, since the British took possession.

Geologically, Rarotonga is a typical high island of the South Pacific — a maze of basaltic dykes, intersecting a region of volcanic *breccia*. The dykes — composed of very hard and close-grained rock — have withstood the wear of the centuries, while the surrounding material, more easily eroded and decomposed, has weathered away to form the alluvial plain which encircles the heights. The island is roughly six miles by four. The flat land averages half a mile in width — a tangled garden of fruits and flowers and palms. The interior — a jumble of wooded precipices, breakneck ridges, and sharp peaks, rising to three thousand feet above the sea — is little known to-day; and a glance convinces one that it is likely to remain so. Water flows everywhere, cooled in inaccessible gorges, and wonderfully soft. Early in the morning, one can hear the shrill crowing of jungle-cocks, far off in the hills; and at sunset, when the first planet begins to glimmer in the west, the flying-foxes sail down from their mountain roosting-places, where they hang all day on dead trees, head down. How did the jungle-fowl come here, or the flying-fox? Old natives say that the former is not the descendant of domestic birds, but has always been on the island, as far back as the traditions of men extend. As for the flying-fox, is it conceivable that he has migrated from the westward to establish himself on this isolated dot of land? These islands are not new; like the race inhabiting them, they bear evidences of a remote antiquity, and yet, if they are (as one is tempted to believe)

the mountain-tops of a vanished continent, why are they so poor in fauna?

A barrier reef of coral encircles the island, enclosing a shallow lagoon nowhere more than half a mile in breadth. Opposite the mouth of nearly every stream, the reef is broken by a pass — deep grooves in the coral, some of them large enough to permit the entrance of a schooner. The life of Rarotonga centres about the lagoon; the people like to live on its shores, from which their plantations run back toward the mountains; and its waters furnish them with many kinds of fish. When the tide is low, the lagoon is dotted with the canoes of fishermen, narrow, cranky, and picturesque craft, with rakish lines and outriggers of hibiscus wood. Here is a man anchored at the edge of the pass, angling for the silvery *Titiara* which comes in with the flood-tide. Yonder is another, moored to a coral mushroom in shallow water, and casting — with tackle as delicate as that of a fly-fisherman at home — for the small striped *Manini*. Hear him shout; he is playing one, his long rod of bamboo bending like a whip. If the fishing is good, the lagoon is a noisy place, for each fish is signaled with a joyous yell; and when one is lost, there is a volley of long-range banter.

There are other fishermen, too: men who prefer the spear to the hook, and are visible only when they raise their heads above the water to take breath. Here is one not far off — his body naked except for a breech-clout of scarlet print, a string of dead fish trailing from his belt, a twelve-foot spear in his right hand. See how he swims, with his head under water, peering at the bottom through his water-goggles. He stops; something moved in a crevice of the coral below. The haft of the spear comes to a vertical position, and plunges violently out of sight; next moment, with a spluttering shout, the fisherman

raises his head and holds aloft the spear — a ten-pound octopus writhing on the point.

A large octopus is not often found in the lagoon, but now and then there is a casualty. Not long ago one of the brutes succeeded in drowning a boy in three feet of water — a ghastly way to die. On the whole the lagoon is a safe place, for sharks seem to dislike the shoal water, and do not leave the passes. The natives say that each pass contains its *tonu* — a horrible creature which lurks in the luminous caverns of the coral to rush out upon its prey with the ferocity of a tiger. They dread it far more than either shark or octopus, and take care never to swim in the vicinity of its reputed haunts. I caught a couple of young *tonu* the other day (the young are called *patuki*) — an ugly fish, shaped something like a sculpin, covered with gaudy spots, and having an enormous mouth, full of sharp teeth, and powerful as the jaws of a small hyena.

Fishing furnishes both food and sport, and plays a large part in one's life here. In the day, whenever the tide serves, one is on the lagoon, with spear or line; in the evening there are hermit crabs to catch for bait, grayfish on the reef at new moon, and fresh-water shrimps to be had by torchlight in the streams.

One settles easily into this pleasant round of life: breakfast at dawn, a morning of swimming and fishing and lolling at the water's edge, lunch and a siesta, an afternoon at one's own work, and an evening with torches on the reef. What is work and what is play? It is difficult to draw the line, and perhaps that is why it is good to be alive in the Islands. Best of all — to a refugee from the complexities of civilization — are the nights of wonderful sleep, when vagrant night-breezes rustle among the palm fronds, and the Pacific murmurs soothingly on the reef.

A SLOGAN FOR BOOKSELLERS

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I DON'T think that I was a very bad little boy, as boys go, but the fact is that I ran away from school — a boarding-school — and never went back. I did, however, apply for a job in a bookstore, got the promise of the next vacancy, and sat down and waited. But not for long. Scanning the advertisements in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, I discovered that a man was looking for me, and promptly decided that it was my duty to meet him half way. 'A bright, active boy to address envelopes. \$3.00. Reference,' was the way the advertisement read. Thus it was that I first met Cyrus H. K. Curtis; not head on, not at right angles, but obliquely: we were both going in the same direction; he had not yet struck his gait, and for several months he did not appear to be leading me much; but gradually he increased the very considerable distance there was between us, and finally he passed out of sight. I did not see him again until he had become a national figure. He became this by advertising. Many men have made larger fortunes than he; with them advertising has been incidental, like love in a man's life; but with Mr. Curtis it has been his whole existence, and the largest and finest publishing building in the world is a monument to his skill as an advertiser.

There are people who affect to believe that advertising is economic waste; Mr. Curtis is not one of them. He has always taken his own medicine; he may believe in the Trinity; he may, for

ought I know, repeat the Athanasian Creed on occasions; but I know, the whole world knows, that he is a believer in advertising; and he should be, for his success is due largely — not entirely, but largely — to it.

The Curtis Publishing Company, then, is admittedly the result of an advertising campaign begun a long time ago, and carried on consistently day after day, month after month, year after year, with special reference to the product it has to sell, which is advertising. Incidentally it delivers something else, — several other things, to be exact, — and it delivers these at a cost to the 'consumer' so trifling in proportion to the cost of production that it almost amounts to a gift. I think I may say without fear of contradiction that the *Saturday Evening Post* is the cheapest piece of merchandise in the world. And if that be the case, what becomes of the theory of the economic waste of advertising?

But it is not the object of this paper to sing a hymn of praise either to Mr. Curtis or to his company or to his product. I am interested chiefly in suggesting, if I may be permitted to do so, a campaign of advertising for publishers of another kind, namely, of books. Books interest me enormously; they always have. They are the best of friends; grave or gay as your humor is, and you can shut them up when you want to. Most people don't care for them much; they think they do, but they don't; that

is to say, they care for so many other things more that, when it comes to buying them, they have no money left. Now, next to a modicum of food and a patch of clothes, I care more for books than for anything else.

I should like to digress. I have reached the time of life when Christmas means giving much and receiving little. I make no complaint, I only state the fact. The table on which my presents are placed is a very small one. The last present I received was from my wife; it was a watch. I had a watch and did not need another, but my wife thought I ought to have a fine watch and she gave me one; and it was, as I remember, about ten days after Christmas that, in handing me a lot of household bills, she handed me the bill for the watch, with the remark, 'And you might as well pay this, too; I thought I could, but it would cramp me and you'll never know the difference.' So with a sigh I bent my back to the burden, and it was just as she had said.

A week later, going on a business trip somewhere, I was sitting in a smoking-car, reading, when a man whom I knew slightly asked me if I would not like to sit into a friendly game of poker. I made known to him briefly that I did n't know one card from another. Then he said, 'Let us talk,' which meant let him talk; and talk he did, about everything and nothing, until finally he asked me if I had received any Christmas presents. This gave me a chance to boast of my wife's generosity and to show my new watch, with the result that my friend countered by saying that his wife had given him a fine antique book-case.

'How very nice,' I said. 'Are you fond of books? Have you many?'

'No, not many,' he replied; 'but it is n't exactly a bookcase; it's more like a large upright writing-desk. The top is a closet, with glass doors with a red-

silk lining; makes a nice place to keep whiskey and cigars and things under lock and key' (this was before we had discovered the necessity of keeping our whiskey in a burglar-proof vault); 'then there's a flap that lets down on which you can write; and underneath is a place for books. 'And do you know,' he continued, '*I know enough books already I'd like to have, to fill both shelves.*'

I shuddered, and the better to conceal my anguish I asked him if he enjoyed reading.

'Very much,' he said; 'I don't know anything I like better than to go into my den on Sunday morning after breakfast and sit and read my newspaper undisturbed.'

Think of a man staring vacantly at a Sunday paper, under the delusion that he is reading!

II

Now the fact is that many people, most people, have forgotten how to read, if they ever knew; and they have to be taught, and they can be taught, not only to read, but to buy books, by advertising. The use of tooth-powder has been enormously stimulated by advertising, and I am certain that a demand for books can be created in the same way, but it must be done wisely, systematically, and continuously. We are familiar with the proverb that 'It is the first step that counts.' Well, it is not so with advertising; in advertising, it is the last; the effect of advertising is cumulative. It is the last dollar spent that brings results. The first time one sees an advertisement, unless it is very striking, it has no pulling power; only after one has seen it repeatedly, does it begin to work.

The best advertising skill in the world was concentrated a year or two ago on Liberty Bonds. Most people did not know what a bond was; they had to be taught; and it is a thousand pities that

after people had been told that they were the finest investment in the world, they were allowed to decline so in price. We were told to 'Buy and Borrow,' and to 'Buy till it hurts.' Such is the effect of a forceful slogan a thousand times repeated, that we finally do as we are told. We bought and borrowed and got hurt, badly; I speak from experience.

Millions of people are seduced by the power of advertising to buy automobiles which they have no right to buy, because they are skillfully advertised and look so smart and so free from upkeep — in advertisements.

Advertising as an art or a science is essentially modern, in spite of the fact that Dr. Samuel Johnson, in one of his now little-read *Idlers*, written in 1759, refers to it as a 'trade now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement'; and he continues by saying, referring to the filling up of newspapers with advertisements, 'The man who first took advantage of the general curiosity that was excited by a siege or battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowledge of the shop where the best puffs and powder were to be sold, was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity.' It is our silly habit to think of Dr. Johnson, when we think of him at all, as ponderous and old-fashioned; ponderous he sometimes was, but he is quite up-to-date in calling advertisers 'sagacious.'

As I cannot suppose that my reader has at hand a newspaper containing such advertisements as called forth Dr. Johnson's encomiums, let me give a few examples taken almost at random from the *Daily Advertiser*.

Mr. Pinchbeck, Senior, Clock and Watchmaker from Tunbridge Wells, having through a long series of repeated injuries from his neighboring brother, Mr. Edward Pinchbeck, been obliged to alter his Sign, takes this method of informing the Public, that his, the said Pinchbeck senior's Sign is

now only his late Father's Head, exactly opposite the Sun Tavern in Fleet Street.

Trouble was brewing, evidently, in the Pinchbeck family. "Thomas Madge, Watchmaker" was more fortunate: he announced that he was

Apprentice to the late Mr. Graham, and carries on the business in the same manner Mr. Graham did, at the Sign of the Dial opposite the Bolt and Tun in Fleet Street.

Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* was proclaimed to the world in this fashion, the announcement occupying a space of a little more than an inch single column:—

This day is published in Two Volumes Folio Mr. S. Johnson's Dictionary of the English language. In which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by Examples from the Best Writers. To which are prefixed a History of the Language and an English Grammar. Printed for A. Millar.

And then follows the long list of booksellers financially interested in the venture.

As might be expected, 'cures' for the diseases, real or imaginary, which plagued our forefathers occupied much space in the public prints, and of all the nostrums compounded by the apothecaries, — and their name is legion, — nothing was more advertised and consumed in greater quantities than Dr. James's Fever Powders. (Incidentally they killed Oliver Goldsmith, and Horace Walpole said he would take them if the house was on fire.) They were advertised as a 'genuine medicine,' and genuine medicines were prescribed by the pound or quart, as the apothecaries were not to be outdone in rigor by the surgeons, who 'let blood' by the bucket at the slightest provocation. Prior to the introduction of Dover's Powders and James's Powders, a man in a high fever, if highly placed, might be considered worth as much as sixty pounds to his apothecary. Is it any wonder, then,

that well-advertised and fairly efficacious drugs, to be had for a few shillings, made fortunes for their proprietors? All the more since they were in competition with such household remedies as 'Syrup of Snails' or a 'broth' made of spiders ground fine with opium in a mortar and reduced to a liquid by the addition of hot wine, to be drunk in bed, 'covered up warm and sweating.' What constitutions we must have inherited from our ancestors, since only the robust could have survived.

Such changes as have taken place in English newspaper advertising came slowly, and these have not been to the advantage of the appearance of the newspaper. A generation ago display advertising was almost unknown. Then, if a man wanted to occupy the space of a column, say, he made a brief statement and repeated it several, perhaps as many as a dozen, times. There was, and for aught I know, still may be, a famous remedy, 'Beecham's Pills,' with which was coupled what we would today call a slogan, 'Worth a guinea a box.' No matter where one turned, one read, 'Beecham's Pills, Worth a guinea a box'; or one could, if one preferred, read it, 'Worth a guinea a box, Beecham's Pills.' A fortune was spent, and a larger fortune made, as one can still make a fortune by advertising, if the article advertised has merit, as I presume Beecham's Pills had. But steady: Mr. Beecham may by now be a knight or a peer or something. Yes, I have just looked him up in *Who's Who*. He is now 'Sir Joseph Beecham, Kt. cr. 1911; J. P., manufacturer and philanthropist,' etc., etc. Oh, yes, 'It pays to advertise.'

Of that there is no manner of doubt —
No possible, possible shadow of doubt —
No possible doubt whatever, —

as the song in *The Gondoliers* goes.

To-day we are more sophisticated, and what our advertising may become was very cleverly foretold in a recent

number of the *New Republic*, in an article in which it was suggested that a generation hence every reference in reading matter will be made to call attention to some article advertised. If, for example a story of an elopement is to be told, the hero, glancing at his watch (opposite the Elgin Watch advertisement), will say that it is time to start. 'But am I not to take my trunk?' (opposite the Indestructo Trunk advertisement) cries Betty. 'No,' says Jack, 'we can buy what we need in New York' (Biltmore Hotel); 'all we need is money' (American Express Cheques), 'and a few necessities' (Williams's Shaving Stick, Peppodent, and the rest). He glances at his automobile (Mercer), sees that the tires (United States) are in condition for a fast run, and helping Betty in, lights a cigarette (Camels) and in another moment the car has passed out of sight ('for fine roads use Tarvia').

It is, I think, rather curious that it is only recently that the National Association of Booksellers has considered advertising in a manner designed to increase the demand, not for any one special book, but for books in general; not for the product of any one publisher on sale at any particular shop, but advertising the object of which is to stimulate the habit of buying books — new books, old books, in a word, 'anything that's a book.' Of course it can be done. It will take time and money, but it is well worth doing.

III

Now for the sake of the discussion let me suggest a slogan — *Buy a Book a Week*. There are millions to whom this slogan will make no appeal, but there are millions who will be attracted by it — or a better one; millions who are not accustomed to buy books, and who will at first regard the slogan with amazement and as not intended for them.

The power of iteration and reiteration is not yet fully understood: it is worthy of, and doubtless has received, the attention of the psychologist. Gradually it will be made to appear that it is as disgraceful not to buy a book a week as it is to wear a celluloid collar or to use a gold toothpick. At present it occurs to relatively few people to buy books: tell them to; keep on telling them to; and after a while they will. And when a man is by way of forming the habit of buying books and reading them, you may tell him why he is doing so, and what he should buy, and whence.

Why should we read? Booklovers have spent much time inventing finely flowing sentences in reply to this question, which is more frequently answered than asked. Augustine Birrell, that fine old bookman, in a paragraph which betrays no effort at smartness, says in the preface to his edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*: 'Literature is meant to give pleasure, to excite interest, to banish solitude, to make the fireside more attractive than the tavern, to give joy to those who are still capable of joy, and — why should we not admit it? — to drug sorrow, and divert thought.' There is in this something of sadness — old age speaks rather than youth; but it is a very fine summary of the purpose of literature.

Before me on my writing-table is a dainty, dumpy volume bound in white cloth, and very much soiled, having for title, *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion*. It was given by its compiler, Alexander Ireland, to Mrs. James T. Fields, 'with sincere and heartfelt regards'; and as it contains all of the best things ever said in praise of books and reading, I have, since I had this subject in mind, read it through from cover to cover, hoping that I might get from it a note of inspiration for this paper; but I have not done so. No, the *Enchiridion* is designed for the use and delectation of those

who already understand the love of books. Many a time I have taken it up for ten or twenty minutes when I should have been in bed; but the excerpts of which it is composed are too exquisite, too dainty, too imaginative, for my present purpose, which is to suggest that a man in the street may be shamed at the thought that he has no books. Of what use is it to tell such a one, as Emerson does, 'Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all countries in a thousand years.' I, sitting in my library, am flattered that such a statement appeals to me: it suggests that I feel at home in such company; but tell the average man in a hurry that, if he will pause for a moment, he may meet 'the wisest and wittiest,' and he will reply, 'I should worry,' or some such inanity, and pass on.

No! a man must be told flatly, peremptorily, to *Buy a Book a Week*, and — not at first, but after a time — he will do it. Clubs might be formed and buttons worn; and long before this point is reached, indeed, at the very outset, the whole subject should be turned over to the best expert advertising opinion, that the matter may be carefully studied. This will take time and money, but the thing need not be done in a hurry; the book-trade has survived for centuries without such stimulation as I am suggesting. A year may well be spent in preparing such a campaign; as for the money, there should be no difficulty: a small fraction of one per cent of the total book-sales of the country should be levied on every bookseller, wholesale as well as retail — from such an important publisher as Macmillan in New York to such a high, eccentric retailer as George Rigby in Philadelphia. This tax should produce such a sum as would secure the best advertising talent in the country.

'Do it electrically' has long been a slogan in the game with which I am in some measure familiar. Do what? Anything: melt copper or freeze cream; drive a ship or a needle. '*Buy a Book a Week.*' What book? Any book, — *The Four Horsemen* or *The Education of Henry Adams*, — and sooner or later we shall have a book-buying public, not merely a group of scattered individuals, to whom 'a home without books is like a room without windows.'

The study of advertising is the study of national temperaments. Advertising is a form of boasting, and we Americans are the greatest advertisers in the world: the French know little or nothing of it, and the English relatively little. 'Privacy' is their watchword; 'publicity' is ours. If one wants a thing in England, one has to hunt for it; with us, the greatest difficulty is to escape from things one does not want. Advertising is, in general, but little understood. We all advertise; a silk hat and a box at the opera are forms of advertising, — by such means one advertises one's arrival in society, — but a professional man must be more subtle than a tradesman. I have always maintained that a successful tradesman is more to be envied than any other person in the world: he is not obliged to wear a silk hat; he advertises frankly, 'Here are candles, three for a penny'; the inference is, take them or leave them.

But we were speaking of slogans. Think for a moment of the force of a catchword or phrase many million times repeated. Politicians spend much time inventing slogans, but no one used them more successfully than Roosevelt, with his 'Predatory Rich' and his 'Big Stick' and a hundred others. In general, slogans stick; they may be used as a foundation on which a superstructure of publicity may be erected, or as the capstone of an advertising campaign.

From my point of view, any word or

phrase or picture or thing which is identified with or instantly calls to mind another thing is a slogan. Does any American, steaming past the Rock of Gibraltar, see it without thinking of a certain insurance company, or see the whiff of steam floating from a white marble pyramid as he enters New York Harbor without associating it with a trust company of almost limitless resources? 'You push the button'; 'Ask the man who owns one'; 'It floats' — there are hundreds and thousands of them, bits of property of almost incalculable value, because they are recorded in the minds of millions, rather than because they are registered in the United States Patent Office.

I cannot believe that any enlightened association, such as the American Booksellers' Association is, will ever use, whatever advertising method it adopts, the out-of-doors signs which are such blisters upon our landscape. As if to make the approach to our cities and towns more hideous than they already are, 'concessions' are secured and immense signs erected, calling attention to the merits of someone's oil as a lubricant, either for one's motor or one's bowels. Such advertising is positively loathsome, and sooner or later it will be stopped. Question my friend Joe Pennell's methods if you will (I have heard him spoken of as one who never said a kind word or did an unkind thing to anyone), he is certainly right when he says that these great signs are a national disgrace and should be taxed out of existence. And in times like these, when lumber for legitimate building is expensive and transportation difficult, it is almost a crime to use millions of feet of lumber in erecting these hideous defilements of our highways. Should a man stand outside my gate and beat a drum night and day, he would ultimately be taken either to a hospital or to an undertaker's; and those who make our

country hideous with their shrieking signs should suffer the same fate. As for bill-board advertising, the case of our towns is indeed desperate; but I am not altogether without hope.

There are plenty of proper advertising media: of newspapers and magazines, having a total circulation of hundreds of millions, there is no lack; while, in spite of the fact that the unskilled laborer now has his automobile, many of us still hang on straps in trolley-cars and our minds might well be stimulated the while. And I do not despair of bookshop windows being made at least as attractive as those displaying — what shall I say? — men's hats. Let me expand this idea a little, if idea it is. Shop-windows have an immense advertising value; too frequently they are decorated by the shipping clerk, on a principle which I have never clearly understood. I offer the following suggestion.

Let a window (always the same window), or a portion of a window (always the same portion), — against a background of best sellers, if necessary; but I suggest a silken, sad, uncertain curtain, — be devoted always to a display relating to some author, the anniversary of whose birthday or death-day is approaching. For example, take Rudyard Kipling — with the exception of Thomas Hardy the most distinguished literary man now living. Suppose that on December 30, 1920, we secure a photograph or other portrait and announce on a suitable card, 'Rudyard Kipling is 55 years old to-day.' Then suppose we surround the man with his works, — first editions, — autograph letters, souvenirs, etc., if available; and if they are not in stock, perhaps, if we are in

Philadelphia, and on good terms with the owner of such a superb collection as Ellis Ames Ballard's, we may secure the loan for a day or two of a few items which will cause the initiated in such matters to rub his eyes in amazement.

The idea may be expanded, and details added, to such an extent that, in course of time, that constantly changing exhibit will be a liberal education. It will have a drawing power that people will be unable to resist. They will cross the street to look at it; they will think of it and speak of it, and be glad to establish relations with its owners. How pleased we are when the head waiter of a well-established restaurant addresses us by name when we enter! A bookshop may hold the same thrill for us.

But you may say, 'All this costs money and takes time; I have no one available for such a job.' My reply is that such work could be syndicated and its cost divided among many. Miss Bessie Graham, already an honorary member of the American Booksellers' Association and well known by reason of her classes and papers on Bookselling, is admirably fitted to superintend the preparation and distribution of such suggestions as would be timely, stimulating, and helpful. Bookshops can and should furnish a sort of post-graduate course in literature. Let the campaign of education go forward: and let us so carry it on that every he or she who reads may run — to the nearest bookshop. I am not an advertising agency. Dr. Johnson called advertising a trade; I would call it a profession, rather: the subject should be carefully studied by someone of special aptitude and training.

MAKING OF MANY BOOKS

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

I

To seek the principal cause of the paper shortage and the consequent present troubles of authors and publishers and the world of books generally, — troubles so great that they threaten extinction of the production of some of our best forms of literature, and point to the possibility of stopping the publication of many works of science and art, — one must go back to the day when Congress passed a bill authorizing the mailing of popular magazines at the cent per pound rate. This law, which enabled the magazine proprietor to distribute his product — the low-priced magazine — at less than the then prevailing low rates for freight, and at less than the actual cost of the distribution by the government postal service, was in effect a subsidy to the publisher of the low-priced popular magazine, and on that subsidy the enormous fortunes which have been made in this field of enterprise have been built.

Probably the Congress which passed this measure did not pass it with the object of enabling the popular-magazine owner to amass a swollen fortune; and may have been surprised to learn that this was the principal result of the bill, the avowed object of which was to spread the habit of reading and to increase the educational opportunities of the masses of our population. This bill was not, however, the only piece of good fortune which Congress was to throw into the lap of the popular magazine. Some years after it became

law, another Congress, under the pressure of the Great War, passed the excess-profits tax, and then indeed the cup of the popular-magazine owner became full and running over, and huge fortunes were amassed yearly or even monthly, in the case of some of the more popular journals, notwithstanding the fact that one of these magazines, which sells for fifteen cents per copy, actually costs over forty cents to produce, and that most of them cost to manufacture more than the retail price.

If you are a subscriber to one of the more popular magazines of the time, you must have noted with surprise its constantly increasing bulk: the usual 100 pages have become 200, or even 400 in some cases. How can the proprietor be so generous in these days of greatly increased costs and of scarcity of paper? It was with no surprise, under the circumstances, that you learned that the circulation had gone up from 500,000 to over 2,000,000, as has been the case with one of these magazines, while the circulation of nearly all of them has greatly increased under the stimulus of the enormous increase in wages which has made the outside of many of our factories during working hours resemble the parking-space at a race-course, so numerous are the automobiles now owned by the workers.

The mystery of the increase in size would have been explained if you had examined the advertising pages, which alone, in most cases, account for the

enlarged bulk, no increase whatever in the amount of reading matter being included. Indeed, as one editor of a popular magazine said to me recently, 'my only trouble to-day is to find space for the reading matter at all, and I only put in enough to carry the advertising.'

The inhabitants of all countries that I have visited, however unlike they may be in many things, have at least one trait in common — an almost universal dislike of the tax-collector; and the Tax Department of our Treasury is so unfair, so dilatory, and so inefficient in its dealings with us, that this dislike is intensified to such a degree that the ordinary citizen will do anything that he may lawfully do, take any steps within his power, to cut down his taxes and thus decrease the receipts of the Department; and, as Professor T. S. Adams has pointed out in a recent article in the *Evening Post*, 'If taxpayers in large numbers earnestly determine to evade a tax, in the long run most of them will succeed.'

'Why do you advertise in — ?' I recently asked the president of a large Western corporation whom I met at lunch, naming one of the most expensive (from the advertising standpoint) of the magazines. 'You always have more orders than you can fill, and you say that you cannot get enough material to supply the demand which already exists. Why advertise for more?'

'Well, you know,' he said, 'we like to see our names in print, and advertising can be charged to business expenses, and such expenses reduce the excess-profits tax, which is an iniquitous and unfair tax anyway.'

If my fair-minded reader will examine carefully the advertising now displayed so lavishly in the newspapers and magazines, he will find in most cases no better reasons for it than those given so frankly by this Western manufacturer.

'Standardize your product,' is the advice that the paper-manufacturer gives to-day to the book-publisher. The government began this movement during the war by requiring that papers should be made only in certain specified sizes and weights. It is impossible, however, for the true publisher who loves his profession to follow this advice. He takes a manuscript from its author, reads and accepts it, and at once forms an idea how such a book should look when presented to the public — what its size should be, its bulk, and its embellishments. The appearance of a book, he argues, should be worthy of its contents, and for the most worth-while books the paper should be specially made of a size and quality to fit the book. The magazine editor, however, can follow the paper-maker's rule without trouble; the manufacture of his product never varies; and the result is that he gets the bulk of the paper now manufactured, and the book-publisher, who cannot standardize his product, and who refuses to make all his books like a row of bricks, must take what paper is left or go without. Book-paper, which, before the war, sold for about five cents per pound, is now, when obtainable, from 16 to 22 cents per pound, the price varying according to the dealer's estimate of the urgency of one's need of paper.

I do not, of course, intend to accuse the magazines of being the sole cause of the present serious shortage of book-paper. There is a real scarcity of pulp and other paper-making material, and among other paper-wasters the government itself is by no means the least sinner; but there is no doubt that the paper-shortage is greatly aggravated by, even if it is not principally due to, the excessive use of paper by the magazines for the printing of advertisements, the distribution of which is made possible by what amounts to a government sub-

sidy. Neither is it a matter of doubt that the many millions of dollars spent annually in advertising of this description are added to the price of commodities sold, and that this expenditure is one of the principal causes of our present high cost of living.

When a publisher has, usually after much trouble and delay, secured the paper on which to print his author's book, he comes next in contact with the printing and binding unions, which have obtained such large increases in the wages of the people engaged in those trades that the cost of printing has doubled in recent years, and that of binding has nearly or quite trebled. This is bad enough from the standpoint of the book-publisher; but wages are only a part of the trouble, the worst feature being the shortage of help in these processes of manufacture. This comes about in two ways. The trades have been closely unionized for years, with a limitation of apprentices, so that there is now an actual shortage of trained workers; and the wages in one of these trades are now so high that many workers find that three or four days' work a week gives them sufficient for their needs, and they will not work more than that; and you cannot replace them because there are no unemployed trained workers; so that it is a common complaint among proprietors of these establishments that they cannot get their employees to produce up to more than 65 per cent of their normal capacity.

Recently, in one of these trades, after a further large advance in wages had been demanded, it was decided that a meeting of the workers and publishers should be arranged; and at this meeting it was pointed out, in a long and careful statement, that books had been increased only one third in price, whereas wages had been more than doubled, and that the reading public was already becoming restive, and disinclined to pay

the increased prices. The statement was interrupted by a leader of the union in question with 'To h—— with you! We're going to get ours.' And the demand for the increased wage was then unanimously voted by the members of the union.

If any of my readers should be surprised at this statement, or if they are not aware of the extent to which the labor unions now 'rule the roost' in this country, I will cite another case of action by a union, which has had a material effect in increasing the cost of books. This union, which manufactures a product largely used by publishers in making up their books for publication, after procuring an advance in wages on several occasions by threats of strikes, with the result of an increase in cost of their product to the publishers of over 100 per cent, appointed a delegation of their members and union leaders to wait upon the owners of the plants where the product is manufactured. Under threat of a strike, this committee induced the manufacturers to put into effect another advance of over 100 per cent in the cost of their product, demanding, however, that they pay over to the members of the union the greater part of this advance, in the form of wages.

It was necessary to make sure that the new prices for the product, as dictated by the union, were charged; accordingly, a committee of accountants was appointed by it, to examine the books of the manufacturers in question, in order to see that none of the product was sold at lower prices. This action of the union in question was brought to the attention of the district attorney, who decided, so I am informed, that under the statutes no action could be taken against the union; whereas if the methods outlined had been inaugurated by the manufacturers themselves, they would have been subject to heavy fines and possible imprisonment.

I do not wish my readers to infer that I, or that publishers generally, have any hostility to labor or any lack of friendliness for labor unions; but for some of the union leaders, who constantly and harmfully delude the actual workers, no criticism can be too harsh. The more far-sighted leaders and union men, of course, deplore the abuses that have, perhaps naturally, attended the development of the power of the unions; and we may all hope to see before very long a better spirit of coöperation on the part of these organizations, as the common interests of labor, capital, and the public come to be more fully realized.

II

The reader who has followed me thus far will be interested, I think, in the following statement of cost and return on a new book published last month by one of the large publishers for an author of international reputation.

FIRST EDITION 2500 COPIES

Plate cost per copy	\$.12
Paper " " "	22
Printing " " "	05 $\frac{1}{4}$
Binding " " "	24 $\frac{3}{4}$
Sundry manufacturing charges per copy	02
Author's royalty per copy	37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Overhead charges, <i>i.e.</i> , rent, insurance, clerk hire, etc.	37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Advertising cost per copy	10

Total Cost \$1.51

The publisher sells almost exclusively to booksellers and others who sell the books at retail to the public.

The retail price of the book is \$2.50.

The average price received by the publishers from the sale of all copies of the book sold is. \$1.53

That is to say, the publishers derive a profit of two cents per copy, or \$50 in all, on gross sales of more than

\$3750, which even those who generally accuse publishers of making exorbitant profits will be willing to admit is pitifully inadequate.

A short time since, one of the large publishers engaged in publishing books of all classes issued a circular to his customers under the caption, 'Are We Profiteering?' and I am reproducing a part of this circular here (page 475).

It must be borne in mind, however, that the percentages of increase in the cost of books as given in this diagram were of two or three months ago, and that since that time there have been increases in paper-cost averaging 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent, and increases in the cost of both printing and binding processes averaging somewhat less than 10 per cent additional.

The English publishers enjoy a much better demand for books of a serious character than obtains in this country. The first edition, for instance, of the book on which the detail of cost and return is given above, was 10,000 copies in England, while the American first edition was only 2500 copies. The English edition was practically all disposed of within the first month after publication; whereas only about one half of the first American edition was sold during the same time. After doing their best for several years, in spite of increasing costs, to keep down the prices of books to the public, English publishers have now, I think, frankly accepted the present situation as more or less permanent, and are making their new book-prices bear the same relation to cost that the prices before the war bore to the cost at that time. Thus, the book formerly published at \$1.50 now sells for \$3.00 or more, and the book formerly published at \$2.00 now sells for \$4.50 or more, the American equivalents of these new prices, when the books are sold in this country, being usually \$3.50 and \$5.00 or upward. I am told by the importers

MANUFACTURING PRICES *vs.* RETAIL PRICES OF BOOKS

% 50 100 150 200 250 300 350 400

A. In the Composing-Room

Wages of Men	{ _____ • _____	187.5	1st line in each bracket: Normal Costs in 1914. 2d line in each bracket: Present Costs (1920).
Wages of Women	{ _____ _____	210	
Cost of Type	{ _____ _____	200	
Cost of Proving-Paper	{ _____ _____		
			400

B. At the Printer's

Wages	{ _____ _____	197
Printers' Supplies	{ _____ _____	160
Transportation	{ _____ _____	240
Cost of Paper	{ _____ _____	300

C. In the Bindery

Wages of Men	{ _____ _____	164
Wages of Women	{ _____ _____	186
Cost of Board	{ _____ _____	312.5
Cost of Cloth	{ _____ _____	333.3
Cost of Glue	{ _____ _____	173
Cost of Thread	{ _____ _____	187.5

Average Prices of Books	{ _____ _____	155
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that at these increased prices there is little demand for the new books. This must inevitably be the case when one remembers the limited incomes of the libraries, and the smaller and smaller proportion of these incomes which can be devoted to the purchase of books, owing to the increase in the cost of

library administration — and libraries purchase very much more than half of the serious books which are sold.

The American publishers, on the other hand, are still endeavoring to keep down the prices of books at retail, and have adopted various expedients to enable them to do this. Among other

experiments tried, there has been a general cheapening process under which books are being printed on greatly inferior paper and bound in flimsy and unsubstantial bindings — a most unwise step, in that such practices greatly decrease the satisfaction of the purchaser and tend to eliminate the booklover as a buyer of current new books.

Some of the publishers have, too, endeavored to obtain from authors permission to pay royalties based upon the old retail prices of the books, notwithstanding the fact that these retail prices have been considerably advanced. Here again, I think, a mistake has been made, in that the custom of the trade ever since it became a trade has been to pay author's royalties on the retail price, or amount received. The author's return from the sale of his books, except in the cases of some novels and schoolbooks, is small enough, in all conscience, most of the books of the better class returning to their authors, even after some years of life, a sum insufficient to repay them in any adequate measure for the time and work spent in preparing their books.

The question of issuing books in paper covers, after the continental fashion, has recently been discussed in the trade and elsewhere, by a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, who argues in favor of the experiment, pointing out that the present conditions are 'making it harder and harder to find publishers for meritorious books.' Even if it were possible to get the booksellers and the libraries to buy paper-covered volumes, — which it is not, — the adoption of that expedient would not help us much, as the resulting saving would be only from 12 to 15 cents on a volume, and a book which now sells for \$2.00 or \$2.50 when bound in cloth would certainly seem no cheaper if sold in paper covers at \$1.85 or \$2.35.

It seems to me that it would be far

wiser for the American publishing trade to recognize the present situation in regard to cost as likely to be permanent, and, following the example of the English publishers, to raise the prices of their books at retail to an extent which will give them a fair and reasonable profit from their sale.

It is true that, in the few cases where prices of new books have been raised in proportion to the increase in cost, a decreased sale has been observed, booksellers complaining that their customers will not buy books of this class at such high prices. The inevitable result is an eventual decrease in the number of such books published.

If this aversion of the public to higher prices for books should have the effect of decreasing the sale of the current novel, and perhaps of some other books, many of which are equally undesirable, it might be held that the present high cost of manufacture is, after all, a boon to the public; but unfortunately it is not novels, or books of that class, which are likely to suffer seriously in this respect.

The novel, for instance, has wholly changed its method of distribution to the public in recent years, most novels being now sold in the first place to circulating and other libraries, and being rented by the public rather than purchased; so that, while the number of readers of such books is very greatly increased, the sale of the books themselves has probably not increased at all, or only to a slight extent. The books which are likely to suffer most because of the increased prices at which they must eventually be published are those works of importance in literature, in science, and in art, for which the public demand is usually very small in any case, and which under the new circumstances are likely to fail of publication altogether.

There is, notwithstanding, only one

possible solution, it seems to me, of the problem which confronts the publisher, the author, and the book-reading public, and that is to increase the prices of books so as to ensure a fair return on the present greatly advanced costs. The publisher is not at present getting anything like a reasonable return for his outlay and labor, and the author is in danger of finding his book unpublishable because it cannot be sold at a profit. Prices of books must be raised in proportion to their increased costs, and books will then sell at about double their pre-war prices, which, after all, is exactly what has happened in the case

of foods and the other necessities and luxuries of life.

The book-reading public, despite its present disposition to resent the advancing prices of books, will, I feel sure, when once it understands the necessity of the change, and that there is no question of profiteering on the part of the publisher and the bookseller, accept the situation cheerfully, and purchase and read the abundant new literature which must be born in increasing volume, and which must be published in order to interpret the thought and expression of a great nation in the years to come.

HOBBY FODDER

BY ROBERT M. GAY

Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys for thee?

Not since the seventeenth century has it been safe to be unscientifically scientific. In that somewhat peculiar century, and in most of the centuries preceding it, a man could enjoy himself writing a treatise on whether barnacle geese hatch out of barnacles, or whether a horse-hair soaked in water will turn into a snake, or whether pigeons have any livers, spinning it all out of his own head and other people's books. This was great fun, and not so much a waste of time as people in our somewhat foolish century think.

For, while Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Aubrey's *Miscellanies* and Browne's *Vulgar Errors* may be very poor science, they are excellent Burton, Aubrey, and Browne, rich and racy.

Unhampered by our newfangled notions of thoroughness, accuracy, and research, these rare old boys knew how to keep science in its place. When they set out to be scientific, they had no intention of cramping their limbs within a Scientific Method. They required elbow-room. They had faith in their own invention. For them science was something they spun out of their own substance, as a silkworm its cocoon; and, when they ran out of silk, they borrowed.

A modern scientist could not get as much diversion out of the psychology of laughter as Burton got out of the anatomy of melancholy. The modern scientist is met at every turn by scientific considerations; he walks warily, like a man who is frightened by his own shadow, and must be always wondering whether his theories are sound,

his method legitimate, his facts accurately observed. Worst of all, he is compelled incessantly to assume the unnatural pose of impersonality. His deplorable condition of mind is due to his fear that the other scientists will catch him. He is morally intimidated.

And his trepidation he has communicated to the rest of us, so that a man who is unaffectedly, unscientifically scientific has become as rare as a white blackbird. We are all cowed by the accurate and efficient person. We are cabined and cribbed within a wall of statistics. Much as we might like to argue that a jellyfish is a vegetable, or an armadillo a crustacean, we do not dare, for fear of bringing down upon us an application of the Scientific Method.

Of all the kill-joys that ever stalked the earth, in short, this scientific method is the worst. If you once come to believe in it, your pleasure in science is gone. Your every delicate sprout of fancy, every fine web of speculation is in danger. You no sooner think up some amusingly ingenious way of accounting for something about which you know nothing, than along comes this blind fury with its abhorred shears to puncture your bubble.

Living under such a terrorism, is it any wonder if the scientific mind, at least as it records itself in books, strikes one as monotonous? What else could it be, submitting as it does to so many arbitrary restrictions? It runs under a handicap so heavy that often enough it cannot get started at all. I tried once, for example, to discuss with a zoölogist the subject of angels. We did not go very far, because he did not believe in angels. 'But there are no angels,' said he; as if that made any difference. Such poverty of resource fares badly in comparison with the affluence of a seventeenth-century unscientific scientist, who would have talked

all night on such edifying matter as whether angels are all males; whether they wear clothes, and how to account for Michael's armor and Ithuriel's spear; whether the anatomy of Israfel, whose heart-strings were a lute, bears any analogy to an æolian harp; whether the blood of angels is a transparent ichor; and whether the substance of angels is phenomenon or noumenon. With any sort of encouragement, he would have made a hobby of angels, and twenty years later would have published a *Celestial Fauna* of seven hundred pages, bristling with references and annotations. But his hobby-horse would never have run so far in curb-bit, martingale, and hobbles.

I may as well admit that I harbor a special grudge against the scientific method, because I blame it for the disappearance of the hobby — that gentle and engaging little animal, which our forefathers loved so well to mount, praying meanwhile, 'The gods give my hobby wings!' Now, a hobby loves succulent fodder. On a diet of mere fact it incontinently dries up; and our attics are full of desiccated hobbies, hanging there like geraniums in a cellar over winter, waiting for a new unscientific springtime. Doubtless, here and there, in bypaths and backwaters, one may still discover a solitary pursuing the quaint equestrianism known as hobby-riding; just as, now and then, in some secluded nook of a public park, one may come upon a knot of gray-beards absorbedly playing at bowls or skittles; but for the most part the demure little hobby is all but extinct. Its peculiar pace (not unlike that of a rocking-chair), in which there is more motion than progress, is perhaps too tame for an age given over to exhilarating pursuits. Feeling the need of crochet or infatuation, we are likely to go in for reform, in which the action of one's steed is violent and the illusion of

progress is perfect. It may be, too, that the solitariness of hobby-riding — for, like the knight-errant, the hobbyist usually rides alone — precludes its being a popular pastime in an age addicted to fad-riding in all its forms.

Unlike the hobby, the fad is a gregarious animal, running in packs. Its intelligence is that known as mob-mind. Growing girls love it best; and yet it is not scorned as horseflesh by the most staid. Even such solemn people as educators are great fad-riders, and the fad, grown portly and cautious, is by no means unknown in the august halls of the university itself. Here he is called by strange names. When I was in the English graduate school, everybody there was riding Elizabethan Drama; five years later, Arthurian Cycle; and in another half-decade, Eighteenth-Century or French Fabliaux; and I have no doubt that in the other schools a similar series of genteel stampedes might have been observed.

We older people laugh at the fads of girls, forgetting that to the eye of the philosopher our own mounts may be as funny. A growing girl riding a fad is merely, like the rest of us, letting imitation perform most of the offices of thinking. She knows by a happy instinct that, since thinking is the prime destroyer of beauty, girls ought never to think. When we are puzzled to understand why she goes about, for example, with her overshoes unfastened, so that she looks at a distance like a Cochin China bantam, a second thought will convince us that there is nothing to understand. Her mind is as comfortably clear of ideas on this subject as on most others. She does so because it is the thing; and any tendency in her to philosophize about it would be a prognostic of homeliness.

A fad or fashion, nevertheless, is tyranny, even though the prisoner loves his chains — the tyranny of the Many;

but a hobby is the freedom of the One, unattached, irresponsible, autonomous. The best of all hobbies is therefore a thesis that is preposterous to everybody but the rider, such as that the Garden of Eden occupied the site of Evanston, Illinois, or that the Phœnicians sailed up the Charles River, or that the obelisk in Central Park is a relic of Rosicrucianism, or that Mark Twain wrote Poe's poems. To prepare a volume or two on such a subject, with plates in photo-facsimile, and, above all, based on a cipher or cryptogram — that is the hobby of hobbies; that is the finest efflorescence of unscientific science.

Thus to array ourselves against the world, so that we can say, with Coriolanus, '*I banish you!*' is, however, almost impossible in our day. The best we can do is to dedicate ourselves to research. In academic circles, a hobby is called a 'research,' somewhat as if a Bedouin should call his donkey a camel; but it is a hobby running in harness, and less notable for mettle than for endurance. A friend once told me of a scientific colleague who was writing a thesis in physics or psychology, I forget which, hoping eventually to be awarded as a prize for his toil the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This friend of my friend went into his backyard and tied a length of clothes-line from the top of the fence on one side to the top of the fence on the other. Then, with scrupulous care, he found, by means of plumb-line and steel tape-measure, the exact middle of the yard under the rope, and, with tape-measure and surveying instruments, located a point exactly fifty feet away on a line perpendicular to the line of the rope. This spot he marked by setting with minute circumspection a rectangular plate in the ground. He next, having first weighed ten white balls on an apothecary's scales in a vacuum, took his station on the plate, and with his

right hand tossed the balls in the direction of the rope, making a scientifically accurate record of the number that went over or did not. This operation completed, he repeated it with his left hand. Knowing that statistics are open to suspicion unless they deal with large numbers, he spent a part of each day, for several weeks, making the proper corrections for weight, temperature, and atmospheric pressure, until his throws numbered two thousand with each hand. The result was that he proved conclusively, and to the satisfaction of the most acrimonious scientist, that a right-handed man can throw better with his right hand than with his left.

I suspect a tinge of satire in this anecdote. Nevertheless, such a piece of research can fairly be accounted a hobby, though a rather poor one. Motion without progress, mild industry for a perfectly useless end, the gentle sedative of a slightly varied monotony, and just a touch of constantly recurrent excitement — all are here, and all are earmarks of the hobby: and yet how tame, how jejune, compared with the reckless capers and caprioles of the seventeenth-century pony, which was ready at any moment to jump over the moon.

Even dictionary-making has become a serious business. In the old days, there was some fun in compiling a dictionary. You had some space for play of the fancy, some scope for the exercise of taste. Having to give the etymology, let us suppose, of 'cribbage,' you looked at the word hard for a while, and noted that, except for two letters, it was exactly like 'cabbage'; and so you wrote on one slip of paper, 'CRIBBAGE: obviously derived from *cabbage*, *q.v.*'; and on another slip of paper, 'CABBAGE: possibly derived from *cribbage*, *q.v.*'; and went on to the next word. So far as I can see, the world was just

as well off and you were much happier than you could possibly have been if you had, as nowadays, thought it necessary to trace cribbage to the Arabic and cabbage to the Bengalese. As for definitions — not since Dr. Johnson's day has it been considered scholarly to record your prejudices, and to include reflections on your enemies, in a dictionary.

It is the spread of efficiency, whether academic or practical, which more than any other cause has been responsible for our loss of innocent frivolity. Lexicography has become efficient, but sad. Even indexing, which was once the well-nigh perfect hobby, sufficing as a woman's knitting, interminable as a college professor's dream of prosperity, has become as mechanical as writing sonnets. Many a man has been deluded by the advertisements of makers of office-appliances into compiling a card-index of his books, as a pastime. I once had this unhappy inspiration, and, not content with an author-title index, I was so mad as to begin an author-title-subject index. I had in my little library about nine hundred books, with the contents of most of which I was only slightly acquainted, while I knew the author and title (these being plainly printed on the back) of almost all of them. I had supposed in my innocence that each book dealt with one subject, or at most two or three; but I soon found that each dealt with nine hundred. So much the better hobby, thought I; and I began, and continued, to turn out cards with the regularity of one of the little presses seen in shop-windows, which print you a hundred visiting-cards for twenty-five cents. Day after day I recorded items like these: 'Dandelion Wine, Recipe for; Southey, R., *Commonplace Book*, II, p. 365'; 'Rainbow, Was there one before the Flood? Browne, Sir T., *Works*, II, p. 304'; 'Cattle, Wild Scotch; Scott, Sir W.,

Works, xvi, p. 451'; 'Porcupig, Egyptian; Daniel, G., *Merry England*, p. 353'; and so on and so on.

You can have no idea what a sensation of erudition this operation gave me. Here were nine hundred books, containing, roughly, eight hundred and ten thousand items of information, — mostly useless, it is true, but still information, — not ten of which items could I possibly have found if I had ever needed them; while now — or some years hence — I should have them all neatly recorded and alphabetically arranged; so accessible, in short, that they were all but inside my head.

Well, I went on, merrily as a wheel in a sluice, making cards and cards and cards, while my index-boxes grew to a pile that threatened to become a mountain; and then, one day, there swept over me the realization that I was in the grip of a demon that was alienating my friends, sapping my mentality, robbing me of leisure, morality, and the consolations of religion. From an innocent, even laudable ambition to become well-informed, I had sunk to the level of a creature who lived only to see the file grow. Moreover, I suddenly discovered that the nature of a subject-index is such that it always contains every subject except just the one you are looking for. How this can be, I cannot explain. The devil has his miracles as well as the saints, and this is one of them. Go into any library and look up in the subject-index any subject whatever, and it will not be there. The librarian will tell you that it is there; but, if you dare him to look, even he will not be able to find it.

The bearing of this experience on my subject is, I trust, obvious. We should never, as we value our souls, make a hobby of an office-appliance. Office-appliances are a modern form of diabolism, against which we should arm ourselves with the sword of nonchalance

and the armor of indifference. And all forms of mechanical efficiency are equally dangerous. Order and method are to be handled gingerly, like strong drink. And let us flee the efficiency expert as we should Beelzebub.

The classic illustration of efficiency is the carpenter driving nails. It must be twenty years ago that I first learned the astounding fact that it does not pay a carpenter to pick up the nails he drops, because the time spent in stooping is worth more than the nails. 'Any conscientious carpenter,' said my informant, 'will wish to be efficient.' A mistaken conscientiousness will prompt him to go down on his knees and find the lost nail and straighten it, if it is bent, even if he takes half an hour to do so; but an enlightened conscientiousness will lead him to use another nail.

This was all very well. For a moment, I could not help admiring the efficiency expert who first perceived the wastefulness of picking up nails, and the self-control of the carpenter who could restrain his natural impulse to pick up a nail, especially one that so deserved to be pounded good and hard. But soon I began to have doubts. Whose time, I now asked myself, would this devoted craftsman waste, if he should so far forget himself as to pick up a nail — his own, or his employer's? Surely, from his own point of view, whether the time was wasted would depend on whether he was paid by the 'piece' or by the day. I had a plumber in last week who (from my point of view) wasted three hours, conversing entertainingly with anyone who would listen, for one hour that he worked; but when I came to pay his bill for four hours' work, I realized that in the art (or shall we say hobby) of 'stretching a job' he had attained a finished efficiency. Our carpenter, too, might be so old-fashioned as to like to pick up nails, or might consider that time spent in look-

ing at the landscape or smoking his pipe or exercising his lumbar muscles was by no means wasted; and, in case he stopped work long enough to think a little, he might end by quitting work entirely, in order to go and denounce the efficiency expert as an insidious adjuvant of capital and privilege.

I became concerned for my carpenter, even though I looked upon him as a rather weak-minded person. 'If he so far succumbs to the wiles of the efficiency expert,' I reasoned, 'as to pick up no more nails, he will, before he realizes his danger, be asked to make a study of statistical tables and motion charts, which will show him how to eliminate (how your scientific scientist loves the word!) unnecessary movements; and, if he does not watch out, he will end by finding himself one hundred per cent efficient.' Remembering as I did that a steam-engine is only twenty-five per cent efficient, the thought of a man being one hundred per cent so made my head swim.

The only man, I concluded, who can safely make a hobby of efficiency is the efficiency expert. He does not have to follow his own theories, but only to write books about them. No one can begrudge him that pleasure: it is only when, with a Samuel Smilesian optimism, he falls to exhorting the laboring-man to make a hobby of his work, — a stamping-machine or a buttonholing machine or a steam drill or a compressed-air riveter, in all probability, — that he becomes worse than inept. Can it, I submit, be done? I could not make a pet of a compressed-air riveter, nor, with the best of intentions, could I embrace within my affections a buttonholing machine. I should try to run it

faithfully, of course; but, if I were on the lookout for a hobby, I should select a creature more temperamental.

The high-priests of efficiency, intoning the Gospel of Work and asking the congregation all to rise and join in singing 'MacAndrew's Hymn,' no longer thrill the laboring-man as once they did. After fifty years of watching the wheels go round, he is ready for recreation. He listens to the Gospel of Work with his tongue in his cheek, and lets his thoughts wander to what he intends to do during his hours of leisure.

I suggest that in a machine-made age like ours, in which we work in gangs and shifts; in which twenty men contribute to the making of a shoe; in which combination and organization and coöperation, and who knows what otherations, are the terms that characterize our business and labor; and in which we have become so thoroughly socialized that even the tramp and the hermit seem to have disappeared, it is time that somebody said a good word for the unscientific — that is, the creative — employment of our leisure hours. The time has come to fetch the hobby down from the attic, dust him off, give him a good meal of some pulpy fodder, mount, and set forth on a journey to the other side of the moon.

I had thought of presenting my prospectus of a Society for the Resuscitation of the Hobby; but I have just been reading the life of Florence Nightingale, and on page 110 of Volume I she says, 'Eschew Prospectuses; they're the devil, and make one sick. What do the cookery-books say? First catch your hare.' She is right; and, besides, I should be the last to wish to make the hobby a fad.

REMINISCENCE

BY AMORY HARE

If I were dead, I would not miss
The things that were my deeper bliss.
I should be far too well at rest
For burning thoughts to fill my breast.
There, in the silence of the grave,
Content with what such stillness gave,
No yearning should disturb my will;
Yet, when the Spring ran through the hill,
Haply the wandering scent of her
Some consciousness in me might stir,
And with the blind roots' will I might
Grove back, remembering, toward the light.

Ah, God! To walk the world again
When all the fields are sweet with rain;
To come again when dusk is falling
And hear the tree-toad's drowsy calling;
To wander through the tufted clover
When Humble-bee 's a busy lover;
Or stumble on some little grove
My loneliness had made me love;
To wear a cool green summer frock;
To hear the busy kitchen clock
Tick while the house is dark and still,
And vine-leaves at the window-sill
Whisper a small word to the grass
When desultory breezes pass;
Above a teacup's brim to gaze
At slow smoke rising through the blaze,

Or meet, perhaps, the friendly look
 Of eyes just lifted from a book;
 To see the tidy little towns
 Tucked in, asleep, beneath the downs;
 To ride a long day straight and hard,
 And come at dusk to stable-yard,
 Hearing the great beasts in the stalls
 Stamp, or rub softly 'gainst the walls,
 Or blow the dust from out the grain —
 Ah, God! to know these things again.

HOW GREAT IS THE GLORY OF KWANNON!

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

O lovely One — O thou Flower! With Thy beautiful face, with Thy beautiful eyes, pour light upon the world! — *Adoration to Kwannon.*

In Japan, in the days of the remote Ancestors, near the little village of Shiobara, the river ran through rocks of a very strange blue color, and the bed of the river was also composed of these rocks, so that the clear water ran blue as turquoise gems to the sea.

The great forests murmured beside it, and through their swaying boughs was breathed the song of Eternity. Those who listen may hear if their ears are open. To others it is but the idle sighing of the wind.

Now, because of all this beauty, there stood in these forests a roughly built palace of unbarked wood, and here the great Emperor would come from City-Royal to seek rest for his doubtful thoughts and the cares of

State, turning aside often to see the moonlight in Shiobara. He sought also the free air and the sound of falling water, yet dearer to him than the plucked strings of *shō* and *biwa*. For he said, —

'Where and how shall We find peace even for a moment, and afford Our heart refreshment even for a single second?'

And it seemed to him that he found such moments at Shiobara.

Only one of his great nobles would His Majesty bring with him — the Dainagon; and him he chose because he was a worthy and honorable person and very simple of heart.

There was yet another reason why the Son of Heaven inclined to the little Shiobara. It had reached the Emperor that a recluse of the utmost sanctity dwelt in that forest. His name was Semimaru. He had made himself a

small hut in the deep woods, much as a decrepit silkworm might spin its last cocoon; and there had the Peace found him.

It had also reached His Majesty that, although blind, he was exceedingly skilled in the art of playing the biwa, both in the Flowing Fount manner and the Woodpecker manner; and that, especially on nights when the moon was full, this aged man made such music as transported the soul. Such music His Majesty desired very greatly to hear.

Never had Semimaru left his hut save to gather wood or seek food, until the Divine Emperor commanded his attendance that he might soothe his august heart with music.

Now, on this night of nights the moon was full and the snow heavy on the pines, and the earth was white also; and when the moon shone through the boughs, it made a cold light like dawn, and the shadows of the trees were black upon it.

The attendants of His Majesty long since slept for sheer weariness, for the night was far spent; but the Emperor and the Dainagon still sat with their eyes fixed on the venerable Semimaru. For many hours he had played, drawing strange music from his biwa. Sometimes it had been like rain blowing over the plains of Adzuma, sometimes like the winds roaring down the passes of the Yoshino Mountains, and yet again like the voice of far cities. For many hours they listened without weariness, and thought that all the stories of the ancients might flow past them in that weird music which seemed to have neither beginning nor end.

'It is as the river that changes and changes not, and is ever and never the same,' said the Emperor in his own soul.

And certainly, had a voice announced to His Augustness that centuries were drifting by as he listened, he could have felt no surprise. Before them, as they

sat upon the silken floor-cushions, was a small shrine with a Buddha shelf, and a hanging picture of the Amida Buddha within it — the expression one of rapt peace. Figures of Fugen and Fudō were placed before the curtain doors of the shrine, looking up in adoration to the Blessed One. A small and aged pine tree was in a pot of gray porcelain from Chosen — the only ornament in the chamber.

Suddenly His Majesty became aware that the Dainagon as well had fallen asleep from weariness, and that the recluse was no longer playing, but was speaking in a still voice like a deeply flowing stream. The Emperor had observed no change from music to speech, nor could he recall when the music had ceased; so that it resembled a dream.

'When I first came here,' the Venerable One continued, 'it was not my intention to stay long in the forest. As each day dawned, I said, "In seven days I go." And again, "In seven." Yet have I not gone. The days glided by, and here have I attained to look on the beginnings of peace. Then wherefore should I go? for all life is within the soul. Shall the fish weary of his pool? And I, who through my blind eyes feel the moon illumining my forest by night and the sun by day, abide in peace, so that even the wild beasts press round to hear my music. I have come by a path overblown by autumn leaves. But I have come.'

Then said the Divine Emperor as if unconsciously, —

'Would that I also might come. But the august duties cannot easily be laid aside. And I have no wife — no son.'

And Semimaru, playing softly on the strings of his biwa, made no other answer; and His Majesty, collecting his thoughts, which had become, as it were, frozen with the cold and the quiet and the strange music, spoke thus, as in a waking dream: —

'Why have I not wedded? Because I have desired a bride beyond the women of earth, and of none such as I desire has the rumor reached me. Consider that Ancestor who wedded Her Shining Majesty. Evil and lovely was she, and the passions were loud about her. And so it is with women. Trouble and vexation of spirit, or instead a great weariness. But if the Blessed One would vouchsafe to my prayers a maiden of blossom and dew, with a heart as calm as moonlight, her would I wed. O Honorable One, whose wisdom surveys the universe, is there in all the world, near or far, such a one, that I may seek and find?'

And Semimaru, still making a very low music with his biwa, said this:—

'Supreme Master, where the Shiobara River breaks a way through the gorges to the sea dwelt a poor couple—the husband a wood-cutter. They had no children to aid in their toil, and daily the woman addressed her prayers for a son to the Bodhisattwa Kwannon, the Lady of Pity, who looketh down forever upon the sound of prayer. Very fervently she prayed, with such offerings as her poverty allowed; and on a certain night she dreamed this dream. At the shrine of the Senju Kwannon she knelt as was her custom, and that Great Lady, sitting enthroned upon the Lotos of Purity, opened her eyes slowly from her divine contemplation, and heard the prayer of the wood-cutter's wife. Then, stooping like a blown willow bough, she gathered a bud from the golden lotos plant that stood upon her altar, and breathed upon it, and it became pure white and living, and it exhaled a perfume like the flowers of Paradise. This flower that Lady of Pity flung into the bosom of her petitioner, and, closing her eyes, returned into her divine dream, while the woman awoke weeping for joy.

But when she sought in her bosom

for the lotos, it was gone. Of all this she boasted loudly to her folk and neighbors, and the more so when in due time she perceived herself to be with child; for, from that august favor she looked for nothing less than a son, radiant with the Five Ornaments of riches, health, longevity, beauty, and success. Yet, when her hour came, a girl was born, and blind.'

'Was she welcomed?' asked the dreaming voice of the Emperor.

'Augustness, but as a household drudge. For her food was cruelty and her drink tears. And the shrine of the Senju Kwannon was neglected by her parents because of the disappointment and shame of the unwanted gift. They believed that, lost in her divine contemplation, the Great Lady would not perceive this neglect. The Gods, however, are known by their great memories.'

'Her name?'

'Majesty, Tsuyu—Morning Dew. And like the morning dew, she shines in stillness. She has repaid good for evil to her evil parents, serving them with unwearied service.'

'What distinguishes her from others?'

'Augustness, a great peace: doubtless the shadow of the dream of the Holy Kwannon. She works, she smiles, as one who has tasted of content.'

'Has she beauty?'

'Supreme Master, am I not blind? But it is said she has no beauty that men should desire her. Her face is flat and round, and her eyes blind.'

'And yet content?'

'Philosophers might envy her calm. And her blindness is without doubt a grace from the excelling Pity; for could she see her own exceeding ugliness, she must weep for shame. But her sight is inward, and she is well content.'

'Where does she dwell?'

'Supreme Majesty, far from here—where, in the heart of the woods, the river breaks through the rocks.'

'Venerable One, why have you told me this? I asked for a royal maiden, wise and beautiful, calm as the dawn, and you have told me of a wood-cutter's drudge, blind and ugly.'

And now Semimaru did not answer, but the tones of the biwa grew louder and clearer, and they rang like a song of triumph, and the Emperor could hear these words in the voice of the strings.

'She is beautiful as the night crowned with the moon and stars, for him who has eyes to see. Princess Splendor was dim beside her; Prince Fireshine, gloom. Her Shining Majesty was but a darkened glory before this maid. All beauty shines within her hidden eyes.'

And having uttered this, the music became wordless once more, but it still flowed on more and more softly, like a river that flows into the far distance.

The Emperor stared at the mats, musing; the light of the lamp was burning low. His heart said within him, —

'This maiden, cast like a flower from the hand of Kwannon Sama, will I see.'

And as he said this, the music had faded away into a thread-like smallness; and when, after long thought he raised his august head, he was alone save for the Dainagon, sleeping on the mats behind him, and the chamber was in darkness. Semimaru had departed in silence, and His Majesty, looking forth into the broad moonlight, could see the track of his feet on the shining snow, and the music came back very thinly, like spring rain in the trees. Once more he looked at the whiteness of the night, and then, stretching his august person on the mats, he slept amid dreams of sweet sound.

II

The next day, forbidding any to follow save the Dainagon, His Majesty went forth upon the frozen snow where the sun shone in a blinding whiteness.

They followed the track of Semimaru's feet far under the pine trees so heavy with their load of snow that they were bowed as if with fruit. And the track led on, and the air was so still that the cracking of a bough was like the blow of a hammer, and the sliding of a load of snow from a branch like the fall of an avalanche. Nor did they speak as they went. They listened, nor could they say for what.

Then, when they had gone a very great way, the track ceased suddenly, as if cut off, and at this spot, under the pines furred with snow, His Majesty became aware of a perfume so sweet that it was as if all the flowers of the earth haunted the place with their presence, and a music like the biwa of Semimaru was heard in the tree-tops. This sounded far off, like the whispering of rain when it falls in very small leaves; and presently it died away, and a voice followed after, singing, alone in the wood, so that the silence appeared to have been created that such a music might possess the world. So the Emperor stopped instantly, and the Dainagon behind him, and he heard these words: —

'In me the Heavenly Lotos grew,
The fibres ran from head to feet,
And my heart was the august Blossom.
Therefore the sweetness flowed through the
veins of my flesh,
And I breathed peace upon all the world,
And about me was my fragrance shed
That the souls of men should desire me.'

Now, as he listened, there came through the wood a maiden, bare-footed, save for grass sandals, and clad in coarse clothing, and she came up and passed them, still singing.

And when she had passed, His Majesty put up his hand to his eyes, like one dreaming, and said, —

'What have you seen?'

And the Dainagon answered, —

'Augustness, a country wench, flat-faced, ugly, and blind, and with a voice

like a crow. Has not your Majesty seen this?’

The Emperor, still shading his eyes, replied, —

‘I saw a maiden so beautiful that Her Shining Majesty would be a black blot beside her. As she went, the spring and all its sweetness blew from her garments. Her robe was green with small gold flowers. Her eyes were closed, but she resembled a cherry tree, snowy with bloom and dew. Her voice was like the singing flowers of Paradise.’

The Dainagon looked at him with fear and compassion.

‘Augustness, how should such a lady carry in her arms a bundle of firewood?’

‘She bore in her hand three lotos flowers, and where each foot fell I saw a lotos bloom and vanish.’

They retraced their steps through the wood — His Majesty radiant as Prince Fireshine with the joy that filled his soul; the Dainagon darkened as Prince Firefade with fear, believing that the strange music of Semimaru had bewitched His Majesty, or that the maiden herself might have the power of the fox to bewilder and deceive, by shape-changing. Very sorrowful and care-full was his heart, for he loved his master.

That night His Majesty dreamed that he stood before the *kakemono* of the Amida Buddha, and that, as he raised his eyes in adoration to the Blessed Face, he beheld the images of Fugen and Fudō rise up and bow down before that One Who Is. Then, gliding in, before these Holinesses stood a figure, and it was the wood-cutter’s daughter, homely and blinded. She stretched her hands upward as if invoking the Supreme Buddha, and then, turning to His Majesty, she smiled upon him, her eyes closed as in bliss unutterable. And he said aloud, ‘Would that I might see her eyes’; and so saying, awoke in a great stillness of snow and moonlight.

Having waked, he said within himself, —

‘This marvel will I wed, and she shall be my Empress be she lower than the Eta, and whether her face be lovely or homely. For she is certainly a flower dropped from the hand of the Divine.’

So, when the sun was high, His Majesty, again followed by the Dainagon, went through the forest, swiftly and like a man who sees his goal; and when they reached the place where the maiden went by, His Majesty straitly commanded the Dainagon that he should draw apart and leave him to speak with the maiden; yet that he should watch what befell.

So the Dainagon watched, and again he saw her come, very poorly clad and with bare feet that shrank from the snow in her grass sandals, bowed beneath a heavy load of wood upon her shoulders, and her face flat and homely, like a girl of the people, and her eyes blind and shut. As she came, she sang this: —

‘The Eternal Way lies before him,
The Way that is made manifest in the Wise.
The Heart that loves reveals itself to man.
For now he draws nigh to the Source.
The night advances fast,
And lo! the moon shines bright.’

And to the Dainagon it seemed a harsh crying, nor could he distinguish any words at all.

But what His Majesty beheld was this. The evening had come and the moon was rising. The snow had melted. It was the full glory of spring, and the flowers sprang thick as stars upon the grass, and among them lotos flowers, great as the wheel of a chariot, white and shining with the luminance of the pearl, and within each of these was seated an incarnate Holiness, looking upward with joined hands. In the trees were the voices of the mystic Birds that are the utterance of the Blessed One, proclaiming in harmony

the Five Virtues, the Five Powers, the Seven Steps ascending to perfect Illumination, the Noble Eightfold Path, and all the Law. And, hearing, in the heart of the Son of Heaven awoke the Three Remembrances — the Remembrance of Him who is Blessed, Remembrance of the Law, and Remembrance of the Communion of the Assembly.

So, looking upward to the heavens, he beheld the Infinite Buddha, high and lifted up in a great raying glory. About Him were the exalted Bodhisattvas, the mighty Disciples, great Arhats all, and all the countless Angelhood. These rose up into the infinite until they could be seen but as a point of fire against the moon. With this golden multitude beyond all numbering was He.

Then, as His Majesty had seen in the dream of the night, the wood-cutter's daughter, moving through the flowers, like one blind that gropes his way, advanced before the Blessed Feet, and uplifting her hands did adoration; and her face he could not see, but his heart went with her, adoring also the Infinite Buddha seated in the calms of boundless light.

And enlightenment entered at his eyes, as a man that wakes from sleep, and suddenly he beheld the Maiden crowned, robed, and terrible in beauty, and her feet were stayed upon an open lotos, and his soul knew the Senju Kwannon herself, myriad-armed for the helping of mankind—even the love of the Buddha made manifest in flesh.

And turning, she smiled as in the vision; but his eyes being now clear, her blinded eyes were opened, and that glory who shall tell, as those living founts of Wisdom rayed upon him their ineffable light! In that ocean was his being drowned, and so, bowed before the Infinite Buddha, he received the Greater Illumination.

How great is the Glory of Kwannon!
When the radiance and the vision

were withdrawn, and only the moon looked over the trees, His Majesty rose upon his feet, and standing on the snow, surrounded with calm, he called to the Dainagon, and asked this:—

'What have you seen?'

'Augustness, nothing but the country wench, and moon and snow.'

'And heard?'

'Augustness, nothing but the harsh voice of the wood-cutter's daughter.'

'And felt?'

'Augustness, nothing but the bone-piercing cold.'

So His Majesty adored That which cannot be uttered, saying,—

'So Wisdom, so Glory encompass us about, and we see them not, for we are blinded with illusion. Yet every stone is a jewel, and every clod is spirit, and to the hems of the Infinite Buddha all cling. Through the compassion of that supernal Mercy that walks the earth as the Bodhisattwa Kwannon am I admitted to wisdom and given sight and hearing. And what is all the world to that happy one who has beheld her eyes?'

And His Majesty returned through the forest.

When, the next day, he sent for the venerable Semimaru, that holy recluse had departed and none knew where. But still, when the moon is full, a strange music moves in the tree-tops of Shiobara.

III

Then His Sacred Majesty returned to City-Royal, having determined to retire into the quiet life, and there, abandoning the throne to a kinsman wise in greatness, he became a dweller in the deserted hut of Semimaru. His life, like a descending moon, approaching the hill that should hide it, was passed in meditation on that Incarnate Love and Compassion whose glory had

augustly been made manifest to him; and having cast aside all save the image of the Divine from his soul, His Majesty became even as that man who desired enlightenment of the Blessed One.

For that man, desiring instruction, gathered precious flowers, and journeyed to present them as an offering to the Gautama Buddha. Standing before Him he stretched forth both his hands, holding the flowers.

Then said the Holy One, looking upon his petitioner's right hand,—

'Loose your hold of these.'

And the man dropped the flowers from his right hand.

And again the Holy One said,—

'Loose your hold of these,' looking upon his left hand.

And, sorrowing, he dropped the flowers from his left hand.

And again the Master said,—

'Loose your hold of that which is neither in the right nor in the left.'

And the disciple said very pitifully,—

'Lord, of what should I loose my hold, for I have nothing left?'

And He looked upon him steadfastly.

Therefore, at last understanding, he emptied his soul of desire, and of fear that is the shadow of desire, and being enlightened, relinquished all burdens.

So was it also with His Majesty. In peace he dwelt; and becoming a great Arhat, in peace he departed to that Uttermost Joy where is that Blessed One made manifest in Pure Light.

As for the parents of that maiden, they entered after sore troubles into peace, having been remembered by the Infinite. For it is certain that the enemies also of the Supreme Buddha go to salvation by thinking on Him, even though it be against Him.

And he who tells this story makes this prayer to the Lady of Pity:—

'Grant me, I pray,
One dewdrop from Thy willow spray,
And in the double Lotos keep
My hidden heart asleep!'

How great is the Glory of Kwannon!

WAR AND ROMANCE

BY FRANCIS B. GUMMERE

I

WHEN historians come to tell of the great war for democracy, they will find no easy task, so far, at least, as the Allies are concerned, in the expected introductory survey. It will be hard to make even-song and morning-song accord; to recognize in the champions of democracy people who had spent several decades in discussing the causes of

democratic failure. These discussions began to be serious, and of intimate appeal, when Parkman, in the last pages of his *Montcalm and Wolfe*, put Western democracy upon a kind of probation, and Godkin, in a letter to Professor Norton, made the probation a mere respite, and Tennyson, in the 'gray thoughts' of *Locksley Hall Sixty*

Years After, recanted his democratic belief.

That was three-and-thirty years ago, the time when literature also began to lower the key; a whole generation has been nurtured in political and æsthetic mistrust. Croce's new criticism, which gained favor because of its breach with the past, and its contempt for system, for precedent, for law, made a long stride toward anarchy in art; while its positive doctrine, such as the welcome to free verse, the unquoting to the unquotable, implied ruin for all that had counted as classic. In short, men who looked to the signs of the times for the new year of 1914 had cause to predict the end of more than one 'auld sang' — the end of law in poetry; the end of hope and cheer in letters; the end of the classics, a 'gentleman's library' which bade fair in any case to vanish with the library's gentleman; the end of quotation, once innocent 'little language' of the lovers of literature, which had now come to be confession of imbecility; the end of literary convention; but chiefly the end of the middle classes and the consequent end of what had been known as democracy.

Then broke the war; and suddenly, as if over-night, men forgot their political pessimism and began to talk of democracy as vital, perennial, crescent, a thing to be taken for granted. Commonplace joined paradox to say that the chief feature of the end of an era is the refusal of the era to end, and that the close of this democratic age finds democracy, if not triumphant, at least militant and full of hope.

What wrought such a huge and sudden change of the political heart? It was not merely the crude logic of an appeal to arms. It was no reasoned revival of belief in the cause. The old vices and defects still abounded, while sundry props of democratic faith were visibly weaker. Labor, as one calls it, is a

very uncertain ally, and would fain have no politics at all; in Russia, where it seemed to share the belief of Mr. L. P. Jacks that state-idolatry is at the root of the world's present trouble, and where it tried to substitute the economic for the political problem, it has fallen headlong into ochlocracy. Science, theoretic or applied, which is justly regarded as democracy's best gift to the world, is wavering in its allegiance. One hears little now of that blessed word 'evolution' in its flattering equation with confederate social progress; while applied science has played a scurvy trick upon its old guardian. Mr. H. G. Wells, some years ago, saw science 'bending, like a beautiful goddess, over all the squat darkness of human life.' Now, if truth be told, we are afraid of science.

Above all, there was no literary prompting and preparation for the great change of heart; hardly a hint or a gesture of confidence in democracy came from literature. There was discussion, there was pleading, there was advice in plenty, from counsel of perfection to counsel of despair; but of such confidence and hope as Mill, at the height of democratic prosperity, put into his *Representative Government*, literature had not a word to say. In particular there was no 'Rousseau stuff,' as breezy writers now call it, to sing loud in the brain what was sung in the heart, and so drown all cynical comment. Whence, then, came the new hope and confidence and courage for this great crusade?

They came from romance, discredited romance, which had struck such deep roots in the political traditions of Englishman, Frenchman, and American that it lived there when it died everywhere else. Literature might ban romance, but statecraft cherished it. To invoke its spirit in our politics was to return to first principles; for while the

Declaration may be Rousseau, and the Constitution may be Montesquieu, both are documents of romance. The English case is no exception. We call the policies of Disraeli 'romantic'; but it was the liberal policy that really deserved the name, and Gladstone, with his appeal to the great middle class for justice, and his crusades against sanctioned atrocity, was the actual adventurer. French democracy was visibly born of romance. And so the romantic spirit was called to save democracy, for the good reason that democracy is itself a romantic adventure.

How else shall one describe our entrance into the war? Mr. Wilson's speeches were, one and all, romantic; appeal was taken less to the head than to the heart; and even the announcement of a tax or a bond was a call to crusade. Such poverty of logic and such wealth of sentiment as inspired my Uncle Toby's word about Le Fevre have filled all the famous declarations, even Lincoln's own, that democracy shall not die. If the democratic hosts had paused to think out their faith instead of feeling it, democracy would have died in good earnest.

II

Romance is doing all that for democracy. What is democracy doing, or intending to do, for romance? Outside of politics, romance has not a friend; its name has become an inclusive epithet of critical condemnation, its machinery has been scrapped, its ways all boarded up. An American critic, in a recent and most authoritative statement, declares the task of literature to be '*interpretation of modern life in the arena of the concrete*,' — only this, and nothing more, — naming Sincerity as chief literary virtue, and Idealism as the really dangerous lapse. Such a cult of sincerity, says the same authoritative voice,

brings it about that modern readers — our strong young man seems to have taken a vote — actually prefer *The Vanity of Human Wishes* to the best poem of Tennyson.

Now 'sincerity' is a tender word; but Lord Morley has proposed a plainer one. 'Low spirits,' he says, are 'what we call the mood in which we see things as they are' — that is, in the arena of the concrete. As for examples, there is better modern stuff than the shopworn compound of Dr. Johnson and Juvenal. Although the vivacity and wit of the problem-drama fail to mask its real depression, it has captured the stage; while Mr. Masters, pricking the bubbles, not only of romance, but of romantic democracy as well, in the remarks of one Hoheimer, a warrior, about the *pro patria* on his tomb, and fulfilling exactly that critical command to interpret life with absolute sincerity in the arena of the concrete, made the literary success of the day. And that day is now fairly forgotten.

Moreover, Mr. Masters really pointed out the inconsistency of our modern attitude toward romance in letters and romance in politics. A writer in the new reviews, for example, has to interpret modern life into literature at the lowest values, and wholly in the arena of the concrete; but in the political vision he must babble of green fields, see an earthly paradise to come, and say over and over the romantic creed of democracy. If, however, romance is right in politics, it ought to be right all along the line. If romance is essentially futile, why give it an artificial validity in politics? In consistency is strength; and the German, who was shocked at the flippant expressions of romantic sentiment over Louvain and Rheims from a people whose responsible critics and favorite authors have pronounced romantic sentiment to be officially dead, declared that his own amazing strength

was due to his consistency in dealing with both democracy and romance. A court-martial in the grand style has decided for democracy; does not its verdict carry as well the triumph of romance itself?

Creative German literature also deserted romance; but even the friends of Germany admit that the first fruits of this policy were very sour. It will not do to say that this was the international and general case as well. Others might kill romance; with the German it was suicide. He buried his own poetic glory when the drums and trappings of his two great romantic conquests, twelfth century and eighteenth alike, ceased to echo in his singing and his saying. As for his literature since 1870, a fairly clever copy of foreign models, no sane critic dares to praise it. Arno Holz, champion of the contemporary, the naturalistic, the arena of the concrete, putting it all to document, made of it a fair *reductio ad absurdum*. Gerhart Hauptmann brought real genius to it; but his backslidings into historical material, as opposed to the contemporary, and into romance, as opposed to the sincere, show his genius in its authentic work, and condemn the rest.

Otherwise, and by all his other literary spokesmen, the German's destructive work has been complete. He has so destroyed all trace of romance in politics that when he began his autocratic war, the majority of his Socialists, who still called themselves democrats, sold out their democracy and followed him, because they had no romantic impulses in them. He has so purged his literature and criticism and science of all romance, that he has sterilized them. For romance, as any record will show, is fecundity. The German is consistent: but the price of his consistency is too high, and the ultimate losses are too great. There remains another consistent way: to bid romance come back to

life and literature, as it has come back, or rather remained constant, to politics.

One of the lions in his way is criticism, the established dress and fashion of literature. Romance 'is not worn.' Another lion is our inveterate and false idea of what romance really means. A century ago, the 'physician of the iron age' made a diagnosis, still quoted at second or third hand, and declared romance to be laden with the seeds of death. He is directly quoted as saying that 'romantic is disease,' contrasted with 'classic' health. This misunderstood phrase of Goethe became canonical, and valid for the whole world of letters and art. It made Baumstark, a professor, write pleasantly about 'the rose-red romanticism of the sickly-sentimental Tacitus.' D. F. Strauss, in his clever satire of 1848, *A Romanticist on the Throne of the Cæsars*, compared Emperor Julian with the King of Prussia by laying stress upon the abnormal features of romance. Men have even called the present Hohenzollern 'romantic,' because he professed to turn back all the clocks, and to put out all the lights, and talked feverishly about Kaiser and God. Take it where one will, that mutilated word of Goethe's still prevails: the romantic spirit is invariably confused with its erratic and morbid manifestations.

For Goethe did not really read morbidness and romance as convertible terms, and thus reject his own *Faust*, the romantic masterpiece — which contains, moreover, a formal renunciation of his earlier doctrine about the classics. And what he said to Eckermann, in 1829, was simply his 'reaction,' as modern slang puts it, to certain horrible graveyard 'romances,' chiefly French, which he condemned in the same famous phrase, corrected by a reminder that on this reckoning the *Nibelungen Lay* should be thought as 'classic,' that is as 'healthy,' as Homer. He had such

horrors and sensationalisms in mind when, not far from the same time, he wrote his verses 'To the United States,' and hoped, if Americans took to authorship, they might be preserved from stories of 'knights, and robbers and ghosts'; happy folk, he cried, 'you have no ruined castles.' In brief, a profoundly vital force in letters and art was presented to the octogenarian under abnormal and morbid conditions; and in his testy moment he gave the name of the patient to the disease. So a belated Tory might make equation of democracy and the Terror. But democracy is not Robespierre: it is Lincoln, it is Cavour. Romance is not the graveyard horrors of which Goethe was reminded: it is the *Faery Queen*; it is the Elizabethan spirit, so unstable and yet so splendidly vital, incarnate in Raleigh; it is the *Tempest*, the *Antiquary*, the *Ancient Mariner*, *Pickwick*; it is George Meredith in the *Woods of Westmain*; Wordsworth in his first manner; Victor Hugo, absurdities and rant included, even in *Les Misérables*.

Romance is not to be defined by its single moods and phases — by Gieck's 'irony,' for example, or by Rousseau's famous 'sentiment of the past.' It is the audacious but not irresponsible treatment of fact. It is a spurning of such limits for the artist as that 'arena of the concrete,' and of such assumptions as ruled the recent discussion whether American literature represents American life. The best gifts of literature to life outweigh in value the gifts of life to literature. 'Justice' is such a gift. In literature which merely copies life it has no place; in 'happy endings' the critic calls it 'poetical,' a farce, a romantic figment; 'nature' knows nothing of it. But in that splendid lyric of the later *Faust*, Goethe tells of the origin of all such ideas: 'It is in our own hearts,' he says, 'we find what the whole world denies.' That is romantic gospel. Or take

the word of a practical critic, a great critic, Hazlitt, speaking of Wordsworth: 'He sees nothing loftier than human hopes, nothing deeper than the human heart.' These the poet may 'interpret.'

Romance, then, is in wide range the control and combination of facts by imagination and hope; in poetry it 'submits the shows of things to the desires of the mind.' The mediæval way, too often confused with the romantic, was to let imagination, in system, and hope, in dogma, not only control facts, but pervert, deny, and sometimes fabricate them. That is not romance. The rationalistic, 'sincere,' concrete way, is to submit the desires of the mind to the shows of things, to let facts sterilize imagination and obscure hope; it is the triumph of childless ideas. Of course, when imagination runs wild, it needs a cure. If Dickens had been in the habit of reading an ode of Horace every Sunday, Jonas Chuzzlewit would have been made believable. M. Anatole France's formula of irony and pity, as set forth in that classic passage of the *Jardin d'Épiqueure*, has its precious and comfortable uses, and in competent hands can make the battered conventions of romance look like cardboard castles. But here concession ends. Centripetal forces may never pose as vital energy, nor Mephistopheles as a creator. Common sense run wild, as in the case of Mr. G. B. Shaw, is far more abnormal and shocking than romance run wild; moreover, common sense always means compromise, and it follows the adventure. If it preceded, there would be no adventure — none of those fine leaps in the dark that are called progress and ought to be called romance.

III

Can romance come back, and if it does, can it speak otherwise than in the thin accents of a ghost? Precedents

give a favorable answer. Romance is fecundity; and whenever sterility seemed to be most triumphant, the romantic spirit has come again and again to letters, to the arts, to science, but 'not with observation,' never with crash of apocalyptic thunders to announce a new heaven and a new earth of poetry and prose. Innovators, to be sure, have a fixed idea that they are really doing something new—'new' poetry, for instance, which was welcomed by the great Frenchman a century and a half ago, much in its present form, as very regeneration of the art.

So, too, with the wider reach of prose. In his introduction to Donald Hankey's *Student in Arms*, Mr. Strachey says that the war is begetting a literature absolutely new in matter, style, essence, appeal; out of the unprecedented horror must spring an unprecedented fashion of feeling and expressing the facts of life; and he offers his student's book as a kind of prologue and example. But neither the forecast nor the evidence is impressive. There is more to say for the Socialist, with his new society and the new literature to match a wholly altered world, economic rather than political in its foundation lines; but revolutionary announcements and proofs of this kind have long been that 'continual renovation of hope' and that 'unvaried succession of disappointments' which Dr. Johnson noted for the writings of poor old Sheridan. Even Tolstoi's men and Ibsen's characters have not put Plutarch's men and Shakespeare's characters out of date: so soon as Socialism tries to be constructive in literature, it fails. It is so afraid of romance, which it takes to mean unreality, and of sentiment, which it restricts to a Victorian craving for Colonel Newcomes and Little Nells, that it never creates in the positive: all its literary successes are anarchistic, the drama of social disintegration and the epic of failure and

futility. So, too, extreme socialistic criticism is rarely constructive. Tolstoi's best novels are masterpieces of the 'sincere'; but have his widely praised theories of art and poetry brought anything new except to critics whose own *ars nesciendi* forbids them to seek lessons in the past? In any case, the socialistic 'novelties' are not likely to block the return of romance; what should be prayed for is the happy union of romance with those ideas of a saner and truer social democracy which shall replace the sterilized Socialism of Germany and the ochlocracy of Russia.

For romance must come back. It would seem, by precedents of every sort, that the deeper instincts of literature, its imaginative, hopeful, half-sibylline powers, are wont to move to the needs of such a cause as democracy in the day of its peril. In 1759 *Candide* and his strange mate *Rasselas* bade fair to set an everlasting negation upon romance; and the modern Socialist looks for some literary thunderbolt like *Candide* to be hurled against the false democratic romance of the war. But in 1759 also appeared the *Nouvelle Héloïse*; and its romance took Europe captive. Similar happenings followed the Napoleonic wars. Nor are signs lacking of a definite turn in the tide of romance, signs of a coming flood, slight and yet cheering, like those that Clough interpreted in his one perfect poem. The novelists seem really to be retreating from Russia; readers run from *Sinister Street* to *Green Mansions*. The change of spirit in Mr. Wells has had sufficient comment. Mr. Galsworthy, it is true, still paints in his favorite contemporary grays, picked out by that vivid sex-red; but Mr. Locke, in the 'happy ending' of his war novel, asserts the incorrigible optimism of romance.

The *donnée* is all for low spirits; but those battered folk, the mutilated serv-

ant ('Sancho Panza still!' he seems to cry), the emotionally wrecked heroine, the bedridden hero, or narrator, on whom the curtain falls at the right instant of wedding-bells, are just the old romantic group who insist that all is well in the worst of all possible worlds. Even the great master of the craft, Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has composed the modern *Candide* in many versions, at last deviates into romantic ways. Typical 'sincerity' is his final report of Elizabeth Jane, of Casterbridge, — a great favorite of the author, one would guess, — who solves the problem of life both by cultivating her garden and by 'making limited opportunities endurable' by 'the cunning enlargement of those minute forms of satisfaction that offer themselves to everybody not in positive pain.' Less subtle, but effective, is his challenge to romance in the death-sentence of poetic justice on the last page of the *Trumpet-Major*, and in the arraignment of social justice at the close of *Tess*, and in the ironical solution of the tragedy of *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.

In his verse, too, notably in his latest volume, *Moments of Vision*, sincerity achieves its masterpiece with a poem where the poet looks up from his writing to meet the moon's spectral gaze, and to hear her explain how she has been scanning pond and hole and waterway for the body of a suicide frenzied over a son 'slain in brutish battle'; but now, she says, she is curious to 'look

into the blinkered mind' of a man who can even think of writing a book 'in a world of such a kind.' These moments of vision are true to the spirit of the poet's earlier verse, when life 'bared its bones' to him, and left him with a glimpse of the baffled purpose at the end of every human path; but it must not be forgotten that the onset of war surprised Mr. Hardy into sounding the romantic note. His volume of verse called *Satires of Circumstance* was printing when the summons came in that memorable August, and Dorset men went off to fight and fall. The poet watches them, hears them chant the faith that is in them, and sets down, surely in praise and partnership, their song, —

'In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just . . .
Hence the faith and fire within us' —

Romance may come back hand in hand with justice to literature, where justice was first made known; for democracy lives only by the hope of justice; and justice was never yet discovered by low spirits in the arena of the concrete; this 'moment of vision' is pure romance, war's handsel to poetry for the new spirit of song. That chant of the Dorset men who march away is the only kind of music, the only kind of sentiment, with its faith and fire instead of sincerity's fear and chill, to which men will keep step, and in which, after the event, they are willing to remember their travail of soul.

IF SHAKESPEARE LIVED TO-DAY

BY LORD DUNSANY

NOTE. — *I do not imply or hint or in any way intend any comparison between Shakespeare and any living writer. I would consider any such comparison blasphemous. But I do compare the attitude of a numerous multitude toward contemporary genius with the attitude they would show to any other genius if it came their way unprotected by the sanction of antiquity and the immunity of the grave.*

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

SIR WEBLEY WOOTHERY-JURNIP }
MR. NEEKS } Members of the Olympus.

JERGENS. — An Old Waiter.

MR. TRUNDLEBEN. — Secretary of the Club.

MR. GLEEK. — Editor of the 'Banner and Evening Gazette,' and Member of the Olympus.

SCENE: *A room in the Olympus Club.*

TIME: *After luncheon.*

SIR WEBLEY WOOTHERY-JURNIP and MR. NEEKS sit by a small table. Farther away sits MR. GLEEK, the editor of 'The Banner and Evening Gazette.' SIR WEBLEY WOOTHERY-JURNIP rises and rings the bell by the fireplace. He returns to his seat.

MR. NEEKS

I see there's a man called Mr. William Shakespeare putting up for the Club.

• SIR WEBLEY

Shakespeare? Shakespeare? Shakespeare? I once knew a man called Shaker.

MR. NEEKS

No, it's Shakespeare — Mr. William Shakespeare.

SIR WEBLEY

Shakespeare? Shakespeare? Do you know anything about him?

MR. NEEKS

Well, I don't exactly recall — I made sure that you —

SIR WEBLEY

The Secretary ought to be more careful. Waiter.

JERGENS

Yes, Sir Webley.

JERGINs comes forward.

SIR WEBLEY

Coffee, Jergins. Same as usual.

JERGINs

Yes, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

And, Jergins —

JERGINs

Yes, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

There 's a man called Mr. William Shakespeare putting up for the Club.

JERGINs

I'm sorry to hear that, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, Jergins. Well, there it is, you see; and I want you to go up and ask Mr. Trundleben if he 'd come down.

JERGINs

Certainly, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

And then get my coffee.

JERGINs

Yes, Sir Webley.

He goes slowly away.

NEEKs

He'll be able to tell us all about him.

SIR WEBLEY

At the same time, he should be more careful.

NEEKs

I'm afraid — I'm afraid he's getting rather — rather old.

SIR WEBLEY

Oh, I don't know; he was seventy only the other day. I don't call that too old — nowadays. He can't be now — he can't be more than — let me see — seventy-eight. Where does this Mr. Shaker live?

NEEKs

Shakespeare. Somewhere down in Warwickshire. A village called Bradford, I think, is the address he gives in the Candidates' Book.

SIR WEBLEY

Warwickshire. I do seem to remember something about him now. If he 's the same man, I certainly do. William Shakespeare, you said?

NEEKs

Yes, that 's the name.

SIR WILLIAM

Well, I certainly have heard about him, now you mention it.

NEEKS

Really? And what does he do?

SIR WEBLEY

Do? Well, from what I heard, he poaches.

NEEKS

Poaches?

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, a poacher. Trundleben deserves to get the sack for this. A poacher from the wilds of Warwickshire. I heard all about him. He got after the deer at Charlecote.

NEEKS

A poacher?

SIR WEBLEY

That's all he is, a poacher. A member of the Olympus! He'll be dropping in here one fine day with other people's rabbits in his pockets.

Enter JERGINs.

JERGINs

Your coffee, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

My coffee. I should think so. (*He sips it.*) One needs it.

He pays JERGINs.

JERGINs

Mr. Trundleben will be down at once, Sir Webley. I telephoned up to him.

SIR WEBLEY

Telephoned. Telephoned. The Club's getting more full of newfangled devices every day. I remember the time when — Thank you, Jergins.

JERGINs retires.

This is a pretty state of things, Neeks.

NEEKS

A pretty state of things indeed, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Ah, here's Trundleben.

NEEKS

He'll tell us all about it, Sir Webley. I'm sure he'll —

SIR WEBLEY

Ah, Trundleben. Come and sit down here. Come and —

TRUNDLEBEN

Thank you, Sir Webley. I think I will. I don't walk quite as well as I used, and what with —

SIR WEBLEY

What's all this we hear about this Mr. Shakespeare, Trundleben?

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, ah, well, yes; yes, indeed. Well, you see, Sir Webley, he was put up for the Club. Mr. Henry put him up.

SIR WEBLEY (*disapprovingly*)

Oh, Mr. Henry.

NEEKS

Yes, yes, yes. Long hair and all that.

SIR WEBLEY

I'm afraid so.

NEEKS

Writes poetry, I believe.

SIR WEBLEY

I'm afraid so.

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, then, what does Mr. Newton do but go and second him, and there you are, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, a pretty state of things. Has he—? Does he—? What is he?

TRUNDLEBEN

He seems to write, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Oh, he does, does he? What does he write?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, I wrote and asked him that, Sir Webley, and *he* said plays.

SIR WEBLEY

Plays? Plays? Plays? I'm sure I never heard—What plays?

TRUNDLEBEN

I asked him that, Sir Webley, and he said—he sent me a list (*fumbling*). Ah, here it is.

He holds it high, far from his face, tilts his head back and looks down his nose through his glasses.

He says—let me see—'Hamelt,' or 'Hamlet': I don't know how he pronounces it. 'Hamelt,' 'Hamlet'; he spells it H-a-m-l-e-t. If you pronounce it the way one pronounces handle, it would be 'Hamelt,' but if—

SIR WEBLEY

What's it all about?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, I gathered the scene was in Denmark.

NEEKS

Denmark! H'm. Another of those neutrals.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, I would n't so much mind where the scene of the play was put, if only it was a play one ever had heard of.

NEEKS

But those men who have much to do with neutrals are rather the men — don't you think, Sir Webley? — who —

SIR WEBLEY

Who want watching. I believe you're right, Neeks. And that type of unsuccessful playwright is just the kind of man I always rather —

NEEKS

That's rather what I feel, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

It would n't be a bad plan if we told somebody about him.

NEEKS

I think I know just the man, Sir Webley. I'll just drop him a line.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes; and if he's all right, there's no harm done; but I always suspect that kind of fellow. Well, what else, Trundleben? This is getting interesting.

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, Sir Webley, it's really very funny; but he sent me a list of the characters in this play of his, 'Hamelt'; and — and it's really rather delicious.

NEEKS

Yes?

SIR WEBLEY

Yes? What is it?

TRUNDLEBEN

He's got a *ghost* in his play. — He-he, he-he-he! — A ghost. He really has.

SIR WEBLEY

What! Not on the stage?

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, on the stage.

NEEKS

Well, well, well.

SIR WEBLEY

But that's absurd.

TRUNDLEBEN

I met Mr. Vass the other day — it was his four hundredth presentation of the 'Nighty' — and I told him about it. He said that bringing a ghost on the stage was, of course — er — ludicrous.

SIR WEBLEY

What else does he say he's done?

TRUNDLEBEN

Er — er — there's an absurdly long list — er — 'Macbeth.'

SIR WEBLEY

'Macbeth.' That's Irish.

NEEKS

Ah, yes. Abbey Theatre style of thing.

TRUNDLEBEN

I think I heard he offered it them. But of course —

SIR WEBLEY

No, quite so.

TRUNDLEBEN

I gathered it was all rather a — rather a sordid story.

SIR WEBLEY (*solemnly*)

Ah.

NEEKS, *with equal solemnity, wags his head.*

TRUNDLEBEN (*focusing his list again*)

Here's a very funny one. This is funnier than 'Hamlet.' 'The Tempest.' And the stage directions are 'The sea, with a ship.'

SIR WEBLEY (*laughs*)

Oh, that's lovely. That's really too good. The sea with a ship! And what's it all about?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, I rather gathered that it was about a magician; and he — he makes a storm.

SIR WEBLEY

He makes a storm. Splendid! On the stage I suppose?

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, yes, on the stage.

SIR WEBLEY and NEEKS *laugh heartily.*

NEEKS

He'd — he'd have to be a magician for that, would n't he?

SIR WEBLEY

Ha, ha! Very good. He'd have to be a magician to do that, Trundleben.

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, indeed, Sir Webley: indeed he would, Mr. Neeks.

SIR WEBLEY

But that stage direction is priceless. I'd really like to copy that down if you'd let me. What is it? The sea with a ship? It's the funniest bit of the lot.

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, that's it, Sir Webley. Wait a moment; I have it here. The — the whole thing is 'The sea, with a ship, afterwards an island.' Very funny indeed.

SIR WEBLEY

Afterwards an island. That's very good too. Afterwards an island. I'll put that down also. (*He writes.*) And what else, Trundleben? What else?

TRUNDLEBEN *holds out his list again.*

TRUNDLEBEN

'The Tragedy of — of — King Richard the — the Second.'

SIR WEBLEY

But *was* his life a tragedy? *Was* it a tragedy, Neeks?

NEEKS

I — I — well, I'm not quite sure. I really don't think so. But I'll look it up.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, we can look it up.

TRUNDLEBEN

I think it was rather — perhaps *rather* tragic, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Oh, I don't say it was n't. No doubt. No doubt at all. That's one thing. But to call his whole life a tragedy is — is quite another, what, Neeks?

NEEKS

Oh, quite another.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, certainly, Sir Webley. Tragedy is — er — is a very strong term indeed to — to apply to such a case.

SIR WEBLEY

He was probably out poaching when he should have been learning his history.

TRUNDLEBEN

I'm afraid so, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

And what else, eh? Anything more?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, there are some poems, he says. (*Holds up a list.*)

SIR WEBLEY

And what are they about?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, there's one called — Oh, I'd really rather not mention that one; perhaps that had better be left out altogether.

NEEKS

Not — ?

SIR WEBLEY

Not quite —

TRUNDLEBEN

No, not at all.

SIR WEBLEY and NEEKS

H'm.

TRUNDLEBEN

Left out altogether. And then there are Sonnets, and — and — 'Venus and Adonis' — and — and — 'The Phoenix and the Turtle.'

SIR WEBLEY

The Phoenix and the what?

TRUNDLEBEN

The Turtle.

SIR WEBLEY

Oh. Go on.

TRUNDLEBEN

One called, 'The Passionate Pilgrim'; another, 'A Lover's Complaint.'

SIR WEBLEY

I think the whole thing's very regrettable.

NEEKS

I think so too, Sir Webley.

TRUNDLEBEN (*mournfully*)

And there've been no poets since poor Browning died; none at all. It's absurd for him to call himself a poet.

NEEKS

Quite so, Trundleben, quite so.

SIR WEBLEY

And all these plays. What does he mean by calling them plays? They've never been acted.

TRUNDLEBEN

Well — er — no, not exactly acted, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

What do you mean by not exactly, Trundleben?

TRUNDLEBEN

Well, I believe they were acted in America, though, of course, not in London.

SIR WEBLEY

In America! What's that got to do with it? America? Why, that's the other side of the Atlantic.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, yes, Sir Webley, I — I quite agree with you.

SIR WEBLEY

America! I dare say they did. I dare say they did act them. But that does n't make him a suitable member for the Olympus. Quite the contrary.

NEEKS

Oh, quite the contrary.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, certainly, Sir Webley, certainly.

SIR WEBLEY

I daresay 'Macbeth' would be the sort of thing that would appeal to Irish-Americans. *Just* the sort of thing.

TRUNDLEBEN

Very likely, Sir Webley, I'm sure.

SIR WEBLEY

Their game laws are very lax, I believe, over there. They probably took to him on account of his being a poacher.

TRUNDLEBEN

I've no doubt of it, Sir Webley. Very likely.

NEEKS

I expect that was just it.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, now, Trundleben, are we to ask the Olympus to elect a man who'll come in here with his pockets bulging with rabbits?

NEEKS

Rabbits and hares too.

SIR WEBLEY

And venison even, if you come to that.

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, indeed, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Thank God! the Olympus can get its haunch of venison without having to go to a man like that for it.

NEEKS

Yes, indeed.

TRUNDLEBEN

Indeed, I hope so.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, now, about those plays: I don't say we've absolute proof that the man's entirely hopeless. We must be sure of our ground.

NEEKS

Yes, quite so.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, I'm afraid, Sir Webley, they're very bad indeed. There are some quite unfortunate — er — references in them.

SIR WEBLEY

So I should have supposed. So I should have supposed.

NEEKS

Yes, yes, of course.

TRUNDLEBEN

For instance, in that play about that funny ship — I have a list of the characters here — and I'm afraid, well, er — er — you see for yourself. (*Hands paper.*) You see that is, I am afraid, in very bad taste, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Certainly, Trundleben, certainly. Very bad indeed.

NEEKS (*peering*)

Er — er — what is it, Sir Webley?

SIR WEBLEY (*pointing*)

That, you see.

NEEKS

A — a drunken butler! But most regrettable.

SIR WEBLEY

A very deserving class. A — a quite gratuitous slight. I don't say you might n't see one drunken butler —

TRUNDLEBEN

Quite so.

NEEKS

Yes, of course.

SIR WEBLEY

But to put it baldly on a programme like that is practically tantamount to implying that all butlers are drunken.

TRUNDLEBEN

Which is by no means true.

SIR WEBLEY

There would naturally be a protest of some sort, and to have a member of the Olympus mixed up with a controversy like that would be — er — naturally — er — most —

TRUNDLEBEN

Yes, of course, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

And then, of course, if he does a thing like that once —

NEEKS

There are probably other lapses just as deplorable.

TRUNDLEBEN

I have n't gone through his whole list, Sir Webley. I often feel about these modern writers that perhaps the less one looks the less one will find that might be — er —

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, quite so.

NEEKS

That is certainly true.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, we can't wade all through his list of characters to see if they are all suitable to be represented on a stage.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, no, Sir Webley, quite impossible; there are — there are, I might say, hundreds of them.

SIR WEBLEY

Good gracious! He must have been wasting his time a great deal.

TRUNDLEBEN

Oh, a great deal, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

But we shall have to go further into this. We can't have—

NEEKS

I see Mr. Gleek sitting over there, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Why, yes, yes, so he is.

NEEKS

The *Banner and Evening Gazette* would know all about him, if there's anything to know.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, of course they would.

NEEKS

If we were to ask him.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, Trundleben, you may leave it to us. Mr. Neeks and I will talk it all over and see what's to be done.

TRUNDLEBEN

Thank you, Sir Webley. I'm really very sorry it all happened, very sorry indeed.

SIR WEBLEY

Very well, Trundleben, we'll see what's to be done. If nothing's known of him and his plays, you'll have to write and request him to withdraw his candidature. But we'll see, we'll see.

TRUNDLEBEN

Thank you, Sir Webley. I'm sure I'm very sorry it all occurred. Thank you, Mr. Neeks.

Exit TRUNDLEBEN, waddling slowly away.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, Neeks, that's what it will have to be. If nothing whatever's known of him, we can't have him putting up for the Olympus.

NEEKS

Quite so, Sir Webley. I'll call Mr. Gleek's attention.

He begins to rise, hopefully looking Gleekwards, when JERGINS comes between him and MR. GLEEK; he has come to take away the coffee.

SIR WEBLEY

Times are changing, Jergins.

JERGINS

I'm afraid so, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Changing fast, and new members putting up for the Club.

JERGINS

Yes, I'm afraid so, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

You notice it too, Jergins?

JERGINs

Yes, Sir Webley; it's come all of a sudden. Only last week I saw —

SIR WEBLEY

Well, Jergins?

JERGINs

I saw Lord Pandleburrow wearing a —

SIR WEBLEY

Wearing what, Jergins?

JERGINs

Wearing one of those billycock hats, Sir Webley.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, well, I suppose they've got to change; but not at that rate.

JERGINs

No, Sir Webley.

Exit, shaking his head as he goes.

SIR WEBLEY

Well, we must find out about this fellow.

NEEKs

Yes. I'll call Mr. Gleek's attention. He knows all about that sort of thing.

SIR WEBLEY

Yes, yes. Just —

NEEKs *rises and goes some of the way toward GLEEK's chair.*

NEEKs

Er — er —

GLEEK (*looking round*)

Yes?

SIR WEBLEY

Do you know anything of a man called Mr. William Shakespeare?

GLEEK (*looking over his pince-nez*)

No.

He shakes his head several times and returns to his paper.

CURTAIN

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE best way to get acquainted with Blaine is through Mrs. Blaine's delightful letters. In the most natural, most intimate fashion she reflects the whole course of her distinguished husband's career, by glimpses and, as it were, afar off, yet with a vividness of suggestion and comprehension that no formal biography can equal. And she was a delightful person herself, a soul of intense emotion and sympathy, of keen insight, of playful humor. She had no love of notoriety, of great station, oh, no. Yet what she does not want stings her if she misses it; and she writes of Mrs. Cleveland, 'Feminine Frances is spelt with an "e." Think of the first lady in the land, who is not your *chère mère*.' She does not pretend to influence her husband, oh, no. Yet the husband declares that 'the advice of a sensible woman in matters of statecraft is invaluable'; and what charming significance in the wife's quiet remark, 'He loves the confessional and the lay sister (me) — why, I do not know, as I always shrive him out of hand.'

Without making any odious comparisons as to the male objects, I must say that Mrs. Blaine's letters have enabled me to understand Lady Macbeth better than ever before. There is the same mixture of adoration and fathomless pity, of warm motherly domestic comfort and stinging stimulus, with which Lady Macbeth surveyed, sustained, and prompted her husband's lofty, if somewhat checkered, career. It is even

possible that Lady Macbeth might have been capable of the pathetic tenderness of Mrs. Blaine's comprehensive eulogy: 'Those who know him most, love him best. I dare to say that he is the best man I have ever known. Do not misunderstand me; I do not say that he is the best man that ever lived, but that of all the men whom I have thoroughly known, he is the best.' Is not that a text for meditation through a long summer's day?

It may fairly be said that Blaine's whole life was political. Even in his Pennsylvania boyhood whiffs of political passion played around him, and his child letters of the forties show more interest in politics than in any other earthly thing. For a short time he taught in a blind asylum, and the wicked insinuate that he here became an adept in making the blind see whatever he wished them to. He married at twenty years of age, in 1850. He then went to Maine, to edit a paper, and for the next forty years he and politics were united so that only death could part them.

Before losing ourselves in the political vortex, however, it will be well to establish thoroughly the general elements of the man's character on which his public career was built.

His distinguishing intellectual trait was intense activity. He had a singular power of abstraction in all mental labor. He did not require solitude or quiet, but could read and write and think

with the whole domestic hurly-burly going on about him, and liked it. He touched all sorts of subjects lightly and vividly, with illumination, if not penetration. Mrs. Blaine goes with him to an astronomical lecture and when they get home, comments: Mr. Blaine 'demonstrates astronomically that Mars could not have any moons, and with such a scientific aroma that it would deceive the very elect, if they did not know that he does not know, and know that we know that he does not know anything about it.' This suggests, what is everywhere evident, that, though by no means deficient in thoughts, Blaine was on all occasions and in all connections an ingenious and unfailing master of words. It would be libelous to say that words were the whole of him. They were not, ever. But they played a large part in his life, much larger than he himself realized, and most of his writing suggests a splendid facility and felicity in words. His letters snap and sparkle with them. His eulogy on Garfield, which Senator Hoar rather wildly calls 'one of the treasures of our literature,' is at any rate an interesting specimen of abundant diction as well as of genuine feeling. The two bulky volumes of *Twenty Years in Congress* are almost oppressive in a verbal extension which tends to obscure their real shrewdness, common sense, and sanity.

In the same way it is somewhat difficult to get through the covering of words to Blaine's real feeling about the most serious things. When he writes to his son that 'there is no success in this life that is not founded on virtue and purity, and a religious consecration of all we have to God,' I would not for a moment imply that he did not mean it; but it did sound well. The utter absence in Mrs. Blaine's printed letters of all religious suggestion, both for him and for her, is very noticeable; but with

it we must instantly place Blaine's own fine reference to 'those topics of personal religion, concerning which noble natures have an unconquerable reserve. It is certain that he was zealous in his church membership, taught in Sunday-school so as to produce a lasting impression, and liked at all times to discuss theology, as to discuss anything else. But he was intensely occupied with the affairs of this world, and his daily attitude was quite the reverse of that of the old Scotchman whose caustic words he enjoyed putting into the mouth of a theological disputant: 'I meddle only with the things o' God which I cannot change, rather than with the things o' man where I might do harm.'

If practical preoccupations somewhat interfered with Blaine's religion, they cut him off almost entirely from the delight of art and beauty. No doubt he talked about these things, but he had not time to feel them. When he was first in Europe, he wrote with enthusiasm of a Rubens picture, and Mrs. Blaine mentions his interest in picture-buying. Yet during their long stay in Florence in the eighties, it is remarkable that her letters, which speak of everything, make no reference whatever to the charm of old painting and sculpture, and in Florence too! Poetry he quoted, but neither read nor cared for. One form of art alone really took hold of him. He liked to build houses for himself and his friends, and to set the houses in surroundings of exquisite natural beauty. Without having time to think much of the attractions of the natural world, it is evident that he felt them.

For, if he did not care for art, the cause was lack of leisure, not lack of feeling; and his sensibility in all directions was quick and wide, perhaps profound. Mrs. Blaine's account of his emotion when writing the Garfield

eulogy is pathetic in the candor of its sympathy. After saturating two handkerchiefs, his only resource was to retire to solitude. Or, again, the sensibility would manifest itself in keen excitement, in turbid restlessness, in the eager desire to go somewhere, see somebody, do something. The external man, as revealed to the public and to superficial observers, of course veiled all this swift impulse under decorous control. But Mrs. Blaine saw everything and tells everything, if you know how to listen to her.

Health? Blaine in his later years became morbid about his health, and at all times, though he was naturally most active and vigorous, a threatening, even fancied, symptom was enough to distract him from the most important preoccupations. On this subject Mrs. Blaine is delightful in her remorseless tenderness. Nobody could care more lovingly for real, or even for imagined ills, than she, but she understands their nature and their significance, and sets it off with delicate humor. Is it a question of a house? 'There is a house there, which he thinks would build up his health — argument with him irresistible.' Is it a question of an agent? 'A very swell-looking young man, with dyspepsia powders, which he says are the daily food of Aldrich, Hiscock, and other great men. I see a generous box of them lying on the table.' And for all her love and for all her sympathy, there are moments when even her divine patience wavers a little. 'With these prodigious powers, the chimney-corner and speculation on his own physical condition are all that he allows himself. This is one of the days when I am not in sympathy with disease.'

With such extreme sensibility and with a proneness to imagine good and ill fortune of all kinds, it was to be expected that Blaine would be a man of the most mercurial disposition, liable

to be unduly depressed or exalted. It is fascinating to watch the reflection of this tendency in the unconscious intimate record of his best beloved. Who better than she could indicate 'an abasement of soul and an abandonment of hope, such as those only know who have been fed and nurtured on political aspirations and convictions'? Again, she could suggest with a quiet touch the intense reaction, the eager burst of living, that was thrown into the most trivial pursuit, when mounting spirits put all care and doubt behind them. While the immediate contrast has rarely been better drawn than in her vivid account of two morning greetings: "'O Mother, Mother Blaine, I have so much to do, I know not which way to turn.'" "Good!" said I. "Yes," said he, "is n't it perfectly splendid?" A very different cry from the "O Mother, Mother Blaine, tell me what is the matter with me!" which has so oft assailed my earliest waking ear, and which always makes my very soul die within me.'

Among the various real and fancied grounds of depression, nothing, unless considerations of his own health, affected Blaine more than considerations of his wife's. When she is ill, even not seriously, he cancels all his political engagements and remains at her bedside, inappropriately perturbed and causing more discomfort than he relieves. 'In my room he sat on my bed or creaked across the floor from corner to corner, by the hour, making me feel a guilty wretch to cause him so much misery. He is a dear, dear old fellow.'

For he loved his family as they loved him, and no picture of him could be complete which did not show his charm and infinite affection in the delightful atmosphere of his home. His children he always speaks of with thoughtful tenderness, and he not only watched over them but enjoyed them. Not many busy fathers, however loving,

could have made, and meant, the apt reply, when asked, 'How *can* you write with these children here?' — 'It is because they *are* here that I can write.' And he could do more than attend to his deepest concerns in their presence. He could and did do what is perhaps even more difficult, take them into his counsels and discuss large matters of thought and profound questions of state with intimate freedom at his own fireside, thus making it, his biographer says, 'the happiest fireside in the world.'

As for Mrs. Blaine, his tenderness for her is written all over his life and hers. He could indeed indulge in such chaffing criticism as rather expresses tenderness than dulls it. 'I drove the pair, my wife rode; she is not generally driven, but in family arrangements she more commonly drives.' But the depth and permanence of the tenderness are everywhere felt, even when not expressed, and they are manifested by the constant need and constant appeal far more than could be done by any power of language. The most exquisite witness to them is their reflection in Mrs. Blaine's letters. 'So much of life and so much love,' she says of her family, 'do not often go together.' And I do not know where to find summed up in briefer, more expressive words the typical attitude of a devoted wife toward an affectionate husband than in the following phrase: 'I miss his unvarying attention and as constant neglect.'

When it came to enlarging affection beyond the family circle, Blaine, like most busy men with happy homes, does not appear to have had any very intimate friends, at least in later life. But the list of those who were deeply attached to him is a long one, and his unswerving loyalty to all is unquestioned. As to his general social qualities, it is evident that he was born to mix with men, to please them, and to succeed with them. He liked his fel-

lows; did not like to be alone, but more than that, really liked to be with others; and there is a distinct and appreciable difference between the two instincts. Yet, though he enjoyed society and sought it and liked to play a prominent part in it, he was always simple and natural, always himself. He even carried artless candor to the point of abstraction; was careless about his appearance, careless about his clothes; would sit in a merry company entirely lost and absorbed in thought. Then he would return to himself, insist that he had not been absent, and with incomparable ease and sprightliness make up for any absence by a presence that, though never obtrusive, was all-pervading and triumphant.

When we sum up this social attraction in Senator Hoar's reference to 'the marvelously persuasive charm of his delightful and graceful manners,' we are prepared to understand something of Blaine's prominent place in the political life of his time.

II

For, whatever else he was, and no matter what his achievement in other lines, he was always, by common consent, a consummate politician. He could sway great masses of men by his personality as few leaders in American history have been able to do. 'Mr. Blaine was certainly the most fascinating man I have ever known in politics,' says Andrew D. White. 'No wonder that so many Republicans in all parts of the country seemed ready to give their lives to elect him.' To be sure, he had enemies as well as friends, and both were ardent. 'There has probably never been a man in our history upon whom so few people looked with indifference,' says Senator Hoar, 'He was born to be loved or hated. Nobody occupied a middle ground as to him.' Yet even

his enemies found it difficult to escape his charm. After he had made some rather irritating decision as Speaker, one Democrat was heard to say privately to another, 'Now there's Blaine—but damn him, I do love him.' In his later years, when he was campaigning for others rather than for himself, he was everywhere received with what John Hay called 'a fury of affection.'

Something in his appearance must have charmed people. As we look at his portraits to-day, it is not quite easy to say what this was. Indeed, in some of them there is a look about the eyes that repels. But there must have been in his manner and bearing a spirit, a vivacity, an instant response to all minds and tempers, that does not get into the portraits.

At any rate, the charm was there, and was irresistible; and one searches curiously to find out the causes of it. It was effective with individuals, taken singly. And here it seems to lie largely in a complete and instant understanding. Blaine loved to probe men's characters. He was immensely attentive to what others were saying and thinking and doing. 'Your Father, whose quick ear catches everything that is said,' observes his most loving critic. He not only caught what was said, but he interpreted it, put two and two and ten and ten together, and built men's minds out of their common, careless actions. And he not only understood, but sympathized, showed others that he thought and also felt as they did. He came among the people and stepped right into their lives. 'Wherever man earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, there Mr. Blaine enters and is ever welcome,' said one of his neighbors. There was some policy in this, undoubtedly; but there was also some love. It is impossible to dispute the admirable verdict of his biographer: 'He had a passion for human happiness.'

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D

And it was a real passion, not a whim or fancy: life and his political pursuits were to him always a serious matter. He had plenty of jesting at his command, plenty of easy gayety. But he was never disposed to take ambition or success or the achievement of great public objects after the fashion of Seward, as an exciting game, or a neatly fashioned and highly finished work of art. He moved the souls of other men because their souls and their welfare and their hopes moved him.

Also, he not only understood and felt, but he remembered, and it is impossible to overestimate the value of this gift in dealing with men. He would meet a man he had not seen for twenty years and recall little details of their last interview. He would shake hands with old farmers and remember their white horses and clever trades they made long ago. 'How in the world did he know that I had a sister Mary who married a Jones?' said one fellow, and went and voted for him. He professed that the memory was instinctive, and when asked, 'How can you remember so?' answered, 'How can you help it?' But he knew well enough that there was effort and attention in it; and attention, as Chesterfield said, is the foundation of courtesy. One day a carriage drove up. 'I think it must be for you,' said a friend. 'Yes,' said Blaine, 'but that is not the point. The point is that there is a man on that front seat whom I have not seen for twenty-seven years, and I have got just two minutes and a half to remember his name in.' He remembered it.

Probably all these things together make what we call magnetism. It is interesting to hear Blaine's own opinion of this quality, as embodied in someone else. 'What precisely is meant by magnetism it might be difficult to define, but it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Burlingame possessed a great reserve

of that subtle, forceful, overwhelming power which the word *magnetism* is used to signify.' Neither Burlingame nor anyone else ever possessed more of it than Blaine.

As it attracted individuals, who met him man to man, so it affected vast masses, who never came into direct contact with him at all. He was not a great orator; but he never said too much and what he did say, told. He was wonderfully quick at retort, rarely let a critic or questioner get the best of him. He was energetic and straightforward. His reputation as a politician leads you to expect rhetoric in his speeches. But it is not there, or rarely. Instead, there is quick and telling common sense. And he was simple, spontaneous, appeared to speak and did speak direct from the heart, often with immediate and profound emotion. For it is characteristic of the man, and accounts for much of his success, that he combined impulse and passion with a singular degree of far-reaching foresight.

It was this divination and foresight, even more than his gift of speech, that enabled him to hold and control the masses. He was a natural leader; not merely in the organizing sense, for he often left organizing to others; but, as Senator Hoar says, he touched the people because he was like the people. He saw and foresaw the issues that would animate and the right moment for introducing them; and he knew how to give them the form that clutched men's hearts.

No man has ever understood better the value as well as the defects of the American party system. His friends and his enemies were, on the whole, those of his party. He may perhaps have been inclined to favor and reward the former unduly, and it cannot be denied that he sometimes fell into extremes of partisan and personal bitterness of the sort that drove even his

kindly wife to exclaim, 'I hate to hate, but I am in danger of that feeling now.' But for the most part his grudges were laid aside as quickly as they were adopted, and he viewed political machinery merely as a superb agency to accomplish a particular end.

His standing as a politician, then, no one can dispute. Moreover, it is universally admitted that he was a remarkably quick, effective, and, on the whole, fair presiding officer in the legislature and in Congress. Was he a great statesman? On one side of statesmanship, that of slow, careful, matured, solid construction, he seems to have accomplished little. His name is widely identified with a protective tariff and he spoke and worked for it all his life, but he was connected with no actual tariff measure, unless the reciprocity element in the McKinley bill. As Secretary of State in 1881 and again, under Harrison, from 1889 to 1892, he dealt with various large questions of diplomacy. His action was always clear, incisive, and energetic. His logic was reasonable and his aims high. But one of his most judicious advocates speaks of his 'failure in tact as a diplomatist,' and admits that he was a little too prone to carry the methods of congressional debate into the sedate sphere of diplomacy. And General Sherman, who was a connection and warm friend, says, referring to his executive ability, 'His qualities are literary, not administrative. . . . I would not choose Blaine to command a regiment or frigate in battle. Many an inferior man would do this better than he.'

On the other hand, from what may be called the imaginative side of statesmanship, Blaine was admirable. His mind lived in and with large ideas. He looked forward, far forward, as Seward did, and built ample, confident projects in the world to come. His discussions of difficult questions were almost

always sane, simple, reasonable. Take, for instance, his speech on Ireland, at Portland, in 1886. The subject was as thorny then as it is to-day, and few have handled it with more discretion, moderation, and true wisdom than Blaine.

An even larger and more important matter was the problem of Pan-America. Blaine's conception of this was far in advance of his own time, and his treatment of it, both in planning the Peace Congress and afterwards in guiding it, was enlightened and enlightening. I do not know what can be added to Mr. Root's just remark that Blaine had 'that imagination which enlarges the historian's understanding of the past into the statesman's comprehension of the future.'

On the whole, most persons not blinded by party prejudice will to-day, I think, agree with Senator Hoar that Blaine would have made an excellent president, unless as they take exception to his financial career.

III

From his youth Blaine had a natural taste for business and the world of money. None of his biographers elucidates very thoroughly the transition from the poor teacher to the comfortably situated, if not wealthy, editor, who at an early age threw himself into the world of politics. But it is evident that at all times he had an instinct for speculative investments, liked the excitement of them, and needed the cash. Also, in business as in politics, his taste was rather for large conception than for the slow and methodical handling of detail. One of Mrs. Blaine's delightful sentences tells, or suggests, all we need to know on this head. 'My dearer self — and certainly he might apply the title with another significance to me — is looking up his sadly neglected stocks. All that fine Fortunatus's

purse which we once held the strings of, and in which we had only to insert the finger to pay therewith for the house, *has melted from the grasp which too carelessly held it.*' (Italics mine.)

And the money melted, not only from careless management, but from direct expenditure. Blaine was always ready to give, always charitable. No worthy appeal was made to him in vain. Naturally, the outlay for personal living was not less in proportion. Mrs. Blaine managed as best she could; but to bring up six children in the expensive atmosphere of Washington cost money, and it was impossible to elude the fact or cover it up.

The pressure, the financial stringency, are everywhere evident. Mrs. Blaine's inimitable candor pushes through all her sense of reserve. 'A great family are we, so far as the circulation of money is concerned. To-night we are very nearly square with the world.' Again, with as near to a reflection upon 'the best man she ever knew thoroughly' as she can permit herself: 'I have drawn so much money this month, how can anyone who never listens to or enters into a detail, understand it?' And Blaine's own dry, vivid echo fully confirms her distresses: 'I really do not know which way to turn for relief, I am so pressed and hampered. . . . Personally and pecuniarily I am laboring under the most fearful embarrassments.' To which he adds elsewhere this telling figure: 'If I had the money myself, I would be glad to advance it to you, but I am as dry as a contribution-box.'

Of course, this was not a constant condition. Things looked up as well as down. But money poured out, was always needed, and, as is the inconvenient nature of money, it had to come from somewhere. In the later sixties, when he was well established in Congress, Blaine was involved in complicated financial transactions with a

certain Warren Fisher, Jr., with whom he had become acquainted when Fisher was connected with Blaine's brother-in-law. At Fisher's instance Blaine agreed to dispose of a large amount of first-mortgage bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad to his friends in Maine. The bonds normally carried with them to the purchaser a considerable amount of land-grant bonds and stock; but in this case these, together with other first-mortgage bonds, were to go — privately — to Blaine as a commission. The investment did not turn out successfully. The Little Rock bonds fell, and Blaine felt himself obliged in honor — and policy — to make up his friends' loss. About this time a considerable number of Little Rock bonds were sold to the Atlantic and Pacific and Union Pacific roads at a price largely in advance of the market. It was never shown that these bonds came from Blaine, and he was able to advance specific evidence to the contrary. But much suspicion attached to him, and in the minds of many it was never thoroughly removed.

The implication of course was that he was trading on his great office as Speaker of the House of Representatives and his opportunity to favor the railroads. No corrupt act was ever directly and clearly proved against him. But various passages in his letters to Fisher seemed to make the charge plausible. Shortly before taking the Little Rock bonds Blaine had made a ruling in the House of importance to the road. In a letter written afterwards, he points out that, without knowing it, he had done his new associates a great favor. In another letter of earlier date he remarks: 'I do not feel that I shall prove a dead-head in the enterprise, if I once embark in it. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.' These phrases are certainly not conclusive, but they are damaging. They

are not made less so by a sentence in one of Fisher's letters to Blaine: 'Owing to your political position, you were able to work off all your bonds at a very high price; and the fact is well known to others as well as myself.' This charge Blaine received almost cringingly and with no denial whatever.

From the time when the unpleasant matter was first stirred up, Blaine's course about it was thoroughly unsatisfactory. He made well-sounding speeches in the House, which convinced all those who were convinced already. But to any careful scrutiny it was evident that he shuffled and prevaricated, contradicted himself, and used every effort to conceal what in the end could not be concealed. He declared publicly that the attempt to cover up an action itself condemned it; yet he urged upon Fisher the closest secrecy. 'Burn this letter' was a favorite phrase with him. It was perhaps a natural one, but it fitted his letters too well. In the crisis of his difficulties, when he was looking for the nomination in 1876, he wrote to Fisher, enclosing a letter which Fisher was to write to him, exonerating him from all blame. The document was more ingenious than ingenuous, and it is not pleasant to see a man in such a situation dictating about himself a sentence like the following: 'When the original enterprise failed, I knew with what severity the pecuniary loss fell upon you, and with what integrity and nerve you met it.'

The reader will ask curiously how all these very private letters of Blaine's came into the evidence. The answer involves not the least disagreeable part of the whole affair. The Congressional committee which investigated the matter in the spring of 1876 called before it one Mulligan, who had been in the employ of Fisher. Mulligan had possession of the Blaine correspondence and proposed to produce it. This

annoyed Blaine greatly. He had an interview with Mulligan and, according to the latter, entreated him to return the letters, resorting to suggestions of bribery and to threats of suicide. All this, Blaine insisted, was utterly false. What is indisputable is that he got the letters into his hands, with at least the implied promise to restore them, and then calmly put them in his pocket and walked off with them, urging that they were his own private property.

As a climax of the Mulligan business, Blaine read the letters in the House, in the order and with the comments that suited him. He ended his speech characteristically by turning the tables on the investigating committee and accusing it of suppressing, for partisan purposes, evidence that would have completely cleared him. The attack was unjustified and, with Blaine's knowledge of the facts, discreditable; but for the moment it was immensely telling, and shortly after, as a consequence of Blaine's sudden illness, the immediate investigation was dropped. The infection of it, however, tainted his whole career.

What interests us far more than what Blaine actually did is his own attitude toward his own actions. We may assume with entire confidence that he did not for a moment admit to himself that he had done anything wrong. We have not only Mrs. Blaine's definite, triumphant, if perhaps somewhat prejudiced, assertion that he was the best man she ever knew thoroughly: we have the general facts of human nature. An acute observer tells us that 'One has always the support of one's conscience, even when one commits the worst infamies. In fact, that is precisely what enables us to commit them.' The dullest of human spirits is inexhaustible in finding excuses for its own conduct, and Blaine, far from being the dullest, was one of the most ingenious.

Therefore, I believe he was perfectly sincere when he declared upon the floor of the House: 'I have never done anything in my political career for which I cannot answer to my constituents, my conscience, and the great Searcher of Hearts.' These are tremendous phrases. Perhaps no living man could utter them with entire honesty, and they show the fatal, delusive power of words for their master — and their victim. Yet I have no doubt Blaine meant them. Beyond question he meant the far more impressive words spoken in privacy, with obviously genuine emotion. 'When I think — when I think — that there lives in this broad land one single human being who doubts my integrity, I would rather have stayed —' There he stopped, but his gesture showed his earnestness.

It is intensely curious to turn from these statements to the pamphlet issued in 1884 by the Committee of One Hundred, and see the explicit analysis of what appear to be Blaine's six deliberate falsehoods. The thoughtful reader, who has a human heart himself, will manage to divine how Blaine explained each one these. But it required an ingenuity worthy of a better cause.

Unquestionably he even excused to himself the complicated course of shuffling and concealment by which he endeavored to hide all his proceedings from the beginning. These were his own private concerns, he argued, long past and buried. The public had no conceivable business with them, and he was perfectly justified in making every possible effort to put the public off the scent.

Yet, as we look back at the affair, this seems to have been his worst mistake. If at the very start he had come out with perfect candor, told the story of the whole transaction, even in its most unfortunate features, admitted

that he had blundered and had been foolish as well as apparently culpable, he might have stormed the country. For the American people and all humanity love nothing better than a man who acknowledges his faults; and this is the hardest of all lessons for a politician to learn. Blaine never learned it.

As to the business morality of what he did, it is, of course, difficult to pass final judgment on it, because we shall never know the facts. But it must be remembered that the late sixties were a period when speculation in railroads affected most business men more or less. Lowell, who was by no means friendly to Blaine, wrote: 'I suspect that few of our Boston men who have had to do with Western railways have been more scrupulous.' Further, it must especially be remembered that, in all his long career after 1872, no shadow of suspicion of anything corrupt really attached to Blaine, although he was always interested in speculative investments. Moreover, the bitter partisan animosity that was aroused against him must be taken into account. The most candid of the Mugwumps did not hesitate to exaggerate well-grounded suspicion into fantastic prejudice. Even Mr. Rhodes, sanest and kindest of judges, who, in his eighth volume, is, I think, somewhat too favorable to Blaine's statesmanship, speaks in volume seven of his 'itching palm.' Now Blaine's palm never itched with greed. It was only slippery with liberality.

Blaine's fundamental error was when, as a great political officer of the government, he engaged in dubious speculation at all. Senator Hoar, who admired him and exonerated him from all wrongdoing, yet insists that 'members of legislative bodies, especially great political leaders of large influence, ought to be careful to keep a thousand miles off from relations which may give rise to even a suspicion of wrong.' Blaine was

squarely in the midst of such things and not any miles off at all. His biographer tells us that one of his favorite maxims was, 'Nothing is so weakening as regret.' He regretted his dealings with Fisher, however, and spoke of them as 'this most unfortunate transaction of my life, pecuniarily and otherwise.' He had reason to, for they lost him the presidency.

IV

And the presidency may justly be regarded as the goal of his whole life. There has been much argument as to his own personal ambition. The biographers do not emphasize this element in him, and especially insist that in later years he became utterly indifferent to political advancement and so repeatedly expressed himself. No doubt he did so express himself. No doubt, after his defeat in 1884, he behaved with the utmost dignity in avoiding any insistent appeal for popular favor, and in declining to have his name tossed about like a straw in the gusts of partisan debate. But those who stress this attitude too much forget that an imaginative man may perfectly well combine a passionate desire for a thing with a philosophical sense of its worthlessness. All through Blaine's career I catch gleams of intense ambition. And when I read Mrs. Blaine's admirable sentence, 'Your Father said to me only yesterday, "I am just like Jamie: when I want a thing, I want it dreadfully,"' I have no difficulty in understanding Mr. Stanwood's picture of him resigning his Secretaryship of State in 1892, and shutting himself up alone in a Boston hotel, to follow with passionate eagerness the reports of the Convention where his chance of touching the climax of his fate was slipping away forever.

For, no matter what view one takes of Blaine's conscious, personal ambi-

tion, it cannot be denied that the total logic of his career bore him toward the presidency with a tremendous, long, unceasing sweep. He rose upward and onward through the course of state politics, through the larger world at Washington, succeeding everywhere and in everything, gaining friends and supporters and admirers. It seemed in 1876 as if the nomination must be his. Then the phantom of the fatal Fisher stalked in and thrust him out. It was the same in 1880. When 1884 came, the pressure of his immense popularity was too great to be resisted, and the convention was forced to nominate him. The campaign that followed was one of the fiercest, the most exciting, the most personal in American history. It was also one of the closest. To the end no one could tell or foretell. The incident of the over-zealous Reverend Burchard, who declared that his adored Blaine was the deadly enemy of 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion,' may have affected only a few votes. But a few in New York were enough, so few that some contended that a dishonest count in a district here and there was sufficient to change the result. Yet, if it had not been for the defection of those who distrusted Blaine's financial character, a dozen Burchards could hardly have made a ripple on the wave of his immense majority.

Unfortunately we have little light on Blaine's inner life during the contest. Almost his last public words before the vote were, 'I go to my home to-morrow not without a strong confidence in the result of the ballot, but with a heart that shall not be in the least troubled by any verdict that may be returned by the American people.' The *shall* is fine. But how such words wither before

the vivid humanity of Mrs. Blaine's description: 'It is all a horror to me. I was absolutely certain of the election, as I had a right to be from Mr. Elkins's assertions. Then the fluctuations were so trying to the nerves. It is easy to bear now, but the click-click of the telegraph, the shouting through the telephone in response to its never-to-be-satisfied demands, and the unceasing murmur of men's voices, coming up through the night to my room, will never go out of my memory — while over and above all, the perspiration and chills into which the conflicting reports constantly threw the physical part of one, body and soul alike rebelling against the restraints of nature, made an experience not to be voluntarily recalled.'

There is nothing to be said after that. For Blaine it was the end, though the end lasted for nearly ten years of lingering and superficially varied activity. After the bitterness of such an hour, what was there in life? You might preserve a decent outside, of courage, of dignity, of serenity, even of ardor and enthusiasm. Underneath there was nothing. You could nurse your pet symptoms of disease; you could turn an honest dollar in the stock market; you could trifle afar off with the presidential bauble; you could be a paltry Secretary of State, with much credit and some friction; you could see those you loved best dying about you; and, thank God, you could die yourself.

Such was the great moral tragedy of James Gillespie Blaine. With pretty much all the virtues, all the graces, all the gifts of genius, he will be remembered in his country's annals as the man who lost the presidency because he was suspected of financial dishonor.

BREAKFASTING WITH BARBARIANS

BY CARL F. L. ZEISBERG

I

IT was on a bright and crisp Sunday morning, as I was arraying myself in the proper vestments for the ritual of a late breakfast, that I chanced to see the title, 'Breakfasting as a Fine Art,' on the cover-page of the *Atlantic* on my table. I stopped tying my cravat to mouth the word 'breakfasting.' Has it not an appetizing onomatopœia? Breakfasting! The crackle of breaking warm toast, the sizzle of bacon slices, the caroling of steaming coffee, are toned in the printed word, and its very syllables seem to exhale a fragrant aroma, as of bacon and eggs and hot waffles.

I continued dressing and at the same time tasted of the scholarly discourse on the fine art of breakfasting.

Not being a scholarly person, I stumbled heavily on the word 'ferial,' and on consulting the dictionary found that a ferial breakfast, which connoted ferrous, which connoted iron, had nothing to do with chemistry, but rather with calendars; but by a train of thought my mind was directed to breakfasts of iron rations, and I reflected on the ferrous breakfasts — or were they ferric? — that I had eaten in the A.E.F., and on the ferrous (or ferric) breakfasts that I was still forced to bolt in restaurants or at lunch-counters; and I reflected further how barbarous they all were, and in what striking contrast to the cultured ceremonies so masterfully portrayed in the essay; and I debated whether or not it was not my duty, as an Ostrogoth who has be-

held the Acropolis from afar, to give the world my experiences and observations as a barbaric breakfast devourer.

The barbarians with whom I break my ferial fasts are those who make a mournful travesty of a fine art, either through the bent of their rude natures or, like myself, through force of coarse environment. For the purpose of disposing of them I shall divide them into two classes, soldiers and civilians.

Soldiers are essentially barbarians. Whether their uniform be the sky-blue of the *poilu*, the Burleson-blue of the Boche, the scarecrow rainbow hue of the Bolshevik, or the olive-drab of the Yank, their enforced breakfasts are as uncivilized as is their life.

This sounds rash. Lest the American Legion order me thrown forthwith to the jaguars as an *apéritif*, let me hastily add that I was one of those who relished the vulgar breakfasts of the A.E.F., which will be remembered by all who ever lined up ankle-deep in *La Patrie* awaiting the mess-call, and that I know soldiers are the gentlest and noblest and most artless, pitiable, and blameless barbarians of all.

The utter barbarity of breakfasting with soldiers may be most effectively depicted by describing seven breakfasts eaten, drunk, and smoked on the Western Front, during a drive in which lavish breakfasting was by no means the principal aim of G.H.Q. They were consumed in the vicinity of Malancourt and Montfaucon just two years ago.

The infantry battalion of which I

was a member had been in the support lines for two weeks, during which the blue smoke of the breakfast fires on the edge of our woods at dawn brought over enemy airplanes and artillery fire upon our G.I. cans; and our own guns, booming at sunrise in the surrounding woods, were bent equally, I reckon, on spoiling the *Frühstück* of the Boches—all on the reasonable theory that a breakfastless man is easily defeated. It was breakfasting under difficulties, but the worst was yet in the apron of the gods.

The night before those memorable *sept déjeuners* we marched to the front lines, each man carrying his individual breakfasts, and also his dinners and suppers, for three days, theoretically. In each pack, or in pockets or somewhere about each person, were substantially the following foodstuffs: one can of corned beef ('corn-willy,' or 'monkey-meat'), one can of salmon ('gold-fish,' or 'sea-turkey,' or 'ocean-canary'), one can of sardines, one can of beans, one condiment can containing coffee, sugar, and salt, or perhaps smoking tobacco, one half-loaf of bread, and two boxes of hard biscuit; there were also an important canteen of water, and smoking or chewing tobacco, which, as everyone knows, are foods, especially acceptable when no other foods are on the menu card.

To emphasize the extent to which we were not overburdened with eatables, I shall enumerate all that I wore and carried on that night; most of it was thrown away, 'lost in action,' before the third day. We marched with light packs, the shelter-half 'pup' tents and extra blankets and clothing having been turned in; to which pack, in my case, were suspended a burlap bag, containing a quarter-loaf of bread, and a Red Cross bag; and it was encircled by a rolled blanket, and decorated by a slicker, and a small-articles pouch, and a bayonet and scabbard; and I

wore an overcoat, a steel helmet, an overseas cap, and two pairs of heavy woollen socks (knit by my mother, who had thoughtfully woven threads of red around the tops to protect my life), and hobnailed shoes, and, of course, the other clothing customarily worn by a soldier; and I was strapped in the harness of my pack, which included an ammunition-belt filled with seventy rounds of ammunition; and hitched to the belt were a canteen full of water, an empty pistol-holster, and wire-cutters; and I was further girdled or accoutred by a gas-mask at the alert, an empty bandolier, and a French gas-mask case containing one hand-grenade, one can of beans, one can of sardines, one pair of army socks, and another pair made by my mother. In the pack were my toilet articles, a large trench mirror, sundry papers and envelopes, one small can of the Y.M.C.A.'s condensed milk, one can of corned beef, one can of salmon, a condiment can containing sugar and coffee, an extra undershirt, an extra pair of drawers, and my mess-kit, in which were jammed another quarter-loaf of bread, sliced so as to be more plastic, and the mess knife and spoon (the army fork is quite useless and was absent). In the Red Cross bag were two hand-grenades, an assortment of strings, three pieces of candle, three sacks of smoking tobacco, three boxes of matches, and cigarette papers. In the small-articles pouch, worn by corporals, were a safety-razor blade-sharpener, an oil-can, and cleaning rags for my rifle. The four pockets of my coat, officially termed the blouse, contained: (left upper) a wad of unanswered letters, well calculated to stop a bullet; (right upper) a larger pad of answered letters, sufficient to impede a cannon-ball; (left lower) a Testament and a French prayer-book; and (right lower) a further supply of smoking

tobacco and some candle fragments, which later melted in the heat of battle and embalmed the tobacco. In my four breeches pockets, which I cannot subdivide item by item, were an alligator-skin tobacco-pouch, a French pocket-dictionary, a German pocket-dictionary, a French grammar, a red bandana handkerchief, a huge camping-knife, a pearl-handled knife, a Barlow knife, and two boxes of matches. A pencil and notebook, in which these notes were jotted down, reposed in one shirt pocket; in the other were my money and a small chewing-tobacco pouch pressed into service as a receptacle for precious articles. In the two outside overcoat pockets — I did not use the inside pocket because, probably, it bulged and chafed when full — were a French reader, two half-candles, three sacks of smoking tobacco, two boxes of matches, two boxes of hard biscuit, and a long, leaden bar of chewing tobacco owned by three men jointly. In my hands were an Enfield rifle and a map-board and two rude volumes of observation records, which I carried as trustee of the battalion observation post.

II

It was just about breakfast-time, after several hours of barrage-fire, that Private First Class McKee and I were hurriedly posted at a hole in our barbed wire, to guide an infantry company through the various succeeding gaps that had been cut the night before in the lines of wire separating our trenches from No Man's Land. Action at last! Over the top went the first wave of our olive-drab infantry, and the second, and the third, filing zig-zag through the gridiron of our wire-barrier like streams of pale molasses, and spreading out over the hill that was No Man's Land — a huge bare omelette, tawny and misty, or more like a Gar-

gantuan cheese, which was pitted with holes, and flecked with puffs of German shrapnel as white as whipped cream, and with the eruptions of high-explosive shells, throwing up smoke as black as charred toast and the chocolate-colored earth; and over it all sang the invisible missiles, as if a million tremendous kettles and coffee-pots were droning and crooning in some vast kitchen of the universe for a breakfast of the gods.

Had these boys had their breakfasts, I wondered. Our support companies flooded through the openings to the right and left as far as one could see, but none chose us as guides. We waited in vain for an hour; and while we waited we broke our fast.

I opened my can of beans: they were pale and anæmic, and their aroma was distinctly picric; so, after a consultation and olfactory tests, we threw them away, regretfully. McKee split open his can of sardines. These silvery, oily fishes, with hard biscuit and cigarettes — there were always cigarettes — and a swig of delicious water flavored with the Lister bag from which it had been taken, constituted Breakfast Number One. As we were licking the last drops of oil from our fingers, we were joined by a chaplain — a priest, he was, grave but good-humored — with three Signal Corps men stringing a field telephone wire. He had had no breakfast and no supper the night before; and this, with the interminable cannonading, had given him a headache. We opened our other can of sardines and another box of crackers for him, and he ate one sardine and one biscuit, and turned the breakfast over to the telephone men. We protested that one minnow was a slim meal for so robust an individual.

'That's all I want,' he insisted. 'T is brain-food.' And he told the joke about the brash youth who was advised to eat a whale. That chaplain was worth ten breakfasts.

Breakfast Number Two, the next morning, was drunk a few kilometres north, in a shell-hole that was deep enough to afford shelter from bullets fired horizontally and from the sharp wind that had sprung up during the night, and of sufficiently recent creation to be porous and to soak up the rain that was falling. Meckes, Barnes, and I had been sent forward in the darkness to the front-line troops, to act as a contact patrol; and at dawn, when the misty terrain became alive with a forward movement of dim figures rising from the ground and its burrows, Barnes slipped back to tell battalion headquarters that the advance was beginning for the second day's attack. As the unmusical orchestra of machine-guns and artillery awoke the slowly dawning day, Meckes and I breakfasted on my tiny precious can of condensed milk. We attacked the sweet white paste with our spoons and fingers, and scraped the can clean. The rain added zest to it and aroused our thirst, and made us realize that breakfast without water is unsatisfactory, and that our canteens were empty.

Muddy and clear water gleamed in shell-holes, old and new, on all sides. We had seen them all the day before and had fallen in them during the night, but were afraid to drink from these doubtful reservoirs because of potential gas-poisoning lurking in them. We tried to fill our cups with rain-water, but the wet aluminum only aggravated our thirst; and then we tried drinking the rain-drops direct, as they fell from heaven; but they simply washed our faces and ran down our necks and irritated our tongues; and, altogether, it was maddening.

A runner passing our shelter gave us the time of day and paused long enough to tell us we had captured a town with an unpronounceable name, and to take a healthy, gurgling draught from his

dripping canteen. He handled it so carelessly that at least six drops fell to the ground and were lost.

'Mac!' gasped Meckes. 'Where did you get that water?'

'Shell-holes. Lots of water.' His voice was damp and fresh.

'Are n't you afraid of the poison?' I asked.

'I was,' said he. 'But I ain't. I figured I'd as lief die of poison as thirst. So would you. If the water looks all right, taste it; if it tastes all right, drink it. There's plenty of water.'

We followed his fatalistic advice, and, scouting among neighboring holes and depressions, found, amid a group of miniature ponds of muddy and greenish and defiled water, a likely-looking earthen bowl, probably four years old and lined with rich green grass; and it was filled to the brim with rain-water as clear as that of a Pierian pool. A family of lively water-insects scurried to the shelter of the mosses at the bottom on our approach. Announcing that poison would be fatal to bugs, Meckes scooped some of the water into his canteen and sipped it judiciously, and I did likewise. It had a peculiar, musty, vegetable flavor—but how good it was! We drank our fill and had replenished our canteens, when a vicious aerial meowing and a deafening earthly explosion sent us flat on our stomachs and showered us and our pool of water with pebbles and dirt.

Dazed, on hands and knees, we saw that an H.E. had struck the edge of our shelter, fifty feet away, and had half-buried our packs and rifles with dirt. It required but a few moments' deliberation for us to arrive at the conclusion that it was our duty to return to battalion headquarters as speedily as possible.

In the mine-crater where we had left our major and scout officer during the night, we found that headquarters had

moved to a former German dugout kitchen, where our comrades had surrounded and captured a great treasure of Boche tinned meat, bread, hard-tack, saddlebags, Luger pistols, Prussian officers' trousers, artillery observation records, a barrel of sauerkraut, a sack of raw cabbages, and a tub of cold coffee. Most of the edibles had already been annihilated, but we, fresh from our meal of canned milk and rain-water, topped off this light breakfast with a course of raw cabbage, cold coffee, and coffee grounds, which, if chewed, are both delicious and stimulating; and with our coffee-grounds we had several more cigarettes.

Breakfast Number Three was a solitary and dogmatic meal of 'corn willy,' hard biscuit, and coffee, eaten in an old German trench *en route* to division headquarters. The coffee and meat were heated, firewood being taken from a German signboard proclaiming, 'Chlorkalk Schutz gegen Gelbkreuz,' which had reminded the former occupants that chloride of lime affords protection against 'yellow cross,' or mustard gas. This was a melancholy meal: it marked the end of my rations.

A group of Signal Corps men about a sickly fire in the lee of the wrecked and damp dugouts of a German command post at division headquarters gave me Breakfast Number Four. It consisted of fried bread and fried potatoes. The ingredients had been salvaged, which is an army term including all degrees of acquisition, from gift to theft. There was a loaf of the 'Frogs' gray potato-flour bread, from the underground bakery at Verdun, which had been 'found' on some muddy roadside; four huge potatoes, likewise 'discovered' in an overturned truck; and a mysterious can of lard, of unexplained origin.

Rolling kitchens not hopelessly mired or wrecked by shells prepared Breakfast Number Five, which, for me, was

soggy bread with coffee. The beverage was brewed of shell-hole water, and was the same color as the muddy mixture that was drawn from the holes in buckets; it was milkless and sugarless, but its taste bore a faint resemblance to that of coffee, and it tended to quench thirst; and it was hot; and heat dissolves a multitude of sins.

The rolling kitchens, augmented by the ration-carts, conspired to present coffee, 'corn-willy,' bread, and molasses, all tintured with rain, for Breakfast Number Six.

In the interim between Breakfasts Number Six and Seven the division was relieved. The latter meal was eaten, on a nippy cold October morning, in the village of Jouy-en-Argonne, which was tucked away in a green vale and quite hidden from the war-wracked waste across the hills, so that it could be attacked only from the air. The roar of the continuing battle to the north served only to accentuate the peace and security of Jouy, as we ate plethoric slices of bacon, and American white bread, and coffee made of the gushing spring-water dipped from under the 'Eau Potable' sign at the village *lavoir*. By the way, these signs, I understand, were posted by the French as a concession to their water-drinking allies; for, as a Frenchman once told me, when I asked where I could get a drink of this fluid, water is useful for canals only.

The impression should not be gained that these seven breakfasts are typical of army feeding in France. Some of them were worse, but they were exceptional repasts snatched in a bloody and muddy business. At least one third of the fattening of the American boys in France must be ascribed to the several hundreds of millions of breakfasts served abroad; and due honor must be given, no matter how barbarous they were. There were even better breakfasts in the training and leave areas.

III

Now let us dispose of civilians. There was a time in the mud area of France in which I often laid plans for linen tablecloths and linen napkins and Limoges china or any white china, or even pink or blue china, or red, green, or purple china. The china was immaterial, as was the food; but I insisted in my day-dreams on shimmering table-linen. And when I returned to America, the first breakfast I ate outside of the army was from the marble slab of an Armenian lunch-counter. The pale-violet duplicating-ink of the menu recorded 'breted veal cutlete,' 'chicken jiplets on toast,' 'roast prime ribs of beaf,' and 'frenk fritters and sour crout.' I ate none of these foreign dishes; but my ideals, nevertheless, had been trailed in the dust, and from that moment, there, on that ornate, luxurious, and vulgar slab of brocatel, I rejoined the vast civilian horde of barbarian breakfasters, whose morning orgies pile daily victims on the sacrificial altar of Dyspepsia.

It is true that many cling to the orthodox rite, but the vast multitudes writhe in the grip of individual malbreakfasting or rush into the vortex of mass malbreakfasting. One is as reprehensible as the other.

Individual malbreakfasting is a matter of personal taste or habit. I know a poet who suffers from chronic indigestion because, on his way to the factory where he is employed, he disposes of a pimento-cheese sandwich and a cup of tea; or perhaps, if he is on a fruit diet, he will eat four bananas and three oranges for breakfast. I know a man who speaks seven languages, whose invariable breakfast is apple pie and a cup of bitter, black coffee; and he is middle-aged and his hair is as white as snow.

Mass malbreakfasting, on the other hand, is the result of our highly cen-

tralized and rapid life. Submerged is my own yearning for a white tablecloth; and every morning on the way to the office I silence many still voices within me, and rush to the wooden counter of a railroad terminal restaurant, and there, as I gulp and swallow in a most barbarous manner, I dream of a day when I shall leisurely stir my eggs and butter my toast and sip my coffee.

On the stool at my left, sits Sam the barber. On the right usually is — but let us forget him, for he eats left-handed and has a sharp elbow. I enjoy Sam briefly. He is the only individual I know who can breakfast rapidly on ham and eggs without a fork.

It was Sam the barber who first called my attention to corruption lurking in the mass breakfast. It concerned an unseen but oft-named ogre, Harry, who holds the post of chef in the depths of our quick-breakfast establishment. Sam, the barber, had detected that on occasions our waiter shouted an order thus: 'Twos with, draw one!' (meaning two soft-boiled eggs, buttered toast, and coffee); and that on others it was thus: 'Twos with, draw one, *Harry!*' — the same order with a half-sensed, mysterious injunction or signal. And Sam further observed that, without variation, in the first case the customer received mere eggs and toast in due course of time; whereas, in the second case, the breakfast appeared speedily, and the toast was crisp and the firm yolks of the eggs gleamed like burnished golden nuggets. I had noticed absence of appeal to Harry when my orders were communicated to the chef, but had attached no significance to it.

"'Harry' mean, 'Dis guy come across-a for da chef,'" whispered Sam; and he told me in low tones, flavored with mackerel, how he had extracted the dread secret the day before from one of the waiters who inadvertently came into his shop to be shaved.

'He did n' want tell-a me,' said Sam, with twinkling eyes. 'But-a he did.'

This exposé so aroused my indignation that I refused to breakfast further in this temple of fraud. I was sick at heart. I remained away three mornings, but was driven back to the wooden counter by a cross-eyed waitress in the substitute restaurant which I had selected. And thereafter our waiter shouted lustily, 'Twos with, Harry! Draw one, Harry!' as soon as he saw me enter on the run.

Some months afterward I learned that Sam the barber was a cousin or brother-in-law of Harry.

So it is with honor and ideals among barbarians. The world will not derive much benefit from this essay soon, unless its frank portrayal of facts furnish material for an exhaustive bibliography of breakfasting, and give rise to a national reform movement looking toward the enactment of adequate breakfasting laws or regulations, with perhaps a Federal Department of Breakfasting.

MISS HEMING

BY W. W. WILLIAMS

MISS HEMING was undoubtedly the best
 Stenographer in Washington. She dressed
 In serge and sheer white muslin; spent the day
 In typing, not complaining of her pay;
 Never gave way to cross or sulky fits,
 Never wrote 'there' for 'their,' or 'it's' for 'its.'
 Her copy was a dream; she'd always fix
 Her day's job up, though kept till half-past six.
 She had one fault, however: she would write
 'the Adjutant General,' in the world's despite —
 Not capital T-h-e, in proper form!
 The A.G.O. grew restive; came a storm;
 Our colonel, 'neath the term of 'negligent'
 Smarting, discharged Miss Heming. Off she went,
 'Mid the loud lamentations of our force.
 She showed no anger, sorrow, or remorse;
 Merely remarked, — we hailed it as sublime, —
 'I had a grandmother like that one time.'

THE VOTER'S CHOICE IN THE COMING ELECTION

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

I

We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.—PAUL to the ROMANS: XV, 1.

IT is only a minority of the voters, even a small minority, who make an intelligent choice at any election. Most practised voters follow their party leaders or their party newspapers, without much use of either their minds or their wills. This fact is not to be regretted in ordinary times; because party government is the only form of government which has proved possible in the democracies, and to successful party government a certain stability in political parties seems to be essential. Moreover, the free governments in which political parties are only two, with the occasional and generally precarious development of a third, have been on the whole much more successful in procuring for the people concerned real progress in education, production, and trade, and real toleration in religion, than the governments which have to be carried on through numerous political parties, which naturally tend to become mere factions, compelling the administration to rely on temporary groupings within which there is little real sympathy, or even much hostility.

In extraordinary crises, however, like that of Europe in 1914, or that of America at this moment, this normal stability of great parties in free governments becomes a serious danger. The formidable question then presents itself, — presents itself now in this

country, — how large a proportion of the voting mass will rise to the occasion, and make a sound choice between the policies and men set before them by the two contending parties — a choice sound, not only intellectually, but morally. A larger proportion of the young voters than of the old will free themselves from partisanship, and make their choice on simple moral grounds. This fall the ex-soldiers will choose best of all; because they know more about the facts than stay-at-home people do; and want to make as sure as they can that their dead and disabled comrades have not died and suffered in vain.

The American people are now approaching a momentous crisis. They are called upon to render a decision on questions not primarily economic or industrial, but relating chiefly to national duties, responsibilities, and obligations. The decision will depend on the present state of the national character, which is, of course, an outcome of the moral and religious leadership enjoyed by the people during the past three centuries, and of the national experience at home and abroad during the same period, and also on the openness of the people's heart to the world's appeal for help. Under these circumstances the stability of the two great parties in the country is sure to be impaired, the number of independent voters will increase, and many more voters than usual will be making a real choice among the policies and persons that solicit their votes.

What are the documents which the intelligent and conscientious voter needs to study, in order to make up his mind whether he ought to cast a Republican or a Democratic vote? The leading documents are, of course, the official platforms of the two parties, the 'key-note' speeches at the conventions, and the acceptance speeches of the candidates. It is a grave misfortune and hindrance that these documents are, with two exceptions, deplorably long, much less explicit than they should be, and defaced with vituperation, bombast, and vote-catching appeals to the thoughtless and ignorant. The exceptions are the speeches of acceptance of the two candidates for the vice-presidency.

It now (August 22) looks as if September and October were going to supply the inquiring voter with some other means of making up his mind how he ought to vote. These means will apparently be better adapted to the reading habits of the American people than the official documents now accessible; because they will be short editorial paragraphs in the newspapers, or short reports of utterances by the leading candidates. The best opinion now seems to be that the ordinary American will put off reading an article in his newspaper which exceeds a column or so in length, or an article in his magazine which exceeds eight or ten pages. He may intend to read it later, but seldom does. If the newspapers and periodicals conform to this confirmed habit of their readers, there is hope that the voter who wishes to cast a considerate and righteous vote will get some help from the press during the months before the election, and particularly during October. Indeed, both the principal candidates have within the past three weeks made significant contributions to the great debate. They are revealing their personal qualities to the attentive voter.

The Republican managers seem even now to be studying how to shift the main issue of the campaign from repudiation of the Covenant and Treaty to repudiation of President Wilson and all his works. They hope that there are more voters who dislike the President, condemn severely his mistakes and failures, and see no merit in his achievements, than there are voters who reject outright the Covenant and Treaty and wish to have the United States kept out of all participation in the struggles of the world toward international coöperation, the reduction of armaments, and the prevention of violence by strong peoples against weak ones, and of wars for new territory or new trade. They incline to withdraw the rejection of the League and Covenant as the primary issue, and to rely chiefly on the impatience of short-sighted people with those Democratic measures of the past seven years which have disturbed their private business or their accustomed pleasures. They think it safer to seek the votes of the numerous people who are tired of the strenuous ideals of the eloquent but unpractical and mentally isolated President. They hope to profit by the reaction from the moral exaltation of the war-time, and by the common wish for a change in political, economic, and industrial management. All the more it is important to state, and keep stating until the election, the real issues which the people are to decide on the second of November.

Fortunately these issues are moral issues. In all free governments based on a wide suffrage sound popular decisions are obtained on moral questions more quickly and more surely than decisions on economic, legal, or administrative questions. This fall the main questions before the people might properly be called religious, if that word did not suggest to many minds some sec-

tarian or ecclesiastical interpretation. The reflecting and responsible voter is going to make his choice on moral grounds. He is going to ask himself who are right, the President and his supporters in and out of office, or the opposition Senators who have been preaching for more than a year that the noble phrase 'America first' means, in respect to national conduct, not moral leadership and enterprise, and service without thought of self, but selfishness, desertion of brave comrades-in-arms, seeking cover from new risks for liberty and humanity, and refusal to participate in protecting the weak against the strong, and in making aggressive war too dangerous, in either civilized or barbarous regions, to be undertaken.

The two political platforms differ from each other most strongly in their descriptions of President Wilson's character and achievements. The Republican platform condemns and repudiates in hot terms both President Wilson's abstract political philosophy and the practical conduct of the administration of which he has been for seven years the head. One would infer from that platform that President Wilson had never said or done anything that was right, and that his administration had been an abject failure before the war, during the war, and after the war. The Democratic platform praises both the principles which President Wilson has expounded and stood for — or in other words the ideals which guide and animate him — and the measures his Cabinet and the administrative bureaus at Washington have already put into execution or are now advocating.

The first thing, therefore, for the thoughtful voter to do is to satisfy himself as to the principles of government which President Wilson believes in and has acted on. The next thing will be to consider what the two Wilson administrations have done for the country.

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II

Any study of President Wilson's ideals should start from the following statements made in the Inaugural Address of the President at the Capitol, March 4, 1913, a year and five months before the Great War broke out in Europe, and reaffirmed in various later addresses and messages.

Nowhere else in the world have noble men and women exhibited in more striking forms the beauty and the energy of sympathy and helpfulness and counsel in their efforts to rectify wrong, alleviate suffering, and set the weak in the way of strength and hope. We have built up, moreover, a great system of government, which has stood through a long age as in many respects a model for those who seek to set liberty upon foundations that will endure against fortuitous change, against storm and accident. . . .

The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled, and the judge and the brother are one. . . . This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity.

That is a simple statement of the noble function of America in the twentieth-century world, as the oldest and most experienced of democracies, the most sympathetic and the most disinterested. It was not intended as a prophecy, but only as a description, or perhaps an exhortation and a promise; but whatever its purpose, it characterizes the thought and conduct of President Wilson, at home and abroad, during seven years of prodigious events and unexampled human agonies the world over.

In a short address delivered by President Wilson at Swarthmore College — a liberal Quaker college — on October 25, 1913, nine months and a half before the Great War broke out, he said: —

The spirit of Penn will not be stayed. You cannot set limits to such knightly adventurers. After their own day is gone their spirits stalk the world, carrying inspiration everywhere that they go. . . . It is no small matter, therefore, for a college to have as its patron saint a man who went out upon such a conquest. What I would like to ask you young people to-day is: How many of you have devoted yourselves to the like adventure? How many of you will volunteer to carry these spiritual messages of liberty to the world? How many of you will forego anything except your allegiance to that which is just and that which is right?

Two days later, on October 27, President Wilson delivered a short address before the Southern Commercial Congress at Mobile, one object of which was to promote American trade with the Latin-American states. The following are the noble sentences with which that short address concludes:—

Do not think, therefore, gentlemen, that the questions of the day are mere questions of policy and diplomacy. They are shot through with the principles of life. We dare not turn from the principle that morality and not expediency is the thing that must guide us, and that we will never condone iniquity because it is most convenient to do so. It seems to me that this is a day of infinite hope, of confidence in a future greater than the past has been; for I am fain to believe that, in spite of all the things that we wish to correct, the nineteenth century that now lies behind us has brought us a long stage toward the time when, slowly ascending the tedious climb that leads to the final uplands, we shall get our ultimate view of the duties of mankind.

These two addresses of October 25 and 27, 1913, — one to college youth and the other to southern business men, — express strong expectation of good for humanity soon to come, and invite the listeners to service and self-sacrifice. If President Wilson were to speak to his fellow-countrymen to-day, after all that has happened since 1913, he would

say these same things with the same sincerity.

In a brief address by President Wilson at Independence Hall on July 4, 1914, when the vain struggle for peace in Europe was already going on under the leadership of Sir Edward Grey, he spoke as follows:—

I am sometimes very much interested when I see gentlemen supposing that popularity is the way to success in America. The way to success in this great country, with its fair judgments, is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and his final verdict. If I did not believe that, I would not believe in democracy. If I did not believe that, I would not believe that people can govern themselves. If I did not believe that the moral judgment would be the last judgment, the final judgment in the minds of men as well as the tribunal of God, I could not believe in popular government. But I do believe these things, and, therefore I earnestly believe in the democracy, not only of America but of every awakened people that wishes and intends to govern and control its own affairs.

This is a striking anticipation of the Fourteen Points.

In a three-minute address to the American Bar Association on October 20, 1914, President Wilson said:—

Public life, like private life, would be very dull and dry if it were not for this belief in the essential beauty of the human spirit and the belief that the human spirit could be translated into action and into ordinance. Not entire. You cannot go any faster than you can advance the average moral judgments of the mass; but you can go at least as fast as that, and you can see to it that you do not lag behind the average moral judgments of the mass. I have in my life dealt with all sorts and conditions of men, and I have found that the flame of moral judgment burned just as bright in the man of humble life and limited experience as in the scholar and the man of affairs.

Here is another affirmation of his faith in the moral judgments of the

common people, the faith which led him to embark on his last series of appeals to the country against the opposition of the Senate minority.

On Memorial Day, 1915, President Wilson delivered at the great National Cemetery in Arlington a brief but pithy address, of which the following is the last paragraph:—

America, I have said, was reborn by the struggle of the Civil War; but America is reborn every day of her life by the purposes we form, the conceptions we entertain, the hopes that we cherish. We live in our visions . . . in the things that we purpose. Let us go away from this place renewed in our devotion to daily duty and to those ideals which keep a nation young, keep it noble, keep it rich in enterprise and achievement, make it to lead the nations of the world in those things that make for hope and for the benefit of mankind.

In the week January 27 to February 3, 1916, President Wilson made a series of addresses in various cities, from New York to Kansas City and St. Louis. His purpose was to set forth the measures which his administration was advocating, and to secure popular support for some of them which were still pending in Congress. He wished also to explain before great popular assemblages how he was trying to meet the tremendous burden placed on the Chief Executive of the country. In particular he wished to set forth his conception of the naval and military forces that were needed for the defense of the country. The following passage from his address at Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, shows how his mind was already turning from keeping the country out of the war to preparing the means of effective fighting. He had not yet come to the draft, and was, therefore, advocating dependence on a volunteer army. But he dwelt on the fact that every constitution in the United States—the Con-

stitution of the nation and that of every state—lays it down as a principle that every man in America has the right to bear arms. Here are his words on the need of universal military training and on the soldier's death for country:—

There are two things which practically everybody who comes to the Executive Office in Washington tells me. They tell me, 'The people are counting upon you to keep us out of this war.' And in the next breath, what do they tell me? 'The people are equally counting upon you to maintain the honor of the United States.' Have you reflected that a time might come when I could not do both? And have you made yourselves ready to stand behind your government for the maintenance of the honor of your country, as well as for the maintenance of the peace of the country? If I am to maintain the honor of the United States, and it should be necessary to exert the force of the United States in order to do it, have you made the force ready? You know that you have not; and the very fact that the force is not ready may make the task you have set for me all the more delicate and all the more difficult. I have come away from Washington to remind you of your part in this great business. There is no part that belongs to me that I wish to shirk; but I wish you to bear the part that belongs to you. I want every man and woman of you to stand behind me in pressing a reasonable plan for national defense. . . . Every audience still, after the passage of more than a hundred years, is stirred by the stories of the embattled farmers at Lexington, the men who had arms, who seized them and came forth in order to assert the independence and political freedom of themselves and their enterprise. That is the ideal picture of America, the rising of the Nation. But do we want the Nation to rise unschooled, inexperienced, ineffective, and furnish targets for powder and shot before they realize how to defend themselves at all? . . . And so, my fellow citizens, what I am pleading for with the utmost confidence is the revival of that great spirit of patriotism for which a hall like this stands as a symbol. I was saying the other night

that it was a very interesting circumstance that we never hang a lad's yardstick up over the mantelpiece, but that we do hang his musket up when he is gone. Not because the musket stands for a finer thing than the yardstick in itself, — it is a brutal thing to kill, — but that the musket stood for the risk of life, for something greater than the lad's own self. It stood for infinite sacrifice to the point of death; and it is for that sentiment of willingness to die for something greater than ourselves that we hang the musket up over the mantelpiece, and in doing so make a sacred record of the high service of the family from which it sprang.

Let it be observed that this was said in January, 1916, and that it was addressed to the common people.

In the Auditorium at Chicago on January 31, 1916, he describes as follows the task assigned to the United States by passing events: —

Look at the task that is assigned to the United States, to assert the principles of law in a world in which the principles of law have broken down — not the technical principles of law, but the essential principles of right dealing and humanity as between nation and nation. . . . We may have to assert these principles of right and of humanity at any time. What means are available? What force is at the disposal of the United States to assert these things? The force of opinion? Opinion, I am sorry to say, my fellow citizens, did not bring this war on; and I am afraid that opinion cannot stay its progress. This war was brought on by rulers, not by the people. . . . No man for many a year yet can trace the real sources of this war; but this thing we know — that opinion did not bring it on, and that the force of opinion, at any rate, the force of American opinion, is not going to stop it.

At Des Moines, on February 1, 1916, he uttered the following sentences which apply without the change of a word to the present utterances of the Republican leaders who are trying to prevent the American people from discharging their plain duty toward their

recent comrades-in-arms, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan.

Yet, my fellow citizens, there are some men amongst us preaching peace who go much further than I can go, . . . further, I believe, than you can follow them, in preaching the doctrine of peace at any price and in any circumstances. There is a price which is too great to pay for peace, and that price can be put in one word. One cannot pay the price of self-respect. One cannot pay the price of duties abdicated, of glorious opportunities neglected, of character, national character, left without vindication and exemplification in action.

The above citations from addresses made by President Wilson in the week January 27 to February 3, 1916, will enable the careful voter to estimate the correctness or fairness of the following sentence near the beginning of the Republican platform of 1920: 'Inexcusable failure to make timely preparation is the chief indictment against the Democratic administration in the conduct of the war.'

The last sentence of a short address which President Wilson made at a meeting of the Business Men's League of St. Louis on February 3, 1916, being the last of the addresses which he made in his week's tour, is as follows: —

I have come out to appeal to America, not because I doubted what America felt, but because I thought America wanted the satisfaction of uttering what she felt, and of letting the whole world know that she was a unit in respect of every question of national dignity and national safety.

This sentence shows that President Wilson was sure that the American people held his own firm belief in their responsiveness on any question of national dignity, responsibility, and disinterested service. He held this faith then, and has held it ever since. This faith was his reason for assuring his fellow negotiators at Paris that the United States would ratify the Treaty

and Covenant in its final form. It was his reason for appealing at once, with entire confidence, to the masses of the people on the journey which was interrupted by his physical breakdown. It is his reason for desiring the present appeal to the mass of the voters. The Republican speakers and writers describe President Wilson's adherence to this conviction as obstinacy. A juster name for it would be fidelity.

In an address at the first annual assemblage of The League to Enforce Peace on May 27, 1916, President Wilson made some remarks which describe well, not only his own convictions, but the convictions which he then believed were already held by the people of the United States.

The nations of the world must in some way band themselves together to see that right prevails as against any sort of selfish aggression; that henceforth alliance must not be set up against alliance, understanding against understanding, but that there must be a common agreement for a common object, and that at the heart of that common object must lie the inviolable rights of peoples and of mankind. . . . We believe these fundamental things: First, that every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which it shall live. . . . Second, that the small states of the world have a right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon. And, third, that the world has a right to be free from every disturbance of its peace that has its origin in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

So sincerely do we believe in these things, that I am sure that I speak the mind and wish of the people of America when I say that the United States is willing to become a partner in any feasible association of nations formed in order to realize these objects and make them secure against violation.

President Wilson still believes that the United States is willing to become a

partner in any feasible association of nations formed to realize these objects and further maintains that the League and Covenant formed at Versailles is the only feasible association. The supreme issue at the coming election is the decision of the majority of voters on that matter.

In an address at Philadelphia to the Associated Advertising Clubs, June 29, 1916, President Wilson said:—

I believe . . . that America, the country that we put first in our thoughts, should be ready in every point of policy and of action to vindicate at whatever cost the principles of liberty, of justice, and of humanity to which we have been devoted from the first. [*Cheers.*] You cheer the sentiment, but do you realize what it means? It means that you have not only got to be just to your fellow men, but that as a nation you have got to be just to other nations. It comes high. It is not an easy thing to do.'

The American people now realize that it 'comes high' to fight for liberty, justice, and peace throughout the world; but do they not still propose to vindicate the principles of liberty, justice, and humanity in international relations 'at whatever cost'? The Republican Senators who have defeated the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty do not believe that. The Republican platform and the acceptance speech of the Republican candidate for the presidency declare opposite hopes and expectations. They declare that the cost of discharging our obligations under the proposed Covenant and League is much too high; and that the American people had better keep their breath to cool their own porridge.

In an address delivered at a joint session of the two Houses of Congress April 2, 1917, President Wilson stated with the utmost compactness the objects of the Government and people of the United States in going to war with Germany.

Our object now as then¹ is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth ensure the observance of those principles. . . . A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. . . . The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. . . . We fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

This is also an exact statement of what America ought to continue to do at all risks, in order that the fruits of their military victory may be gradually secured.

In the address to his fellow countrymen which was given to the newspapers on April 16, 1917, the President said, —

We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind, and for the future peace and security of the world. To do this great thing worthily and successfully we must devote ourselves to the service without regard to profit or material advantage, and with an energy and intelligence that will rise to the level of the enterprise itself. We must realize to the full how great the task is, and how many things, how many kinds and elements of capacity and service and self-sacrifice it involves. . . . The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act, and serve together.

¹ The reference in the word 'then' is to his earlier addresses — to the Senate on the 22d of January, and to Congress on the 3d and 26th of February, 1917.

And so we did, until the Republican Senators began to obstruct the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty.

In an address at Washington on Flag Day, June 14, 1917, when our armies were gathering and all our industries were rushing to make the supplies and means of transportation necessary to put our young men at work on fields of blood in France, President Wilson closed with these words: —

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. . . . Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.

That glory did shine, until Republican Senators began, first, to interfere — without Constitutional right — in the negotiations which were going on in Paris, and so to diminish the influence and authority of the American delegate at that Conference, and then to urge the whole American people to abandon the course of conduct which President Wilson and the great majority of the Democratic party had advocated, and to adopt the selfish, timid, and dishonorable course advocated by the opponents of the League. And now the Republican platform praises those Senators, and the candidate nominated by the Republican Convention gives notice that he will oppose the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty of Versailles.

III

The difference between the Democratic policy and the Republican in respect to the Covenant and Treaty is now clearly defined. So is the difference between President Wilson's ideals and those of the present Republican leaders. Which ideals are the majority of the American voters going to prefer? Which leaders are they going to follow — the heirs of President Wilson's policies, or the Republican leaders who

have kept the United States out of the League and poured contempt and insults on President Wilson's character, manners, and measures? If President Wilson's estimate of the moral quality of the American people is correct, many young voters, and many ex-soldiers, many fathers and mothers of sons who died or were crippled in the war, and many non-partisan or independent voters will take the noble and disinterested side, and reject the leadership of those Republicans who have lost sight of the fact that the Republican party was at its origin the party which stood for human liberty, for justice to the oppressed, and for a great expectancy of good for suffering humanity.

The fall of the Republican Party between the summer of 1918 and the summer of 1920 is an extraordinary political phenomenon. In 1918 a group of Republican leaders, headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, used the following language:—

This is not the President's personal war. This is not the war of Congress. It is not the war of the Democratic or the Republican party. It is the war of the American people. It is more. It is the war of the United States, of the Allied Powers, of the civilized world against the barbarism of Germany. In this great burden and responsibility the Republican party, representing more than half the citizenship of the country, demands its rightful share.

According to the Chicago platform the Republican Party in 1920 stands for agreement among the nations to preserve the peace of the world; but this must be effected through a new association of nations and 'without depriving the people of the United States in advance of the right to determine for themselves what is just and fair when the occasion arises, and without involving them as participants, and not as peacemakers, in a multitude of quarrels the merits of which they are unable to

judge.' It affirms that 'The Senators performed their duty faithfully. We approve their conduct, and honor their courage and fidelity.'

Since the triumph of these Republican leaders in the Senate, some new calamities have befallen Europe and the Near East, and some new dangers threaten democracy and civilization. War has broken out again in Europe and the Near East at several points, the very existence of Poland as a free nation has been imperiled, millions of people lack food, clothing, and fuel, and the industrial and financial restoration of the belligerent nations is cruelly delayed. Marxian Socialism, with its despotic super-state, seems to be gaining ground on the Continent, and Labor-Union Socialism in Great Britain. It seems probable, though not certain, that these new evils would not have occurred and these new dangers would not have arisen, if the sane and strong influence of the United States had been exerted from the beginning in the League of Nations.

Now the League of Nations already contains twenty-nine nations; it is in operation, and has made important contributions toward a proper organization of the League and its various agencies. But its beneficent action is crippled by the absence of the United States as a member of the Executive Council of the League. The Republican candidate for President declares that he will not carry the country into the existing League of Nations. The party, instead of demanding its rightful share in the burden and responsibility of the war, proposes that this country take no share in the burden of securing the fruits of the war, and advises the American people to look first to the maintenance of their own independence and the security of their own property, and to renounce all sense of obligation to the other free nations which were asso-

ciated with America in the conduct of the war against Germany. The party has turned its back on its own principles of 1860 and 1918. This deplorable change of front is a deep mortification and distress to all patriotic Americans, Republican or Democratic, and particularly to those who remember the political ideals which the Republican party was founded to contend for, and which led it to glorious victories. Within the memory of living men no political party in this country has suffered so crushing a catastrophe. Habitual Republicans may well consider how this downfall is to be remedied. Surely not by putting the country into the hands of the very men who have led the party into its present plight.

The services of President Wilson to the cause of permanent peace at the Conferences at Paris were very great, and they were successful to an extraordinary degree. It was he who persuaded the other negotiators to make the Covenant and League indispensable parts of any final settlement. The provisions of the League are so interwoven with the provisions of the Treaty that the union is all-pervasive. The League provides the means of carrying out the provisions of the Treaty, and throughout the Treaty the League appears as the indispensable instrument for executing, and also for modifying the terms of, the Covenant and Treaty, as occasion may require. That the Covenant and Treaty together contain the means of abolishing secret treaties and understandings, of reducing armaments, and curbing nations inclined to attack their neighbors or to cause dangerous friction in international dealings, is due to President Wilson and to the influence of his ideals on the governments and peoples of Europe.

The other negotiators did not share President Wilson's ideals when the Conferences began, and at the end they

probably accepted them with but scant belief in their efficacy. All parties in Great Britain have been for centuries shy of ideals in general, and have been ready to abandon theories and logical aims in favor of compromises and short steps toward some immediate practical end. French diplomacy has for many years depended on secret alliances and secret, even unrecorded, understandings. The general attitude of Premier Clemenceau throughout the Conferences was one of cynical distrust. He had no faith that strong nations could be, or were going to be, influenced in their relations with other nations by anything but their own interests and passions. He felt that France could be protected against Germany in the future only by reducing Germany to impotency, and that no League of Nations and no affirmations of international good-will could be trusted to make France safe. Yet there resulted from the Conferences at Paris far-reaching international agreements much more promising than the world has ever known before toward the abolition of autocratic government, militarism, competitive armaments, secret diplomacy, balances of power, and wars of conquest. This result is due to President Wilson's ideals and his persuasiveness or combativeness on their behalf, backed as they were by the unanimous rush of the American people in April, 1917, into the war against Germany.

The reader who has apprehended the quality of the foregoing quotations from President Wilson's messages and addresses and the nature and extent of his services at the Paris Conferences will now be prepared to appreciate the following extract from an editorial in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* of July 31:—

Governor Cox and his personal staff will not be able to slink from under the burdens of the Wilson administrations. They must defend their records or be condemned for

them. Only in that way can the American people pronounce their final judgment on Wilsonism. Otherwise Wilsonism escapes scot-free.

There is no method by which a party can inflict on this nation the ills of an experimental, pseudo-idealistic, irritatingly impractical, openly sectional, poisonously Socialistic government, and get away with it without any 'come-back.' The Democratic Party must accept the consequences of its 'seven lean years' and await the verdict of a thoroughly exasperated people.

A good parallel with this criticism of 'Wilsonism' and the Wilson administrations is to be found in the *Aurora*, a paper which was being published in the same city of Philadelphia in 1797. The following sentence was published in the *Aurora* a few days before Washington retired from the Presidency and returned to his farm.

If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington; if ever a nation was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington.

A few days later, an anonymous correspondent of the *Aurora* wrote as follows:—

When a retrospect is taken of the Washington administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have conquered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence.

The *Public Ledger's* criticisms of 'Wilsonism' this summer are as wrong-headed as those of the *Aurora* against Washington; but they do not transcend in stupidity and irrelevancy the epithets which the Republican official documents and the speeches of Republican orators now apply to President Wilson. Here is an incomplete group of those

epithets — autocrat, usurper, despot, dictator, hypocrite, phrase-maker, obstinate, Utopian, deceitful, insincere, narrow-gauged, and meanly jealous of friends and foes alike. May all thoughtful and open-minded voters keep these epithets in mind this fall! The recollection will help them to decide whether they will aid to put the men that use them in control of the government for the next four years.

IV

The objections urged against the Treaty and Covenant by the group of Senators who have defeated ratification are extraordinarily narrow-minded and selfish. One would think that they had never perceived the prodigious changes in the civilized world since Washington used the phrase 'entangling alliances'; that they had not felt the exaltation of the American spirit when the people went to war with Germany to protect the free nations from the Prussian autocracy, to defend the weaker nations against the stronger, to make right triumph over wrong, and to make impossible in the future such war as Germany was waging upon the freer nations of Europe. They appealed during the long and rambling discussion to only the selfish side of the American character. They urged the people to make no more sacrifices for liberty and justice in the world, to save their own property, and to share their resources in the future with no other nation, not even with their recent comrades-in-arms. They would have none of coöperation between the American Republic and the other free nations, to make the world a better place for the rising generation to live in. They had no faith in the magnanimity and disinterestedness of the American people. What an incredibly low estimate of the moral quality of the American people

these men formed, right in the face of the sacrifice the young men and the fathers and mothers of America made between April, 1917, and November, 1918! One of the most outrageous of their slanders against the people of the United States was their statement that Americans would never accept any mandate on behalf of Armenia.

Now the Republican platform endorses the language and the conduct of the Senators who defeated the ratification. It says outright, 'We commend the Republican Senate for refusing the President's request to empower him to accept the mandate for Armenia'; and again, 'No more striking illustration can be found of President Wilson's disregard of the lives of American boys or of American interests and action'; and again, 'We deeply sympathize with the people of Armenia and stand ready to help them in all ways; but the Republican Party will oppose now and hereafter the acceptance of a mandate for any country in Europe or Asia.' One of the most interesting questions at the coming election is whether the majority of the American voters, or the majority of the members of the House of Representatives (if the election is thrown into the House), has become so degraded as to accept that teaching of Republican Senators and the Republican platform, and so unfeeling as not to revolt absolutely at that remark of the Republican platform about President Wilson.

Many established members of the Republican Party, both old and young, are going to feel great difficulty in voting for the Democratic candidate for the presidency next November, even though they earnestly desire the prompt ratification of the Covenant and Treaty and the entrance of the United States into the beneficent work of the League of Nations, because they have somehow acquired an utter distrust of the character and conduct of President Wilson.

They are convinced that he is insincere, or shifty; that while his sayings are apt to be sound, his doings are apt to be unsound; that he chooses his counselors badly; that his nature is cold and inconstant in spite of his much talk about justice, mercy, coöperation, and goodwill; and that he is utterly incapable of attaching to himself able men as disciples or ardent followers. This picture of President Wilson is accepted by a large proportion of Republicans and by some Democrats. Those who have accepted it cannot but be reluctant to vote for Governor Cox, because he is the heir to President Wilson's policies and public doings, although he holds himself free to depart from or modify the President's recent line of conduct in respect to the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty. They can hardly bring themselves to vote for a measure or a principle which is attributable to President Wilson. Their aversion to his personality overcomes every other consideration. It may fairly be urged, however, upon all voters, old and young, Republican and Democratic, that President Wilson's character and conduct are not practical issues in the coming election. He is perforce a retired statesman, and the disputes or differences about his character and conduct should not affect the voter's desire or purpose to use his own vote in the best interest of his country and the world. President Wilson's policies and ideals are the main issue, not his personality. History will give him much later his rightful place.

V

Although the great issue to be decided at the coming election is the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty, with explanations or interpretations, if any, which may be needed to make clear to European opinion the differ-

ences between constitutional government in the United States and constitutional government in Great Britain, France, and Italy, there is another question to be submitted to the voters, which is large and interesting, though only secondary. Fortunately this, too, is a moral question, and one which appeals strongly to the young mind and to the liberal mind as distinguished from the conservative. This second question is as follows: To which of the two great parties is it safest to intrust the forward movement toward greater liberty, comfort, health, and happiness for the manual laborers of the country, both men and women, both skilled and unskilled, for the people who work for wages with or without bonuses, and have thus far had little or no influence on the physical or mental conditions under which their daily labor has been performed?

The young voter, or the open-minded voter, who makes himself acquainted with the history of the two parties within the past eight years, — or, better, within the last thirty years, — will soon see that the Democratic Party has one great advantage over the Republican Party in soliciting his vote on this issue. The key-note speech of Mr. Cummings at San Francisco and the Democratic platform there adopted rely, in respect to promotion of industrial and social progress and public welfare, on the deeds or acts of the Democratic Party during the past seven years of extraordinary world-turmoil, on its actual enactments and administrative achievements, accomplishments without a parallel in the whole series of Republican administrations since the Civil War. This statement applies to all the great financial, economic, and philanthropic subjects which have been under active discussion in the United States during the past thirty years. In comparison with the actual record of

the Democratic Party since 1912, the Republican Party has very little to show.

One may sum up this situation by saying that the Democratic Party is far the more trustworthy party for the promotion of progressive ideas in government, politics, and the improvement of all social, commercial, and industrial organizations. For thirty years the Democratic Party has been more sensitive than the Republican Party to the needs and aspirations of the depressed or less fortunate classes in human society, and it has exhibited a more practical sense of human brotherhood than the Republican Party, both at home and abroad. Moreover, it has shown since 1912 that it has more sense of the duty of a strong nation toward a weak one, and — better still — a greater sensitiveness to the maintenance of American honor. Let the young voter compare the statements in the two platforms concerning the policy of the United States toward Mexico, and let him also compare the actual legislation of the Republican Party with that of the Democratic Party on the exemption from the payment of tolls by American coastwise vessels passing through the Panama Canal. If he would understand the attitude of the Democratic Party toward the productive laboring millions, let him see clearly what the two Wilson administrations have done for the farmers of the country. Both the party platforms exhibit the greatest possible interest in the welfare of the farmer class; but the Democrats have this great advantage over the Republicans, that the Democratic platform recounts deeds, while the Republican is necessarily confined to sympathetic platitudes and promises.

To-day the Democratic Party has a right to say that it is the party of progressive legislation and administration. It is the party which, building on a sure

foundation of achievements, can say to the American people: 'Trust us for safe advances toward public liberty, order, prosperity, and contentment. We have given the American people two administrations which have been governed by just ideals, and have made enormous practical achievements. Our leader has fallen by the way, a sacrifice to his sense of duty and to his faith in the rectitude and courage of the common people. But we offer you other leaders, who will not only carry on the works so well begun by the Wilson administration, but will rise to new occasions and new duties, and press on to the fulfillment in the United States of the best hopes and expectations of democracy.'

To make democracy safe in the harassed world means to give to every citizen freedom to do his best for the

public welfare, and the will to use energetically that freedom. Judging by the history of the Democratic Party since 1912, the country may trust that party to defend its honor and its rights, to build up education, to improve the public health, to raise the general level of intelligence and comfort, and also to create the free and mobile society in which the finest and rarest human capacities will come oftenest to fruition.

The legitimate conclusion of the foregoing discussion is, that the patriotic and considerate voter, not forgetting the progressive domestic policy of the Democratic Party, should base his choice between the candidates on his acceptance or rejection of that policy of world-leadership and world-helpfulness which is irrevocably associated with the name of President Wilson.

HOW, THEN, SHOULD SMITH VOTE?

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE talk on the veranda had been prolonged, and only my old friend Smith, smoking in meditative silence, had refused to contribute to our discussion of the men and the issues of 1920. Between campaigns Smith is open-minded on all matters affecting the body politic. Not infrequently his views are marked by a praiseworthy independence. Smith has brains; Smith thinks. A Republican, he criticizes his party with the utmost freedom; and when sorely tried, he renounces it with a superb gesture of disdain. But on election day, in a mood of high conse-

cration, he unfailingly casts his ballot for the Republican nominee. A week earlier he may have declared in the most convincing manner that he would not support the ticket; and under extreme provocation I have known him to threaten to leave the Republican fold for all time.

Party loyalty is one of the most powerful factors in the operation of our democracy, and it has its special psychology to which only a Josiah Royce could do full justice. Smith really thinks that he will bolt; but when it comes to the scratch, an influence

against which he is powerless stays his hand when he is alone in the voting-booth with his conscience and his God. Later, when gently reminded of this mood of disaffection, he snarls that, when it comes down to brass tacks, any Republican is better than any Democrat, anyhow — a fragment of philosophy that is the consolation of great numbers of Smiths.

Smith, as I was saying, had refrained from participating in our talk on that August night where the saltless sea complained upon the beach and the pines took counsel of the stars. Then, as the party broke up, Smith flung his cigar into Lake Michigan and closed the discussion by remarking with a despairing sigh, —

‘Well, either way, the people lose!’

I

Smith prides himself on his ability to get what he wants when he wants it — in everything but politics. In all else that pertains to his welfare Smith is informed, capable, and efficient. In his own affairs he tells the other fellow where to get off, and if told he can’t do a thing, he proceeds at once to do it and do it well. It is only in politics that his efforts are futile and he takes what is ‘handed him.’ Under strong provocation he will, in the manner of a dog on the highway, run barking after some vehicle that awakens his ire; but finding himself unequal to the race, he meekly trots back to his own front yard. If the steam-roller runs over him and the self-respect is all but ground out of him, he picks himself up and retires to consider it yet again. He has learned nothing, except that by interposing himself before a machine of superior size and weight he is very likely to get hurt; and this he knew before.

Smith and I are in the north woods thirty-five miles from a telegraph in-

strument, where it is possible to ponder great questions with a degree of detachment. Loafing with Smith is one of the most profitable things I do; he is the best of fellows, and as our lives have run parallel from school-days with an unbroken intimacy, we are thoroughly familiar with each other’s manner of thought. What I am setting down here is really a condensed report of our talks. Just where Smith leaves off and I begin does n’t matter, for we speak the same language of the Ancient Brotherhood of the Average Man. Smith is a Republican; I am a Democrat. We have ‘gone to the mat’ in many campaigns, each valiantly defending his party and its heroes. But, chumming together in August, 1920, the punch had gone out of us. We talked of men and issues, but not with our old fervor. At first we were both shy of present-day matters, and disposed to ‘sidle up’ to the immediate situation — to reach it by reluctant, tangential approaches, as if we were strangers, wary of wounding each other’s feelings.

We mean to keep smiling about this whole business. We Americans seem destined to rock dizzily on the brink of many precipices without ever quite toppling over. We have lived through wars and rumors of wars, and have escaped pestilence and famine, and we are deeply grateful that the present campaign lays so light a tax upon the emotions. The Republic is n’t going to perish, no matter who’s elected. One thing is certain, however, and that is that this time we — that is, Smith and I — are not going to be jostled or pushed.

The other day we interviewed an Indian — whether untaxed or enrolled at the receipt of custom we did n’t ascertain. Smith asked him whether he was for Cox or Harding, and the rightful heir to all the territory in sight,

interpreting our courteous inquiry in a restricted tribal rather than a national spirit replied, 'No whisk.' He thought we were deputy sheriffs looking for boot-leggers. Even at that, Smith held 'no whisk' to be the most intelligent answer he had as yet received to his question.

Smith nearly upset the canoe one morning as he turned suddenly to demand fiercely, 'What's this campaign all about anyhow?' This was a dismaying question, but it precipitated a fortnight of reminiscences of the changing fortunes of parties and battles long ago, with the usual profitless palaver as to whether the giants of other days were really bigger and nobler than those of the present. We decided, of course, that they were, having arrived at that time of life when pygmies loom large in the twilight shades of vanishing perspectives. The recuperative power of parties kept us interested through several evenings. It seemed a miracle that the Democratic party survived the Civil War. We talked much of Cleveland, speaking of him wistfully as the habit now is — of his courage, his bluff honesty and contempt for sham and hypocrisy.

In generous mood we agreed that Mr. Bryan had at times rendered meritorious service to his country, and that it was a good thing to encourage such evangelists occasionally to give the kettle a vigorous stirring up. The brilliant qualities as well as the many irritating characteristics of Colonel Roosevelt were dwelt upon, and we readily and amiably concluded that many pages of American history would be dull without him. He knew what America is all about; and that is something. We lamented the disheartening circumstance that in the very nature of our system of political management there must always be men of first-rate capacity who can never hope to win the

highest place — men, for example, of indubitable wisdom, character, and genius, like George F. Edmunds, John Hay, and Elihu Root, and Judge Gray of Delaware.

'When I've got a place to fill in my business,' said Smith, 'I pick out a man I'm dead sure can handle it; I can't afford to experiment with fakers and amateurs. But when it comes to choosing a mayor in my town or a president of the United States, I've got to take what I can get.'

There is no justification for the party system, unless the major parties are alert and honest in criticism and exercise a restraining influence upon each other. It is perfectly legitimate for the opposition to pick out all the weak spots in the record of an administration and make the most of them. The rules of good sportsmanship do not, unfortunately, apply in politics. With all our insistence as a nation upon fair play, we don't practice our greatest game in that spirit. It was not, I should say, until after Mr. Cleveland's second election that the Civil War ceased to color political discussion. Until I was well on toward manhood, I was troubled not a little by a fear that the South would renew the war, so continually was the great struggle of the sixties brought fearfully to the attention, even in local contests. In the criticism that has been heaped upon Mr. Wilson's administration we have been reminded frequently that he has been far too responsive to Southern influence.

The violence of our partisanship is responsible for the intrusion of all manner of extraneous matters into campaigns. It would seem that some single striking issue that touches the pocketbook, like the tariff or silver, is necessary, if the electorate is to be thoroughly aroused. Human nature in a democracy is quite what it is under

any other form of government, and is thoroughly disposed to view all matters selfishly. Shantung and Fiume are too remote to interest the great number of us whose club is the corner-grocery. Anything beyond Main Street is alien to our interest. We'll buy food for the starving in other lands, but that's missionary work, not politics. Politics is electing our township ticket, even though Bill Jones does beat his wife and is bound to make a poor constable.

We became slightly cynical at times, in the way of Americans who talk politics heart-to-heart. The national convention, where there is a thrill in the sonority of the very names of the far-flung commonwealths as they are recited on roll-call, is, on the face of it, a glorious expression of democracy at work. But in actual operation everyone knows that a national convention is only nominally representative. The delegates in their appointed places are not free and independent American citizens, assembled, as we would believe, to exercise their best judgment as trustees of the 'folks back home.' Most of them owe their seats to the favor of a district or state boss; from the moment the convention opens they are the playthings of the super-bosses, who plan in advance every step in the proceedings.

Occasionally there are slips: the ringmaster cracks his whip, confident that the show will proceed according to programme, only to be embarrassed by some irresponsible performer who refuses to 'take' the hoops and hurdles in the prescribed order. In other terms, some absurd person may throw a wrench into a perfectly functioning machine and change the pattern it has been set to weave. Such sabotage calls for a high degree of temerariousness, and cannot be recommended to ambitious young patriots anxious to ingra-

tiate themselves with the powers that control. At Baltimore, in 1912, Mr. Bryan did the trick — the most creditable act of his career; but in accepting for his reward the premiership for which he was so conspicuously unfit, he foolishly spoiled his record and promptly fulfilled the worst predictions of his enemies.

There is an oft-quoted saying that the Democrat party always may be relied upon to do the wrong thing. Dating from 1876, when it so nearly won the presidency, it has certainly been the victim of a great deal of bad luck. However, remembering the blasting of many Republican hopes and the swift passing of many Republican idols, — the catastrophe that befell the much-enduring Blaine, Mr. Taft's melancholy adventures with the presidency, the Progressive schism, and the manner in which Mr. Hughes struck out with the bases full, — it may hardly be said that the gods of good-fortune have been markedly faithful to the Republicans. Disappointments are inevitable; but even the Grant third-termers and the followers of the plumed Knight and the loyal Bryan phalanx outlived their sorrows. The supporters of McAdoo and Palmer, of Wood and Lowden, appear to be comfortably seated on the band-wagon.

Smith was an ardent supporter of General Wood's candidacy, and we sat together in the gallery of the convention hall at Chicago and observed with awe and admiration the manner in which the general received the lethal thrust. The noisy demonstrations, the oratory, the vociferous whoops of the galleries touched us not at all, for we are not without our sophistication in such exhibitions. We listened with pleasure to the impromptus of those stanch veterans of many battles, Messrs. Depew and Cannon. At other times, during lulls that invited oratory,

we heard insistent calls for Mr. Beveridge; but these did not reach the ear, or failed to touch the heart, of the chairman. The former Senator from Indiana had been a Progressive, and was not to be trusted before a convention that might, with a little stimulation, have trampled the senatorial programme under foot.

We knew before the opening prayer was uttered that, when the delegates chose a candidate, it would be only a *pro forma* confirmation of a selection made privately by half a dozen men, devout exponents of that principle of party management which holds that the wisdom of the few is superior to the silly clamor of the many. At that strategic moment when it became hazardous to indulge the deadlock further, and expediency called for an adjournment that the scene might be set for the last act, the great lords quite shamelessly consulted in full view of the spectators. Messrs. Lodge, Smoot, Watson and Crane, hastily reinforced by Mr. Herrick who, aware that the spotlight was soon to be turned upon Ohio, ran nimbly across the reporters' seats to join the conference, stood there in their majesty, like complacent Olympians preparing to confer a boon upon mankind. It was a pretty bit of drama. The curtain fell, as upon a second act where the developments of the third are fully anticipated, and interest is buoyed up only through the intermission by a mild curiosity as to the manner in which the plot will be worked out.

My heart warmed to the enterprising reporter who attached himself to the sacred group for a magnificent moment. His forcible ejection only emphasized the tensify of the situation, and brought into clearer relief the august figures of the pontiffs, who naturally resented so gross an intrusion upon their privacy.

II

The other night, when every prospect divulged by the moon's soft radiance was pleasing and only the thought of man's clumsy handiwork was vile, Smith shocked me by remarking, —

'This patter of both parties about the dear people makes me sick. That "vox populi, vox dei" stuff was always a fake. We think we're hearing an echo from heaven when it's only a few bosses in the back room of a hotel somewhere telling us what we ought to want.' We descanted upon this at length, and he adduced much evidence in support of his contention. 'What we've got in this country,' he snorted, when I tried to reason him out of his impious attitude, 'is government of the people by the bosses, for the people's good. The people are like a flock of silly sheep fattening for the wolf, and too stupid to lift their eyes from the grass to see him galloping down the hill. They've got to be driven to the hole in the wall and pushed through.'

He was mightily pleased when I told him he had been anticipated by many eminent authorities running back to Isaiah and Plato.

'Saving remnant' was a phrase to his liking, and he kept turning it over and investing it with modern meanings. Before we blew out the candles we were in accord on the proposition that while we have government by parties, the parties have got to be run by someone; what is everybody's business being, very truly, nobody's business. Hence the development of party organizations and their domination by groups, with the groups themselves deriving inspiration usually from a single head. Under the soothing influence of these bromides Smith fell to sleep denouncing the direct primary.

'Instead of giving the power to the people,' he muttered drowsily, 'the

bloomin' thing has commercialized office-seeking. We're selling nominations to the highest bidder. If I were ass enough to chase a United States senatorship, I would n't waste any time on the people until I'd been underwritten by a few strong banks. And if I won, I'd be like the Dutchman who said he was getting along all right, only he was worried because he had to die and go to hell yet. It would be my luck to be pinched as a common felon, and to have my toga changed for a prison suit at Leavenworth.'

Some candidate for the doctorate, hard put for a subject, might find it profitable to produce a thesis on American political phraseology. As a people we are much addicted to felicitous combinations of words that express large ideas in the smallest possible compass. Not only does political wisdom lend itself well to condensation, but the silliest fallacy will carry far if knocked into a fetching phrase. How rich in its connotations even to-day is the old slogan, 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too'; and many others equally illuminative of a period might be dug out of the records from the beginning of our history, including 'the tariff is a tax,' 'the full dinner-pail,' down to 'he kept us out of war.' A telling phrase or a catchword is enormously persuasive and convincing — the shrewdest possible advertisement. The present campaign has offered little inspiration to slogan-makers.

There is no way of knowing how many of our hundred millions ever read a national platform, but I will hazard the guess that not more than twenty-five per cent have perused the platforms of 1920, or will do so before election day. The average voter is content to accept the interpretations and laudatory comment of his party paper, with its assurance that the declaration of principles and purposes is in keeping with the great traditions of the grand

old party. It is straining Smith's patriotism pretty far to ask him to read a solid page of small type, particularly when he knows that much of it is untrue and most of it sheer bunk. Editorial writers and campaign orators read platforms perforce; but to Smith they are fatiguing to the eye and a weariness to the spirit. The primary qualification for membership on a platform committee is an utter lack — there must be no question about it — of a sense of humor. The League of Nations plank of the Republican platform is a refutation of the fallacy that we are a people singularly blessed with humor. We could ask no more striking proof of the hypnotic power of a party name than the acceptance of this plank, solemnly sawed, trimmed, and painted red, white, and blue, in the committee-room, and received by the delegates with joyous acclamation. Senator Johnson must have laughed; the joke was certainly not on him.

III

The embarrassments of the partisan who is challenged to explain the faith that is in him are greatly multiplied in this year of grace 1920. Considerable literature is available as to the rise and development of the two major parties, but a student might exhaust the whole of it and yet read the Chicago and San Francisco platforms as through a glass darkly. There is a good deal of Jeffersonian democracy that is extremely difficult to reconcile with many acts of Mr. Wilson. The partisan who tries to square his Democracy or his Republicanism with the faith he inherited from his grandfather is doomed to a severe headache. The rope that separates the elephant from the donkey in the menagerie marks only a nominal difference in species: they eat the same fodder, and when the spectator's back

is turned, slyly wink at each other. There is a fine ring to the phrase 'a loyal Republican' or 'a loyal Democrat,' but we have reached a point of convergence where loyalty is largely a matter of tradition and superstition. What Jefferson said on a given point, or what Hamilton thought about something else, avails little to a Democrat or a Republican in these changed times. We talk blithely of fundamental principles, but are still without the power to visualize the leaders of the past in newly developed situations of which they never dreamed. To attempt to interview Washington as to whether he intended his warning against entangling alliances to apply to a League of Nations to insure the peace of the world is ridiculous; as well invoke Julius Cæsar's opinion of present-day questions of Italian politics.

Delightful and inspiring as it would doubtless be, we can't quite trust the government to the counsels of the ouija-board. The seats of the Cabinet or of the Supreme Bench will hardly be filled with table-rapping experts until more of us are satisfied of the authenticity of the communications that purport to be postmarked oblivion. We quote the great spirits of the past only when we need them to give weight and dignity to our own views. (Incidentally, a ouija-board opinion from John Marshall as to the propriety of tacking a police regulation like the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution would be first-page stuff for the newspapers.)

Monroe was luckier than most of our patriarchs. The doctrine associated with his name is jealously treasured by many patriotic Americans who have n't the slightest idea of the circumstances that called it forth; but to mention it in a discussion of international affairs is to stamp the speaker as a person of breeding, endowed with

intellectual gifts of the highest order. If by some post-mortem referendum we could 'call up' Monroe to explain just how far America might safely go in the defense of his doctrine, and whether it could be advantageously extended beyond the paths of all the western stars to keep pace with such an expansion as that represented by the Philippines, we might profit by his answer — and again, we might not.

We can't shirk our responsibilities. One generation can't do the work of another. In the last analysis we've got to stand on our own feet and do our own thinking. The Constitution itself has to be interpreted over and over again, and even amended occasionally; for the world does, in spite of all efforts to stop it, continue to move right along. This is not a year in which either of the major parties can safely harp upon its 'traditional policy.' There are skeletons in both closets that would run like frightened rabbits if dragged into the light and ordered to solve the riddles of 1920.

The critics of President Wilson have dwelt much on the vision of the founders, without conceding that he too may be blessed with a seer's vision and the tongue of prophecy. To his weaknesses as a leader I shall revert later; but his highmindedness and earnest desire to serve the nation and the world are questioned only by the most buck-ramed hostile partisan, or by those who view the present only through the eyes of dead men.

IV

When President Wilson read his war message to the Congress, it must have been in the minds of many thousands who thrilled to the news that night, that a trinity of great American presidents was about to be completed; that a niche awaited Mr. Wilson in the same alcove with Washington and Lincoln.

Many who were impatient and restless under the long correspondence with the Imperial German Government were willing to acknowledge that the delay was justified; that now the nation was solidly behind the administration; that amid the stirring call of trumpets partisanship would be forgotten; and that, when the world was made safe for law and decency, Mr. Wilson would find himself in the enjoyment of an unparalleled popularity. It did not seem possible that he could fail. That he did fail of these hopes and expectations is not a matter that any true lover of America can contemplate with jubilation. Those of us who ask the greatest and the best things of and for America can hardly be gratified by any failure that might be construed as a sign of weakness in democracy. But Mr. Wilson's inability to hold the confidence of the people, to win his adversaries to his standard, to implant himself in the affections of the mass, cannot be attributed to anything in our system, but wholly to his own nature. It is one of the ironies of our political life that a man like Mr. McKinley, without distinguished courage, originality, or constructive genius, is able, through the possession of minor qualities that are social rather than political, to endear himself to the great body of his countrymen. It may be, after all our prayers for great men, that negative rather than positive qualities are the safest attributes of a president.

It may fairly be said that Mr. Wilson is intellectually the equal of most of his predecessors in the presidency and the superior of a very considerable number of them. The very consciousness of the perfect functioning of his own mental machinery made him intolerant of stupidity, and impatient of the criticism of those with whom it has been necessary for him to do his work, who have, so to put it, only asked to be

'shown.' If the disagreeable business of working in practical politics in all its primary branches serves no better purpose, it at least exercises a humanizing effect; it is one way of learning that men must be reasoned with and led, not driven. In escaping the usual political apprenticeship, Mr. Wilson missed wholly the liberalizing and broadening contacts common to the practical politician. At times — for example, when the Adamson Law was passed — I heard Republicans, with unflattering intonation, call him the shrewdest politician of his time; but nothing could be further from the truth. Nominally the head of his party, and with its future prosperity in his hands, he has shown a curious indifference to the maintenance of its morale.

'Produce great men; the rest follows.' The production of great men is not so easy as Whitman imagined; but in eight tremendous years we must ruefully confess that no new and commanding figure has risen in either branch of Congress. Partisanship constantly to the fore, but few manifestations of statesmanship: such is the record. It is well-nigh unbelievable that, where the issues have so constantly touched the very life of the nation, the discussions could have been so marked by narrowness and bigotry. The exercise of autocratic power by a group pursuing a policy of frustration and obstruction is as little in keeping with the spirit of our institutions as a stubborn, uncompromising course on the part of the Executive. The conduct of the Republican majority in the Senate is nothing of which their party can be proud.

Four years ago I submitted in these pages 'some reflections on the low state to which the public service had fallen,

¹ 'The Third-Rate Man in Politics,' in the *Atlantic* for August, 1916.

and my views have not been changed by more recent history. It would be manifestly unfair to lay at Mr. Wilson's door the inferiority of the men elected to the Congress; but with all the potentialities of party leadership and his singular felicity of appeal, he has done little to quicken the public conscience with respect to the choice of administrators or representatives. It may be said in his defense that his hours from the beginning were too crowded to permit such excursions in political education; but we had a right to expect him to lend the weight of his authoritative voice and example to the elevation of the tone of the public service. Poise and serenity of temper we admire, but not to the point where it seemingly vanishes into indifference and a callousness to criticism. The appeal two years ago for a Democratic Congress, that the nation's arm might be strengthened for the prosecution of the war, was a gratuitous slap at the Republican representatives who had supported his war-policies, and an affront to the public intelligence, that met with just rebuke. The cavalier discharge of Lansing and the retention of Burleson show an equally curious inability to grasp public opinion.

V

The whole handling of the League of Nations was bungled, as most of the Democrats I know privately admit. The end of a war that had shaken the very foundations of the earth was a fitting time to attempt the formation of an association of the great powers to enforce the peaceful settlement of international disputes. Here was a matter that spoke powerfully to the conscience and the imagination, and in the chastened mood of a war-weary world it seemed a thing possible of achievement. Certainly, in so far as America

was concerned, it was a project to be approached in such manner that its success could in no way be jeopardized by partisanship. The possibility of opposition by Democratic Senators, the hostility of Republican Senators, which was not merely partisan, but in certain quarters tinged with bitter personal hatred of the President, was to be anticipated and minimized.

The President's two trips abroad were a mistake, at least, in that they encouraged those of his critics who assailed him as an autocrat and supreme egotist stubbornly bent upon doing the whole business in his own way. The nation was entitled to the services in the peace negotiations of its best talent — men strongly established in public confidence. Mr. Wilson paid dearly for his inability to recognize this. His own appearance at Versailles conveyed a false impression of his powers, and the effect at home was to cause uneasiness among many who had most cordially supported him.

The hovering figure of Colonel House has been a constant irritation to a public uninformed as to the training or experience that set him apart for preferment. In sending from the home-bound ship an invitation to the august Foreign Relations Committee to gather at the White House at an hour appointed and hear the good news that a League was in prospect, the President once more displayed a lamentable ignorance of human nature. His attitude was a trifle too much like that of a parent returning from a journey and piquing the curiosity of his household by a message conveying the glad tidings that he was bringing presents for their delight. There are one hundred millions of us, and we are not to be managed in this way.

Colonel Roosevelt might have done precisely these things and 'got away with it.' Many thousands would have

said it was just like him, and applauded. The effect of Mr. Wilson's course was to precipitate a prolonged battle over the League and leave it high in the air. It hovers over the present campaign like a toy balloon floating within reach of languid and indifferent spectators. In that part of the country with whose feelings and temper on public matters I may pretend to some knowledge, I do not believe that anyone cares greatly about it. The moment it became a partisan question, it lost its vitality as a moral issue that promised peace and security to America and all the world. Our attitude with respect to the League has added nothing to the nation's dignity; rather, by our wobbly course in this matter we have done much to weaken the case for world-democracy. Its early acceptance, with reservations that would have stilled the cry of denationalization, would have made it an achievement on which the Democratic party might have gone to the people with satisfaction and confidence. Even considered as an experiment of dubious practicability, it would have been defensible at least as an honest attempt to blunt the sword of the war-god. The spirit in which we associated ourselves with the other powers that resisted the Kaiser's attempt to bestride the world like a Colossus needed for its complete expression the further effort to make a repetition of the gigantic struggle impossible.

As a people we are strongly aroused and our imagination quickened by anything that may be viewed in a glow of spirituality; and a scheme of peace-insurance already in operation would have proved a dangerous thing to attack. But the League's moral and spiritual aspects have been marred or lost. The patience of the people has been exhausted by the long debate about it, and the pettiness and insin-

cerity, the contemptible evasion and hair-splitting, that have marked the controversy over what is, in its purpose and aim, a crystallization of the hope of mankind in all the ages. Such a League might fail; certainly its chance of success is vastly decreased by America's refusal to participate.

VI

In the cool airs of the North, Smith and I have honestly tried to reduce the League situation to intelligible terms. Those voters who may feel constrained to regard the election as a referendum of the League will do well to follow our example in pondering the speeches of acceptance of the two candidates. Before these words are read, both Governor Cox and Senator Harding will doubtless have amplified their original statements, but these are hardly susceptible of misinterpretation as they stand. Mr. Harding's utterance is in effect a motion to lay on the table, to defer action to a more convenient season, and take it up *de novo*. Governor Cox, pledging his support to the proposition, calls for the question. Mr. Harding defines his position thus:—

With a Senate advising, as the Constitution contemplates, I would hopefully approach the nations of Europe and of the earth, proposing that understanding which makes us a willing participant in the consecration of nations to a new relationship, to commit the moral forces of the world, America included, to peace and international justice, still leaving America free, independent, and self-reliant, but offering friendship to all the world.

If men call for more specific details, I remind them that moral committals are broad and all-inclusive, and we are contemplating peoples in the concord of humanity's advancement. From our own viewpoint the programme is specifically American, and we mean to be American first, to all the world.

Mr. Cox says, 'I favor going in'; and meets squarely the criticism that the Democratic platform is not explicit as to reservations. He would 'state our interpretations of the Covenant as a matter of good faith to our associates and as a precaution against any misunderstanding in the future,' and quotes from an article of his own, published in the *New York Times* before his nomination, these words:—

In giving its assent to this treaty, the Senate has in mind the fact that the League of Nations which it embodies was devised for the sole purpose of maintaining peace and comity among the nations of the earth and preventing the recurrence of such destructive conflicts as that through which the world has just passed. The coöperation of the United States with the League, and its continuance as a member thereof, will naturally depend upon the adherence of the League to that fundamental purpose.

He proposes an addition to the Covenant of some such paragraph as this:—

It will, of course, be understood that in carrying out the purpose of the League, the government of the United States must at all times act in strict harmony with the terms and intent of the United States Constitution, which cannot in any way be altered by the treaty-making power.

There is no echo here of the President's uncompromising declaration that the Covenant must be accepted precisely as he presented it. To the lay mind there is no discernible difference between a reservation and an interpretation, when the sole purpose in either case would be to make it clear to the other signatories, through the text of the instrument itself, that we could bind ourselves in no manner that transcended the Constitution.

Smith is endowed with a talent for condensation, and I cheerfully quote the result of his cogitations on the platforms and the speeches of the

candidates. 'The Republican Senators screamed for reservations, but when Hiram showed symptoms of kicking out of the traces, they pretended that they never wanted the League at all. But to save their faces they said maybe some time when the sky was high and they were feeling good they would shuffle the deck and try a new deal. Cox is for playing the game right through on the present layout. If you're keen for the League of Nations, your best chance of ever seeing America sign up is to stand on Cox's side of the table.'

Other Smiths, not satisfied with his analysis and groping in the dark, may be grateful for the leading hand of Mr. Taft. The former President was, in his own words, 'one of the small group who, in 1915, began the movement in this country for the League of Nations and the participation of the United States therein.' Continuing, he said, in the *Philadelphia Ledger* of August 1:—

Had I been in the Senate, I would have voted for the League and Treaty as submitted; and I advocated its ratification accordingly. I did not think and do not now think that anything in the League Covenant as sent to the Senate would violate the Constitution of the United States, or would involve us in wars which it would not be to the highest interest of the world and this country to suppress by universal boycott, and if need be, by military force.

In response to a question whether, this being his feeling, he would not support Mr. Cox, Mr. Taft made this reply:—

No such issue as the ratification of the League of Nations as submitted can possibly be settled in the coming election. Only one third of the Senate is to be elected and but fifteen Republican Senators out of forty-nine can be changed. There remain in the Senate, whatever the result of the election, thirty-three Republicans who have twice voted against the ratification of the League without the Lodge reservations. Of the fifteen retiring Republicans, many

are certain of reflection. Thirty-three votes will defeat the League.

Smith, placidly fishing, made the point that a man who believed in a thing would vote for it even though it was a sure loser, and asked where a Democratic landslide would leave Mr. Taft. When I reminded him that he had drifted out of the pellucid waters of political discussion and snagged the boat on a moral question, he became peevish and refused to fish any more that day.

The League is the paramount issue, or it is not; you can take it, or leave it alone. The situation may be wholly changed when Mr. Root, to whom the Republican League plank is attributed, reports the result of his labors in organizing the International Court of Arbitration. Some new proposal for an association of nations to promote or enforce peace would be of undoubted benefit to the Republicans, in case they find their negative position difficult to maintain.

The platforms and speeches of acceptance present, as to other matters, nothing over which neighbors need quarrel. As to retrenchment, labor, taxation, and other questions of immediate and grave concern, the promises of both candidates are fair enough. They both clearly realize that we have entered upon a period that is likely to witness a strong pressure for modifications of our social and political structure. Radical sentiment has been encouraged, or at least tolerated, in a disturbing degree by the present administration. However, there is nothing in Mr. Cox's record as governor or in his expressed views to sustain any suspicion that he would temporize with the forces of destruction. The business of democracy is to build, not to destroy; to help, not to hinder. We have from both candidates much the same assurances of sympathy with the posi-

tion held nowadays by all straight-thinking men — that industrial peace, concord, and contentment can be maintained only by fair dealing and goodwill among all of us for the good of all.

From their public utterances and other testimony we are not convinced that either candidate foreshadows a stalwart Saul striding across the hills on his way to the leadership of Israel. Mr. Harding shows more poise — more caution and timidity, if you will; Mr. Cox is a more alert and forthright figure, far likelier to strike 'straight at the grinning Teeth of Things.' He is also distinctly less careful of his speech. He reminds the Republicans that 'McKinley broke the fetters of our boundary lines, spoke the freedom of Cuba, and carried the torch of American idealism to the benighted Philippines' — a proud boast that must have pained Mr. Bryan. In the same paragraph of his speech of acceptance we are told that 'Lincoln fought a war on the purely moral question of slavery' — a statement that must ring oddly in the ears of Southerners brought up in the belief that the South fought in defense of state sovereignty. These may not be inadvertences, but a courageous brushing-away of old litter; he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

VII

Smith rose from his morning dip with the joyful countenance of a diver who has found a rare pearl. We were making progress, he said; he thought he had got hold of what he called the God's truth of the whole business. What those fellows did at Chicago and San Francisco was to cut the barbed-wire entanglements in no man's land, so that it does n't make much difference on which side of the battle-line we find ourselves on election day. The parties have unwittingly flung a chal-

lenge to the independent voter. An extraordinary opportunity is presented to citizens everywhere to scrutinize with unusual care their local tickets and vote for the candidates who promise the best service. As Smith put it, we ought to be able to scramble things a good deal. Keep the bosses guessing: this he offered as a good slogan for the whole Smith family. In our own Indiana we would pick and choose, registering, of course, our disapproval of Senator Watson as a post-graduate of the Penrose School, and voting for a Democrat for governor because Governor Goodrich's administration has been a continuous vaudeville of error and confusion, and the Democratic candidate, a gentleman heretofore unknown in politics, talks common sense in folksy language.

We finally concluded as to the presidency that it came down to a choice of men tested by their experience, public acts, and the influences behind them. The imperative demand is for an efficient administration of the Federal Government. The jobs must be given to big men of demonstrated capacity. Undoubtedly Mr. Harding would have a larger and more promising field to draw upon. If it were possible for Mr. Cox to break a precedent and state, with the frankness of which he seems capable, the order of men he would assemble for his counselors and administrators, he would quiet an apprehension that is foremost in the minds of an innumerable company of hesitating voters. Fear of a continuance of Mr. Wilson's indulgent policy toward mediocrity and a repetition of his refusal to seek the best help the nation offered (until compelled to call upon the expert dollar-a-year man to meet the exigencies of war) is not a negligible fac-

tor in this campaign, and Mr. Cox, if he is wise, will not ignore it.

The manner of Mr. Harding's nomination by the Senatorial cabal, whose influence upon his administration is hardly a speculative matter, invites the consideration of progressive Republicans who rankle under two defeats fairly chargeable to reactionary domination. It was apparent at Chicago that the Old Guard had learned nothing and would risk a third consecutive defeat rather than accept any candidate not of their choosing. Mr. Harding's emphasis upon his belief in party government, as distinguished from personal government — obviously a slap at Mr. Wilson — is susceptible of an unfortunate interpretation, as Mr. Cox was quick to see. If the Republican candidate means submission to organization chiefs, or to such a group as now controls the Senate and the party, his declaration is not reassuring.

If Smith, in his new mood of independence, votes for Mr. Cox, and I, not a little bitter that my party in these eight years has failed to meet my hopes for it, vote for Mr. Harding, which of us, I wonder, will best serve America?

With renewed faith and hope we packed our belongings and made ready for our return to the world of men. Having settled the nation's affairs, and being on good terms with our consciences, we turned for a last look at the camp before embarking. Smith took the platforms and the speeches of acceptance of the candidates for president and vice-president of the United States, affixed them firmly to a stone, and consigned them without ceremony to the deep. The fish had been naughty, he said, and he wanted to punish them for their bad manners.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AS AN INSTRUMENT OF LIBERALISM

BY RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

I

THE attack on the League of Nations in the United States comes, oddly enough, from two widely separate points of view. According to one of these, the League is anathema because it is supposed to represent the denial of nationalism—‘the repudiation of the time-honored principles of Washington, Jefferson and Monroe,’ to use the words of the Republican platform. The disciples of this theory, therefore, would willingly adopt the Treaty of Versailles except for the fact that it contains the Covenant of the League; and they are frankly embarrassed because the inextricable relationship between the Treaty and the Covenant makes impossible the conclusion of peace with Germany on the basis of terms which they generally approve.

According to the other point of view, any plan of international coöperation is a step forward, and the Covenant of the League of Nations is a consummation devoutly to be wished, except for the fact that it is interwoven with the Treaty of Versailles, which is held to be wholly vicious. The followers of this theory, therefore, are opposing the League because its adoption means the adoption of the Treaty.

In a word, one attack upon the League is from the standpoint of conservative nationalism; the other is from the standpoint of liberal internationalism. The first group would willingly keep the last 414 articles of the Treaty,

if the first 26, on the League, could be eliminated. The second would willingly accept the first 26 articles, on the League, if these were not inextricably associated with what they regard as the iniquities of the last 414.

It is the purpose of this paper to discuss the second of these two attacks. Less attention has been paid to the dissatisfaction of the liberals than the seriousness of their criticism deserves. For it cannot be denied that, when the political furore created by the issue of nationalism *versus* internationalism subsides, and the desire of the United States becomes evident to coöperate in some relationship with the League of Nations, a question of momentous importance will still stare us in the face: quite apart from the reservations which it may attach to its approval of the Covenant of the League, shall the United States accept the Treaty of Versailles, with all the gross injustices which its enemies charge against it?

That many of these injustices are real, that the Treaty is marred by clauses of supreme unwisdom, cannot be denied by anyone who followed the work of the Paris Conference and who knows the forces that are moving in Europe to-day. It is foolish to blink at the facts. Instead of pursuing a healing policy of reconciliation, of ‘charity for all,’ which alone was worthy of the vast agony of war and of that great army of dead who fought for a better world, the

Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties of liquidation reflect too much the spirit of vengeance. They mirror the bitterness, the passion, and the exaggerated fears of those trying months which immediately followed the Armistice. The bill of particulars for this general indictment has been presented too often to need repetition. Shantung is by no means the only item. The Fourteen Points, on the basis of which the German nation agreed to lay down its arms, and to which the Allies were bound by promises of a solemn character, were in part distorted and in part ignored. The Reparations clauses — taken in conjunction with similar clauses in the other treaties — represent a deliberate attempt to strangle the industrial and economic life of Central Europe, reducing her to servitude for a generation. They leave the hundred million people of the beaten races, including Magyars and Bulgars, with no real hope for the future except through revenge, and no inducement to become willing members of a new system of peace. Austria, indeed, is reduced to impotence and penury, and a specific barrier is erected against the only measure that can save her from dissolution — union with Germany. The Saar Valley settlement is an experiment of questionable validity, containing the seeds of probable future strife. The annexation by Italy of the Southern Tyrol has nothing to justify it except military expediency. The inclusion within the limits of Czecho-Slovakia of three million Germans is a measure which, like the partition of Hungary and the international control of the rivers of Germany, cannot easily be defended. There are many points in the treaties which can be explained only on the basis of vindictiveness, bad judgment, and unwise compromise.

Perhaps the most amazing fact about the Senate debate during this last fall

and winter is that in all that welter of discussion scarcely a single voice was raised in condemnation of these reactionary sections of the Treaty. Shantung, to be sure, figured occasionally in the controversy — more perhaps as a result of latent anti-Japanese feeling in America than as an expression of outraged liberalism. But as to the other sections that merited disapproval, there was no senator who dared to condemn them. Indeed, the two outstanding instances — Fiume and Thrace — in which President Wilson made a determined fight against national selfishness and imperialism brought him and have continued to bring him, nothing but abuse and censure from the Republican senators. Some of them even condemned his successful efforts in thwarting the French design to hold the left bank of the Rhine in perpetuity. Theirs was a creed of vengeance. To the victors belonged the spoils. Germany and her Allies deserved their medicine and the Treaty was none too strong — that was the accepted philosophy of the Senate, and it vied with the Paris Conference in glorifying the Carthaginian peace. It was only in regard to the 'internationalism' of the League of Nations and the conduct of the President in relation to their own body that they raised their voices in protest. The liberalism of Lincoln's second inaugural, of Wilson's 1918 addresses before he went to Europe, and of Smuts's valedictory in Paris, they threw contemptuously aside, even if they understood what it meant.

II

Out of this situation arises a dilemma for which there is no easy solution. If we accept the Treaty of Versailles, we accept all its weaknesses; if we reject it, we reject the League of Nations. Confronted with this choice, a relatively large and influential body of American

liberal opinion has elected to oppose the Treaty and all its works. The men and women representing this decision feel that upon such a document no sound or permanent peace can be built, and that the present inextricable relationship between the Treaty and the League will drag down the latter to an inevitable doom. Indeed, these liberals — I use the designation which they give themselves — believe that the League is, or will shortly become, merely the agency for enforcing the vicious terms of the Treaty — a twentieth-century Holy Alliance — a creature of European imperialism to carry out its sinister purposes. The League will not wag the Treaty, but the Treaty will wag the League — this is their proclaimed belief. They therefore advocate a new international conference and a new peace, with a League of Nations on more solid and more enduring foundations. Only as final peace is based on justice can a society of nations hope to succeed. Therefore, let us be sure of our basis before we begin to build.

A considerable degree of plausibility attaches to this point of view. If the Treaty is not right, why not make it right? If the substructure is faulty, why not correct it now? If mistakes were made in the heat and confusion of 1919, why is it not the part of wisdom to re-write the whole treaty in the calmer atmosphere of 1920? To Americans, this point of view comes with peculiar force.

But the suggestion is utterly without practicability, and those who advocate it are chasing a rainbow. Decisions between nations, involving the settlement of vast social and economic questions, cannot be undone at a moment's notice; nor can the complicated machinery of the Treaty of Versailles, with all the impetus which it has gained in the last eight months, be scrapped at the nod of a group of statesmen. For it must not be forgotten that the Treaty of Ver-

sailles is now in effect; its roots have already struck deep into the life of the world; in large measure its provisions have been executed. It has been directly ratified by twenty-seven nations and indirectly indorsed by thirteen others, embracing in all hundreds of millions of people. A score of commissions which it created are now engaged in tracing boundaries, in holding plebiscites, in governing new territories, in establishing international courts, and in settling claims to river-craft, rolling-stock, mines, and other properties. The new nations for which the Treaty is the charter of independence have set up their governments, and are now in full operation, with their parliaments, their laws, and their officers. Thousands of square miles of territory have changed hands and are flying new flags. Four great autocracies have been disarmed, and the menace of Central Europe, so far as physical force is concerned, has been dissipated. A great labor tribunal has been set up, and new conventions and standards have been adopted which place international labor relations upon a wholly novel footing; and through this machinery the workers and labor-groups have secured an advantage they will never willingly surrender.

Moreover, as Mr. Hoover has pointed out, the Treaty embraces a vast network of economic relations which in the eight months of its existence has become the chart and compass for industrial Europe — not only for the former belligerents, but for the neutrals as well. The Treaty forms the basis of tariff and customs regulations, trade-agreements, international communications, and all the interwoven, complex detail of commercial relations. It is not an academic question relating to the future. It is a vital element which has become the very life of Europe. To attempt to get the world to retrace its steps back to the Armistice of 1918, and begin all over

again, is the height of absurdity. The clock cannot be set back. The slate cannot be wiped clean. No sponge can erase the record which has been written since the Armistice in letters of fire.

Particularly unhappy is the suggestion of these liberals that America should take the lead in summoning a new conference. They do not realize that America long ago forfeited her leadership — that months ago she lost all the influence that she had gained by her splendid achievement in the war. The insulting character of the Senate debate; the provocative tone of the reservations; our belief that the obligations contracted by Mr. Wilson on behalf of the United States could be lightly repudiated, because they represented 'the mistaken voice of America, spoken in unheeding haste,' — to use Senator Harding's phrase; our repeated assertions that Europe would have to take us on our own terms or not at all; our willingness to trade on Europe's necessity; the continuous taunts at Europe's helplessness by such men as Senators Johnson and Reed; our easy assumption of 'moral superiority,' and our willingness to back it up with 'the biggest navy in the world' — such things as these have cut deep into the consciousness of Europe and have left a bitterness which cannot be measured. The countries of Europe are by no means agreed in their opinion of each other, but they are united in their opinion of America. The United States is therefore the last nation whose suggestion for a new conference would be acceptable to the other nations of the world.

But even if our influence were to-day as potent as it was in 1918, do our liberal friends imagine that at our behest forty other nations, representing three quarters of the people of the globe, would reverse their action in ratifying the Treaty of Versailles and accept the kind of peace which we particularly de-

sire? Even if the economic and social currents of the world made such a step possible, would the other nations stultify themselves to please America? Would they willingly undo a settlement which, whatever else it was, constituted at least the liquidation of a condition which threatened the break-up of civilization? Would they consent to let loose upon the world the savage forces which the Treaty of Versailles has, temporarily at least, held in check? These practical questions, in regard to whose answers there can be no possible doubt, have escaped the attention of our liberals in their determined hunt for Utopia.

But, assuming that the other nations were willing to scrap the Treaty of Versailles and send representatives to a new conference, what warrant is there for believing that the product of their deliberations would be any improvement on the document that was drawn up in Paris? It is here that our liberal friends show the lack of a sense of history. Reactions have followed all great upheavals. Illiberalism is the inevitable aftermath of war. The Hundred Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, the Napoleonic wars, all were succeeded by waves of bitter conservatism in which forward-looking ideas were drowned. To this general rule this last great war has proved no exception. In England, in France, in Italy, in the United States, the forces of reaction are in the saddle. The condition of our political parties in America and the character of the present campaign are indications enough of the illiberal trend of current public thought and of the tremendous swing of the pendulum toward conservative extremes.

In such a world-wide environment, what chance would liberalism have at a new peace conference? Rather, such a conference would play into the hands of tory influences everywhere. The nations which feel, as France does, that

the Treaty of Versailles robbed them of legitimate spoils, would make sure in this new gathering that no Wilson and no Fourteen Points, impotent in many cases as they had proved to be, should stand between them and the fulfillment of their imperialistic ambitions. Out of such a conference would come no forward-looking idealism such as prompted the labor clauses of the Treaty of Versailles; no principle of mandates as the basis of a new colonial policy; no consideration for small nations; no plebiscites; no guaranties to minority peoples; no League of Nations — nothing, indeed, but sinister purpose and unashamed greed, riveted by a treaty in which all pretense of liberalism would be swept aside.

III

Our liberal friends have chosen the wrong horn of the dilemma. Their proposed solution is an impossible one. In building for the future we must start with what we have, unless we hope for some cataclysm to clear the ground for us. In the absence of revolution, evolution is the inevitable method of social change. Let us, therefore, be honest with ourselves: the only approach to international order is through the Treaty of Versailles; the only hope for the future is in the modification of that treaty. With the liberal forces of the world behind it, the League of Nations can become the instrument of modification.

At this point the liberals smile derisively. 'Look at the League of Nations,' they cry. 'It is in leading-strings, held by such reactionaries as Lord Curzon in England and Millerand in France. And look at the condition of silent impotence in which it is placed by the Supreme Council. Its imperial masters allow it to do nothing important or say nothing worth while. It evades all the critical issues with which, by the terms of its Covenant, it should grapple. It is

helpless, spineless, and contemptible — the embodiment of official cant.'

Part of this indictment is unfortunately true. The League is overshadowed by the Supreme Council, and the deliberations at Hythe, San Remo, and Spa have had far more influence on international relations than the polite and shadowy gatherings at St. James's Palace. There seems to be a reluctance on the part of the Elder Statesmen of Europe to part with the Supreme Council — a disposition to maintain for its exclusive consideration the more important of the political problems. Under this influence the League has missed two or three golden opportunities for establishing itself as a potent factor in the world's affairs. It stood idly by when the French seized Frankfort-on-Main. Although open war was waged between Russia and Poland for months after the League came into being, it took no step to define or reconcile the quarrel. The attack of Russia upon Persia won only the reluctant and timid consideration of the League's Council; and in a meeting in which the Persian representative was the butt of Lord Curzon's pompous arrogance, a 'formula' was discovered which offended and profited nobody.

On the other hand, the argument of Mr. Lloyd George is not without some weight. 'We must not imagine,' he said in a frank talk with a protesting labor delegation, 'that the League is dead because it has not in its babyhood suddenly become a full-armed giant, holding down all the forces of disorder and the monster of militarism. To attempt now to force it into the full fruition of all its hopes might destroy it.' More persuasive was Mr. Balfour in his recent speech in the House of Commons in which he pointed out that the indirect weapons with which the League is equipped — delay, discussion, public opinion, commercial boycott, and arbi-

tration — are designed to meet crises in a world normally at peace rather than to rescue a world in chaos. They constitute an admirable equipment with which to weather a squall or a storm, but they afford little opportunity for headway in a hurricane. The machinery that could have averted the tragedy of 1914 has a limited application to the world-upheaval of 1920.

However, when all the arguments are in, it will have to be admitted that the League has not got away on as good a start as its friends had hoped for, and that, to some degree at least, it has been elbowed aside to make way for the trading and dickering of the Supreme Council. The consequence, as might be expected, is a growing cleavage between the two bodies and their respective lines of policy. This is a point of deep significance. While the personnel of the two councils is to some extent interlocking, the environment of the two bodies, the points of view from which they carry on their work, and their ultimate sanctions are widely different. The Supreme Council is the creature of the reactionary governments that are now ruling the destinies of Europe. Its motive is vengeance rather than reconciliation, punishment rather than redemption. It gives the impression of wanting to exact its pound of flesh though Europe be pulled to pieces. It is too largely the instrument of Millerand and Foch, with Lloyd George acting as a curb on their aggressive militarism, not from stern principle, it must be admitted, but chiefly because the liberalism of the English Labor Party is strong enough to compel his careful attention. In a word, the Supreme Council is dominated in large degree by national selfishness and egotism. The League of Nations, on the other hand, has its roots in a popular support far deeper and firmer than shifting governments. To the peasant in France, with the horror of the

war seared in his memory, it represents the symbol of a new hope. To the worker, its labor office, under the leadership of Albert Thomas, is the promise of a better fortune. The League stands for disarmament, for peace, for international justice, for the protection of backward peoples, for a better standard of living, for the relief of suffering, for the fight against disease, and for all the other forward-looking policies bound up in the longings of mankind for a better world — policies which the *people* everywhere in Europe, as distinguished from their governments and leaders, are unwaveringly supporting. The people understand the League; at least they know what it aims to accomplish. They do not understand the Supreme Council, and they are suspicious of its motives.

While the Supreme Council, therefore, has the support of conservatism and reaction, the liberal forces of Europe are on the side of the League, and from them the League has taken its tone and color. Only one who has been intimately associated with the League's affairs can know how real has been the struggle, not only to keep it free of vicious entanglements, but to make it the instrument of those coöperative policies which embrace the welfare of peoples. The Secretariat, which is the League's permanent body of experts, and which naturally has a deep influence in the determination of its course, is pledged to the principle that the League shall not become merely the agency for enforcing the Treaty of Versailles; and in all the plans of the League and in the creation of the machinery through which it works, it has consciously endeavored to cut itself loose from association with the mistakes and the politics of the Paris Conference. It has fought, and thus far successfully, the attempt of a section of the French party to foist on it the responsibility for managing the Reparations Commission. It has resisted the

proposition that its machinery should be used to try Germany's 'war-criminals.' It has declined to employ its facilities in establishing title to conquered territory or in fixing new boundaries. It has evaded many another task in connection with the enforcement of the treaties which would have given it irrevocably the character of an alliance of victorious powers.

More than once the present writer represented the interests of the League of Nations at the later conferences in Paris, as a sort of 'lobbyist,' to make sure that particular clauses which would have saddled the League with undesirable responsibilities were not inserted in the Austrian and Bulgarian treaties. Where the treaties have conferred definite tasks upon the League, notably the governing of the Saar Basin and of Dantzig, the work has been undertaken in a spirit and with a personnel that should win the approval of liberals everywhere. It has been clean-cut and impartial, divorced from all attempts to make it serve the selfish interests of particular nations. In brief, the League has been fighting for its own soul, for its own integrity; and while thus far, because of the overshadowing importance of the Supreme Council, it is chargeable with sins of omission, no sins of commission mar its record. Its achievement in influencing the tides of political events may not as yet bulk large, but the work it has undertaken has been honest and sincere.

This work is far more extensive, too, and far more vital than most people imagine. The progress which it is making toward a rational plan of disarmament is real and positive, as shown by the recent conferences at San Sebastian; and the time is not far distant when a programme of disarmament will be ready for the consideration of the nations of the world. The San Sebastian conference, moreover, saw a substantial advance in the application of

the principle of mandates to the territories and peoples freed from German and Turkish rule. The fulfillment of the terms of these mandates, and the launching of these great areas under the administration of nations serving as 'the trustees of civilization,' are now only a matter of time and detail.

Much of the League's present activity is related to tasks that are distinctly humanitarian. Single-handed on the eastern frontier of Europe, with financial support provided by its thirty-three members, the League is fighting the epidemic of typhus. It has thrown itself into the breach to protect mankind everywhere from a horror which only those who know Poland and Esthonia can appreciate. Similarly the League has undertaken, through Dr. Nansen, the repatriation of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war who, two years after the Armistice, are still detained in enemy countries. In Russia and Siberia alone there are 275,000 such men, isolated from their homes and families only because facilities of transportation are lacking. It is estimated that, before the arrival of winter, the League will be successful in returning 100,000 of these men to their own countries, having fed them and clothed them in transit. The League, moreover, has taken up an active campaign against the opium traffic on the lines laid down in the Covenant. This campaign and the similar campaign which it is waging against the traffic in women and girls are of international concern and can be fought to a successful conclusion only through international coöperation.

If anyone wonders why the League of Nations should give its attention to this kind of non-political activity, the answer is that it is precisely in line with the purposes for which the League was established. Its primary function is to lead in the fight on the common enemies of mankind. Its duties will inevit-

ably be more non-political than political, more creative than negative, with greater emphasis upon the welfare of peoples than upon the rivalries of states. In fighting typhus in Poland and in returning thousands of war-prisoners to their homes, the League is harnessing international coöperation, to further, not the selfish interests of classes or countries, but the common good.

Moreover, in all this supplementary activity to which the League is giving so much of its present attention, it is establishing the precedents — ‘getting the *feel*’ — of international coöperation in the pursuit of a common object. Every step that it takes, however halting, every decision reached as a result of frank discussion, is a definite advance toward ultimate world-peace. Just as the government of the United States after 1789 felt its way forward slowly and cautiously, gaining in strength and confidence with each new step, so the League of Nations is developing its abilities and powers on matters which may appear to some observers comparatively inconsequential, in the hope and belief that when the great problems of the future press for solution, and the issue is a world at peace or a world at war, it may meet its responsibilities with weight and stature fully matured.

What have the self-styled liberals of America been doing to assist in this forward-looking programme? What measure of help have they given the League in its first struggles? To the shame of those who call themselves by this name, let it be recorded that they joined forces with the reactionaries in the Senate, and because the League was not as perfect as its best friends could have wished, they gave aid to those of its enemies who would strangle it because of its ‘internationalism.’ They condemned it in advance, without a hearing, without waiting to see whether it could or would be a progressive instrument of

human welfare. They gave their whole attention to the obvious flaws in the treaties which underlay it, obstinately shutting their eyes to the possibilities of correcting them. They have spent their energies in futile lamentation over the past, in morbid analysis of the Paris Conference, in critical discussion of the conduct and temperament of Mr. Wilson. And now, having done their utmost to wreck the League by preventing the United States from joining it, they point fingers of scorn at its limping gait, and prophesy for it an evil end.

The inconsistency, indeed the presumption, of this last attitude is little short of amazing. More than any other single factor, the failure of the United States to join the League has handicapped its first months. Mr. Balfour spoke the exact truth when, in a recent utterance in the House of Commons, he said that the countries which used the League as an instrument in their own party warfare ‘must bear the responsibility of destroying the most promising effort in the direction of the renewal of civilization which mankind has yet made.’ We are the only great, disinterested nation that could have brought detachment and vision to the League’s deliberations. With America sitting at its council board, the reactionary elements of Europe would never have cared or dared to trifle with it. Long before this we could have stabilized it and made it the one great impersonal force in the adjustment of international relations. With our aid, particularly with the liberal spirit which America generally displays in foreign affairs, and which she invariably shows when a situation is fully understood, many of the decisions that in these later months have fallen under the influence of the Supreme Council could have been made to follow the course of wisdom and common sense, with some consideration of the future consequences of to-day’s

selfish and vindictive policies. What our liberals apparently have not grasped is the fact that American liberalism has the same burden of responsibility in humanizing the new arrangements of the world as the liberalism of any other country. If we insist on leaving the game, we have no justification for criticizing the participants.

And yet this figure gives the exact position of America to-day. From considerations of self-interest, we have declined to add our resources and our peculiar abilities to the settlement of the world's affairs. We have drawn the skirts of our virtue about us to avoid contamination. We have imperiled the existence of the League by making it a mere tool in our party warfare, an excuse for political differences. In the name of good taste, therefore, and for the sake of what little remains of the respect in which other nations hold us, let those who speak for America or American liberalism speak from a contrite heart and keep their moral precepts for themselves!

IV

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note the plans of European liberalism as to the use and future of the League of Nations. He would be a bold prophet who would forecast with assurance the course of events in Europe. There are many who hold that the disruptive political and economic influences which the war has released and which now loom so threateningly and ominously will in the end prove more powerful than any cohesive forces which can be marshaled in opposition, and that revolution and chaos on a wide scale are inevitable. If this is an accurate forecast, a league of nations that had learned at least the rudiments of international co-operation and had behind it some measure of confidence, some tradition of common action, and some ideal of dis-

interested public service, would seem to be indispensable if the world is to be saved from utter collapse. In such a period a league of nations might well be the staff with the aid of which a mired civilization could reach firmer ground. Surely in such a contingency some method or practice of international or interracial coöperation will be the only way out. What nations cannot do together they cannot do separately.

But one is not obliged to take so pessimistic a view of the future. While by no means exempt from decay and extinction, our civilization has an extraordinary virility, and has survived many a shattering blow before now. The tradition and habit of order are tough and hardy. Although the next five years will sternly test its powers of recuperation, one may believe with reason that society will withstand the present shock. To this period of adjustment and adaptation the League of Nations is bringing its plans for peace and reconciliation. Not only must it humanize the new arrangements as they mature, but it must see that no festering sore in the old arrangements remains. Too little attention has been given to Article XIX of the Covenant, which places upon the Assembly the responsibility of advising 'the reconsideration by members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.' This article was inserted to avoid rigidity in the final settlement; to leave the door open to change as change became desirable. It was prompted by the thought that the light of the post-Armistice period might seem darkness to a succeeding generation. Its effect is a permanent challenge to the *status quo*; it requires that international engagements shall continually justify themselves by contemporary standards. In

other words, the arrangements of the world are not fixed for all time by the Treaty of Versailles. The errors of the Paris Conference are not handed down as a permanent legacy of hate to our children's children; 1925 can escape from the bitterness and passion of 1919, and the dead hand of the past is robbed of control.

But our liberal friends are not satisfied. They point out that the Assembly can only 'advise' as to changes in treaties, and that presumably any nation could refuse to accept the advice. The potency of Article XIX, they claim, is vitiated by the unanimity requirement of Article V. Consequently there is no possibility of change, for the reason that the nations whom it disadvantageously affected would not consent to it. The grip of Italy on the Tyrol, of France on Germany through the Reparations Commission, and of Japan on Shantung, will therefore not be shaken.

It is true that the unanimity requirement as regards voting in the Council and the Assembly (without which the sovereignty of the member-states would have been jeopardized and the Covenant rejected by every nation of the world) impairs to some extent the operations of the League in effecting change in treaty arrangements.¹ Certainly it reduces the speed with which such changes can be brought about. But what the liberals have failed to appreciate is that the League of Nations has harnessed a new force in human affairs, far more potent in the long run than armies and navies. International public opinion, working through the definite machinery of a league, can command a prestige and an authority which no single nation would dare long to defy.

¹ Yet important innovations may be brought about in the future if special treaties adopt the principle, already adopted in the treaty with Poland (Article XII), that alterations may be effected by majority votes of the League.—THE AUTHOR.

Hitherto we have lacked machinery. We have had no way of focusing world-wide attention on specific wrongs and concrete remedies; no method by which the representatives of nations in common council could dramatize the existence of particular situations which threatened the good understanding of the world. With the opinion of mankind behind the League of Nations, and with the steadily increasing prestige which that body will attract, even difficulties like Shantung and the Tyrol can eventually be reconciled.

That unanimity of opinion and harmony in action are possible even when conflicting political and economic interests are involved is shown by the recently inaugurated Imperial conference of the British Empire, made up of the representatives of Great Britain and her dominions. Here no decisions are taken unless by unanimous agreement, but positive results are constantly reached because the members have grown accustomed, even when their interests are diametrically opposed, to come to conclusions that are based on mutual understanding and common benefit. A similar illustration of solidarity was given in the meetings of the International Labor Conference of the League of Nations, held in Washington in October, 1919. Here were gathered the representatives of government, capital, and labor from forty nations, to discuss such controversial questions as the eight-hour day, the employment of women before and after childbirth, and the minimum age for the admission of children to industrial undertakings. Although the Conference was marked by heated and often bitter discussion as the interests of the different groups clashed, unanimous votes were ultimately obtained for a series of progressive proposals and conventions which are destined to have a profound influence on the labor relations of the world.

No one pretends that the machinery of the League of Nations is without flaw. But with intelligent support it can be made immeasurably serviceable to the welfare of men. It can be used for whatever ends the peoples of the world agree in thinking desirable. With the forces of liberalism behind it, it can become an outstanding instrument of human progress, a new way of life for the world, instead of the old way of slaughter. The fathers of 1787 made no claim of perfection for the product of their

deliberations. They took the Constitution with all the concessions to sectional prejudice which it contained, and with devotion and patience they turned it into a mighty engine of progress. 'This instrument,' said Alexander Hamilton in 1788, in words singularly applicable to the present league, 'has some grievous defects, but it has also the possibilities of vast human usefulness. It would be idle to reject it for what it omits; rather let us accept it for what it promises.'

THE LATEST MEXICAN REVOLUTION

BY EUGENE E. ROVILLAIN

THE facts concerning the Revolution are known, and are instantly seized and commented on by eager thinkers trying to explain everything according to American thought and American ways. By a strange process, the subject which, at first, was preëminently Mexican, becomes an American one. Since no rational people would act, in similar circumstances, as the Mexican people do, the Anglo-Saxon writer sincerely believes that dark influences from without Mexico must have been at work.

The present writer watched closely the coming of the Revolution, saw it daily grow in power and strength, till it burst forth the very image of triumphant militarism.

We call it a revolution; it was, in fact, a schism between members of one political family, hitherto associated to prey upon a people of whom they talked much and thought little. If ever a revolution came from within, it was this one.

The army, which, after the downfall of Huerta, elevated Carranza to the Presidency, belonged to everybody else but himself. Even as soldiers go in Mexico where, in case of revolution, every lawyer is a general by right, Carranza was not a military man; stranger still, he never claimed to be one. With Villa eliminated, the army was in the hands of Murguía, Dieguez, Alvarado, Aguilar, and, foremost among all, Obregon and Pablo Gonzalez.

Jealous of one another, no one was powerful enough to impose his personality, however much he may have wished to rule. Carranza had been the outstanding figure of the Revolution, and, because he was not a general and they could not agree between themselves, they bolstered him up. The people at large did not care for him, for the revolutionary hordes had plundered, under his leadership, everything in and out of sight; yet he was thrust upon them.

Between army men who backed but did not like him and a people who did not want him, Carranza had a very hard time indeed. Obregon and Pablo Gonzalez looked to their own advantage, that of their friends and of the military class, while Carranza ruled in so far as he submitted to their wishes. His mind was firm, however; he gradually increased the power of other generals, played them against one another, profited by the rivalry created, and succeeded in imposing many of his views. He was a past master at that game, while his singleness of purpose and his strong will made of him a dangerous adversary. Yet Obregon and Gonzalez remained the most conspicuous figures in the politics of the nation. If some act of the President prodded the fiery Obregon to vehement protests or brought a more than amiable smile to Gonzalez's lips, Carranza went quickly to work. He would meet Obregon, speak of Obregon's glory, of his great victories, call him his son, whom alone he considered worthy to succeed him in the presidency; and the lion with the peacock feathers would roar out his fealty, the feathers rising on his back. Then, to cat-like Gonzalez, Carranza would wend his way, smile, kiss, and receive an answering smile and kiss. The diplomacy of Gonzalez would be exalted, his wonderful if wily ways of getting rid of Carranza's enemies touched upon, and Gonzalez's smile would grow. The difficulties of international politics, the need of a man such as Pablo Gonzalez to settle these questions when he, Carranza, should leave the presidency, would be discussed, Gonzalez's smile would broaden, and in soft purring tones Carranza would be assured of devotion.

While this went on, revolution, headed by former Huerta men, was still rampant over the land.

Other destructive forces were at

work, also. To succeed in 1914, Carranza had made many promises which, if kept, would have prevented any administration whatsoever from achieving harmony. The new Constitution, for example, gave to Mexican workingmen rights far above their real and industrial value; and, whatever its force may have been, the labor party went over to Carranza in his fight against Huerta. Once in power, Carranza was unable to satisfy the demands of the workingmen and to fulfill his engagements. This, added to the high cost of living, created a deep discontent among the working classes. The Revolution and the new Constitution had frightened the Europeans, who went away, saving what they could of their capital. Without money, without leadership, with no creative power of their own, the Mexicans remained passive, and produced so little that the industrial life of the nation was practically at a standstill. The banks, looted by Cabrera, the new finance minister, who prided himself on taking gold and silver 'wherever he found it,' were partly ruined and could not put the finances of the land on a sound basis. The railways were going to pieces. Agriculture kept on in a leisurely way; the increase in oil-taxes, alone, saved the nation from complete ruin. Schoolteachers remained entire months without pay, and the government employees received fictitious salaries. A heavy monthly percentage was taken from them to carry on, so it was said, 'urgent administrative works.' This tribute, of course, generally found its way to the pockets of impecunious friends of the Carranza administration. The discontent increased.

The men in power came to realize that the nation, poorer and poorer every day, would not tolerate them much longer. Something had to be done. This brings us to the second phase of

Carranza's political life: the attempt made to placate the classes whose interests had been put in jeopardy by the Carranza Revolution.

Churches and ecclesiastic establishments used as barracks by the Carranzists were given back, bishops and priests received better recognition and fairer treatment. Governors of the states were advised to be amiable and to make advances to the wealthy landowners. Political exiles were recalled, while the greater part of their properties was returned to them. These advances were, in the main, very coldly received; a certain number of exiles, however, took advantage of Carranza's offers and came back. They pledged him a lip-allegiance and remained his enemies as before; for hatred dies hard in the Mexican heart.

Satisfied with his fancied achievement, which was to cost him so dear, he tried to carry on the pacification of the country. But the generals, who profited by a state of unrest, seconded him half-heartedly, and he failed.

Then a new factor came into play. General Aguilar married one of Carranza's daughters and here, we may truthfully say, the trouble began. According to the best Mexican traditions, Aguilar should now become the most important man in Mexico; his political rise should be phenomenal. However, this was hardly possible, with an Obregon to roar out defiance and a Gonzalez to smile his dangerous smile. Both had been promised the presidency—one at a time, and at different moments, to be sure; but, despite this ludicrous situation, they were not men to be trifled with. Made a little dizzy by the sudden change that thrust him to the fore, Aguilar quickly realized how the opposition of these two thwarted his political ambition. He began to attack Obregon—the most noisy if not the most dangerous of his opponents.

From that time Aguilar had nothing to hope from Gonzalez, still less from Obregon. If one or the other were elected, his possessions, his influence, his life perhaps, would be in danger. He knew it, and, with his father-in-law and the camarilla that surrounded the latter, there was evolved a scheme to bar the way to the presidency to Obregon and Gonzalez.

That purpose was, of course, dissimulated under fine words and lofty purposes, to attract sentimentalists on the other side of the border. These well-meaning but uninformed persons, accustomed to civilizations of a higher type, judge the Mexicans according to Anglo-Saxon standards. They forget that eight tenths of the nation is made up of half-castes and Indians.

This may seem to be very hard on the former Mexican administration. Yet let those who considered Carranza an able and just ruler (who did not succeed in the regeneration of his country because greed and ambition, in and out of Mexico, prevented him) explain how Bonillas came to be chosen as a candidate to succeed him.

Bonillas was unknown in Mexico. He had spent the greater part of his life in the United States, and was said to speak English better than Spanish. He represented the Carranza administration at Washington, and Mexican public opinion believed, rightly or not, that American influence would have been supreme in Mexico if he had been elected. The hatred of every Mexican for anything which savors of 'Gringo' influence made of Bonillas the most unpromising candidate.

The foolishness of Carranza and his advisers in choosing such a candidate was more apparent than real. In fact it was craft, deep craft. No civilian could be imposed at such a time upon Mexico unless he had the backing of the army; and this could not be, with

Obregon and Gonzalez in the lists. Through governmental pressure, irresistible in a country where standards of education are low, the election of the civilian could be assured; but the revolution, headed by Obregon surely, by Gonzalez possibly, would then begin.

Carranza knew this, but his intention was to force Obregon into a premature revolution, and, in that case, he expected to be the winner. He understood that the choice of a civilian was bound to make a strong appeal to Anglo-Saxon minds. If, moreover, this civilian should be Bonillas, a fairly good and intelligent man, well known in Washington circles, the appeal would be stronger. A military revolution to oppose him might well arouse the sympathy of the American government in his and Carranza's behalf. If Carranza had, *as he believed*, the backing of a part of the population, the revolution was sure to be a protracted affair, and Washington, exasperated, would inquire into the motives of both parties. Bonillas, better known than any other man, had a chance to be kindly judged and discussed; moral help and some ammunition besides might have been offered, and he would have stepped into power. Then, as he had no personal following in the land and needed to be backed by Carranza's influence, he would have carried on the latter's politics and prepared the way for Carranza's son-in-law, Aguilar.

Such was the great plan of Carranza and of his camarilla. That plan might fail, — the opposition to Bonillas's candidacy might be too great to be overcome, the revolution itself too powerful, — but in that case nothing was lost. A secondary plan was decided upon, and many well-informed persons in Mexican politics considered it, at the time, as most agreeable to Carranza himself. The sympathies of Washington, assumed to be decidedly on the

side of Bonillas as opposed to 'the dark forces of militarism,' were to play a new part in it. The outside world would be advised that on account of the condition of the country the elections had to be postponed indefinitely. Carranza would submit to a sweet violence and stay indefinitely in power, to defend poor Mexico against the naughty men who wished to ruin it. The Mexican people, tired of revolutions which never benefit, would remain silent, and venerable Carranza, blessing his loving people, would keep on fleecing them with no protest from Washington.

These are the only reasons to be given for the choice of Bonillas; it is absolutely inexplicable in any other way. The revolution was purely an internal affair and, strange to say, came first and foremost from the governmental side. Could the plans be carried out, as they would have been, if cat-like Gonzalez had not stepped in at the last moment, Obregon would have been lost, the Aguilar and Carranza policy would have triumphed. Involved as this plot may sound, it came within a hair's breadth of success.

Carranza and his advisers missed some very important and vital points, however. They acted too soon, for the real army belonged either to Obregon or to Gonzalez. A new army, called 'Supreme Poderos' (Supreme Powers) and devoted to Carranza, was in the making, but, being too small in numbers, it could not be of very great help before the presidential elections. Carranza never realized how far most of the government employees were against him, the railroad men defiant, the laboring men sulky. His policy of conciliation, whatever he may have thought, did not work. The people, as a whole, were indifferent, a few hated him, many disliked him, none, or few, liked him.

For the pacification of the land, since he himself was not a general, he

had to rely upon chiefs of operation who did pretty much what they liked with the rebels, and often made agreements with them that redounded to their benefit and that of their immediate chiefs, Obregon and Pablo Gonzalez. As they knew little about Carranza, the former rebels, hiding their weapons, became staunch supporters of one or the other great general. Carranza and his partisans were not blind to the danger such secret agreements might bring, but they had not the force to oppose them. For that very reason, the progress toward pacification of the land, which looked so well on paper, was a myth.

The new civilian policy of Carranza was received with a smile in Mexico. The Mexicans, whatever else they may be, appreciate satire and irony; Bonillas will remember to his dying day the nicknames given him. But money was lavishly used, to bolster up the candidacy of Bonillas. Many of the governors of the states had been appointed by Carranza. The governors of Guanajuato, Guerrero, San Luis, Nuevo Leon, Tamaulipas, Puebla, were called to Mexico. Not only did they agree to stand by Bonillas, but they even called on the other governors to support him. Neither Obregon nor Pablo Gonzalez underestimated Carranza's power and wiles. As soon as they heard of the civilian candidacy, they realized the danger and sent in their resignations to the War Office. Obregon, losing no time, started to canvass the country. The government opposed him in every way: its adherents ridiculed him, Aguilar launched forth into violent diatribes against him, his political friends were attacked and imprisoned in many places, military men were forbidden to discuss politics. The latter order was not obeyed, and military men were among the most active and influential politicians.

The danger-point had been reached when Carranza set the match to the powder-cask. The far-off State of Sonora, birthplace of Obregon, was ready to a man to vote for him. That state had a militia and a constitution which permitted the governor to refuse entrance to large federal armies, except in case of war or revolution. It was not in revolution or at war; but Carranza justly feared that his opposition to Obregon, the great man of Sonora, might rouse the anger both of the state and the militia. He decided to send numerous federal troops to the far-away state, to ward off any possible trouble and, especially, to control the elections. Adolfo de la Huerta, Governor of Sonora, shouted defiance.

Obregon meanwhile had not been inactive in his political tour. Satisfied that the army was his in great majority, he sent fiery appeals to the labor party and workingmen at large, and, above all, to the railroad men, who would be most important in a revolution. Obregon made many promises, and serious strikes began throughout the land, in Mexico City, Puebla, Monterey, Vera Cruz, and Tampico. Carranza, worried, played his strongest card, and called Obregon back to Mexico City to disprove a charge which, if true, might cost him his life.

It happened that, not long before, a famous Puebla rebel, Roberto Cejudo, had laid down his arms and recognized the Carranza government. Strange to say, he was appointed general, and left in command of his former troops, to guard for Carranza the territory which he, for some years, had successfully defended against him. Cejudo had stopped harassing Carranza for a very simple reason — he had no more munitions. To assist him, in his new capacity, in pacifying the land, munitions were sent to him; but it was soon found out that he intended to revolt again.

Letters between him and Obregon were, so it was reported, discovered. Obregon was taken unaware, and had no time to put the finishing stroke to the intended revolution; he could not but obey Carranza's order. He came back to Mexico City, and presented himself before the judges to deny his complicity in the Cejudo affair. Everybody wondered if he would ever leave the city alive. According to Mexican political traditions, he should have been assassinated without delay. But Carranza hesitated and that hesitation cost him his life.

Events, meanwhile, moved rapidly forward. Troops and more troops were sent to the North, to be near Sonora. Governor de la Huerta called the militia to oppose them; the Revolution was on. This was bad news to Obregon. His position became critical. Through the complicity of railroad men, he escaped from Mexico City while surrounded by spies.

Some governors of states declared themselves for Sonora. Part of the army, in those states, went over to Obregon. Yet Carranza had quite a number of troops faithful to him, even in the rebellious states; friends and foes were so mixed that they did not know each other, and nowhere did the people take a hand either for or against the revolution. Obregon had been caught napping. He had followers everywhere, but they were scattered all about: the chiefs were at one place, the men at another, cut off by Carranza troops, doubtful troops, or shifty partisans of Gonzalez. Defections were numerous in the Carranza camp, but many men on whom Obregon had counted hesitated. Desultory warfare, undecisive in character, took place in the North. The revolution, such as it was, might last for years. The key to the situation had fallen from Carranza's and Obregon's grasp, to go into other hands.

Every eye in Mexico turned to Pablo Gonzalez — to cat-like, shifty Pablo Gonzalez, who had become the master of the hour. That enigmatic personage pawed his heavy moustache, purred, and smiled, and kissed, and was silent. During the events just recorded Gonzalez had worked, half-heartedly, it seems, to further his own candidacy. Never excited, he had swayed, as if hesitatingly, between the two parties, until each was convinced that he would eventually declare himself in its favor.

On Obregon's side were the greater part of the soldiers, many generals, the railroad men, the workingmen, the Indians, the discontented masses whom his fiery oratory and democratic ways had won.

On Bonillas's side were Carranza, his administrative officers and employees, with a few thousand soldiers and, above all, gold and American recognition.

Pablo Gonzalez had behind him fewer soldiers than Obregon, but more distinguished officers and older men; while what was left of the aristocracy, united with the Catholic party, followed him. This was a power to be reckoned with, representing, as it did, some of the best elements in the nation. Carranza recognized that fact and, prevailed upon by his frightened camarilla, sent Breceda, one of his favorites, to Gonzalez. A meeting took place at which both Bonillas and Gonzalez agreed to withdraw their candidacies and, if Obregon kept up the revolution, to unite their forces against him.

The next day the deal was called off. Gonzalez remembered that Bonillas had decided to withdraw his candidacy for the sake of his country, but he himself had done no such thing. Of course, he was a man of his word; and if Carranza gave him command over all the army and recognized him as a candidate later, he would do his duty, like the honest man he was.

Carranza answered not a word, and two days later Pablo Gonzalez found himself so very tired that he decided to go and rest at a little ranch he possessed outside of Mexico City. He went, and Carranza was lost.

In five days Pablo Gonzalez united all the forces south of Mexico City to the Zapatistas, took Puebla, and cut all communication between Carranza and Aguilar, his son-in-law, who had gone to Vera Cruz to recruit an army. General Aguilar, one of the most sinister influences responsible for the downfall of Carranza, was no more heard of in a military way.

With Puebla in the hands of Pablo Gonzalez, the understanding arrived at between that leader and Obregon was the knockout blow to the Carranza régime. From north to south, from east to west, all but a few who feared the vengeance of the revolutionaries, or whose fortune depended upon Carranza, shamefully deserted the old chief in his hour of need.

With 6000 troops, Carranza left Mexico and started toward Vera Cruz. He went to his death, a bad but a valiant man.

The very next day Gonzalez and his smile entered Mexico City, followed by the Zapatistas and the revolutionaries. The Carranza administration was no more; the military revolution had triumphed.

What happened to Carranza — the causes which, very probably, made of his assassination a foregone conclusion — may be explained later. How the former adversaries ruled the country jointly, smiling at each other, bowing to each other, yet hating each other, will be told in due time; but the aim of the writer is to explain the Revolution as he saw and understood it.

Months before the Revolution began, many Mexican officers told the

writer how and why it would come, and what its ending would be. Carranza and his advisers were blind to the fact that the country which had suffered so much from them supported them only for lack of better leaders, and because of that peculiar apathy so deeply rooted in the Mexican heart. The force of the so-called constitutional government of Carranza was based primarily on bayonets; if the army were moved, the régime would crumble. For a military government to carry on, without the help of public opinion, an anti-militaristic policy, was sheer madness. Actuated by unworthy motives, the Carranza administration committed suicide when it opposed an artificial civilian party to an organized army wishing, for no less unworthy motives, to retain in its hands the destinies of the nation. The army, made up of the worst and the most destructive elements in Mexico, had through revolutions acquired the preponderance of power and meant to keep it. However much such men as Obregon and Gonzalez might be divided by conflicting ambitions, they could do nothing else but unite when their position as leaders was threatened. There was not a military man, however unintelligent, who did not understand the danger to be run by his class if Carranza were to succeed; and the army, to a man, answered the call of its alarmed leaders.

Distrustful of both parties, the people remained neutral. The rôle of the public (taught by many long years of painful experience) is to suffer heavily at the hands of its self-styled liberators. A militaristic rebellion, selfish in character, dangerous for the near future, brought just retribution, however, to those who, in spite or ambition, had engendered it. Such was the deserved fate of Carranza and his advisers, guilty, one and all, of their country's blood.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN DEFENSE OF SCIENCE

GREAT is Science, and great is Man, the only animal that ever solved a quadratic equation. Mr. Ferrero, and the other backward-looking persons who look to religion, or common sense, or the like indefinite vapors, for the salvation of the world, are merely registering their inability to comprehend the signs of the times. They would never deny so cavalierly the civilizing power of Science, did they for a moment imagine the tremendous possibilities which it is my intention to set forth in this paper.

I refer, of course — as who does not? — to the Theory of Relativity. Everyone has read three or four popular explanations of this fascinating theory, and so is no doubt thoroughly familiar with its fundamental formulæ; for the sake of historical background, however, I will give a brief but rigidly scientific résumé of the five principal points.

A. Axiom: As we fly through the ether, the wind must blow in our face.

B. Einstein's Idea: There is no way of finding out how the wind is blowing.

From these it follows that, —

C. All bodies are shortened in the direction of their motion.

D. The time of day depends on our direction and speed.

E. The distance from here to there depends on the wind.

(NOTE. As everyone knows who ever studied mathematics, the expression 'it follows' means 'if *you* don't, you flunk'.)

And now, little children and reverend theologians, gather about and let us consider the situation. Do you realize what is really meant by Einstein's Idea?

Why, bless your orthodox hearts, this is no less than a scientific Doctrine of Free Will! If we can't tell which way the wind is blowing, why, what prevents our having it blow any way it listeth us to suggest? Nothing, says Mr. Einstein, and you may have three wishes, C, D, and E, above mentioned. Glorious thought! The Inexorable Law, holding us forever in unbending clamps of steel, is relaxed at last; mind has assumed its dominion over matter; Man has come into his kingdom.

Here is no vague yearning of finite hearts after the infinite, no vain appeal to the Will to Believe in face of a senseless universe. This is no glittering Dogma to divide once again the already seven-times-confounded mind of man. This is Truth, which, the further you chase, becomes the more shiningly true; till at the last, down a tremendous vista of unutterable space, we see it sitting cross-legged upon Infinity itself, like the Pythoness on the three-legged stool, and discoursing formulæ unto the universe at large. A noble vision, fit to rouse the imagination to the high pitch of prophecy.

This evening I sat at my window looking off at the sunset in the direction $\frac{dy}{dx} = Q$; and in my vision I saw a wonderful new-made world. What now can daunt the master, Man,

Blowing the feather of his thought
Beyond the uttermost stars?

Does the time seem out of joint? Let us but solve the equation $M\Theta_B = \Phi(x)$, and it will be whatever time we wish. Does the land of our dreams seem hopelessly far off? Then blow, ye ethereal winds, on the axis of x ; and behold the far-off land is just across the way.

Enter on the scene of my vision Ebsworthy, the chauffeur.

'Please, sir, I'm sorry to trouble you, but the car ain't running right. You see, sir, the road to town is in the line $z = xp$, and with the prevailing velocity, sir, you see, it makes the wheels so elliptic I can hardly drive, sir.'

'All right,' I reply; 'you just let me know when Miss Anne is going to town, and I'll shift the helm to $z = q$.'

The maid enters, to ask if I can reduce our velocity for a couple of hours, as the dining-room table has been shortened so it won't do for our expected guests this evening. Her request granted, she goes away satisfied.

Next comes the gardener, with wood for the fireplace. He is enthusiastic.

'O sir, I can never thank you enough for telling the doctor about my brother. Poor Bill was nearly desperate, for Molly had told him for the last time that she'd never, never marry a man as fat as him. Then the doctor came, and he gave Bill the formula $p = \frac{dy}{dx}$. He had Bill rotate about this as an ax, and in less than an hour Bill was sneaking through the back streets to buy a suit of clothes he could keep from falling out of. Now they're engaged, and Bill's the happiest man in seven counties. The doctor showed me how to use the same formula for chopping wood: I roll the sticks around the line p and then turn them suddenly across it, and the strain splits them all to pieces.'

He goes out, but comes back a moment later.

'Beg pardon, sir, but about that round flower-bed. Do you want it to be circular by daylight-saving or railroad time, and at what velocity?'

This being settled, he leaves me to my meditations. How dependent and respectful are these servants! Yes, a well-ordered world, under the benevolent control of an intellectual aristocracy, who can manipulate the slippery

elliptic function and the prickly differential. Do Bolsheviki attempt to agitate a peaceful community? Let our velocity be $-dv(An)$, and presto! these uncomfortable characters won't have been born for a century and a half yet; and we may confidently leave their treatment to posterity. Do some of our enthusiastic officials suppress certain of the rights of man? Let us apply the formula $Xdp = Y^2$, and whoof! they find themselves in the seventeenth century, where they may hunt the fearsome witch and wily Quaker to their hearts' content. Does my revered wife's uncle read aloud items from the *Daily Transcript*? $Q = pz$, and lo! it's four o'clock, and the paper has n't yet arrived.

Poor Hatter, and poor March Hare! Had they lived a few decades later, what a different tea-party it would have been! No insolent unmannerly Time to thwart their culinary plans; but a Time well disciplined, brought to heel, and mindful of his p 's and q 's.

Hello! what's this? Midnight? No, Mr. Ingersoll, you are mistaken. I find that we are headed at tremendous speed toward the star Nemo Domi; and so long as I face E.S.E. and by E. it is only ten-thirty. Blessings on you, Mr. Einstein.

ON MAKING A VERY COMMON DISCOVERY

She puzzled me this morning, that chubby, fair-haired little freshman, there at the first meeting of my section of English 1: who was she, and where had I seen that face before? Ordinarily I find it easy to recognize in class later editions of familiar faces; but here was a problem that baffled me. After the class was dismissed, she came to my desk with a 'Please, sir, my mother wished to be remembered to you; she was in your first class here at the University; her name used to be Miss

C——.' Then it came in a flash that I was now an intellectual grandparent.

This evening I have been reviewing the steps in my pedagogical senescence and have been recalling those first years as a teacher, when I knew by their nick-names every member of the athletic teams, and when no mass meeting was complete without one of my 'peppy' talks, though at that time they had another name for 'pep.' In those days I regarded the loss of a crucial game with a sickening of heart similar to that with which, years later, I read of the last great April drive of the Teutons toward Paris; and here the other day I flunked without a pang one of our star athletes when his services were sorely needed by the team. During the earliest years of this century I spent my afternoon hours on the tennis-court, or on the rings and bars, and finished the vigorous sport by challenging some student friend to a race in the pool. Now, 4 or 5 P.M. finds me cudgeling my dull brain for some clever project in composition that may quicken the sales of my *Live Language Lessons*, or, perchance, sweating over the task of adjusting a new set of washers on the supposedly automatic pump that supplies the home with soft water.

My first intimation that I had joined the ranks of the 'have beens' came some fifteen years ago. Back in those neolithic ages of my first two or three years as an instructor, I seldom missed a dance; and there were two or three friendly sororities where I could be quite sure of making a date for the next gathering of the *Entre Nous* dancing-club. Then I left the University for two years, to work toward my doctorate, and when I returned found the girls I had known as sophomores risen to the rank of seniors. Yes, they would accept my invitation to a dance, but I could see that I was more welcome when some of the older girls appeared

at one of the homecoming celebrations. Gradually the lure of the waxed floor and of the 'music yearning like a god in pain' grew less seductive, till, finally, I chanced to watch a fellow instructor, who is built along low, broad, Dutch-colonial lines similar to mine, hopping through the one-step with something of the grace of a disabled gander. That night I buried one of my former selves.

Last year I received another jolt when, as I passed a group of students, I chanced to overhear one of them refer to a certain member of the faculty as 'old A——B——.' I gathered that he used the adjective as a term neither of praise nor of reproach, but simply as an expression of an obvious physical fact. To him the generous patches of gray and the stooping shoulders marked my colleague as no longer middle-aged, but old. It happens that A——B—— is my senior by some ten years, and I had been thinking of him as a man in his prime; so I wondered, with a start, how my students regarded me; whether behind my back they were speaking of me as 'old C——D——,' and whether some of the younger men in my department were speculative as to when I shall drop anchor in Port Carnegie.

Thus through the evening these and a dozen other memories have been flitting through my brain, roused by the arrival of this latest member of my intellectual family. To-night I am convinced that 'Grow old along with me' is largely drivel, and I am wondering whether before long I shall be taking a melancholy and very personal interest in 'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,' and all the rest of that bulky anthology of the days that are no more. Perhaps I shall; even now it would not startle me much to find among my Christmas remembrances a framed copy of Ronsard's lines:—

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame!
Las! le temps non: mais nous nous en allons.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Frank Tannenbaum, whose paper on 'Prison Cruelty' in the *Atlantic* for last April aroused widespread interest and discussion, is now traveling through the United States, devoting himself to a comprehensive study of the whole question of prison management. L. Ames Brown is a veteran newspaper correspondent in Washington. Charles Bernard Nordhoff is spending a year away from time, in the South Seas. A. Edward Newton has recently been elected the first honorary member of the American Booksellers' Association. A manufacturer of electrical apparatus, quite innocent of electrical knowledge, Mr. Newton has, we believe, the profoundest comprehension of the instinct of correct advertising that ever graced an eighteenth century essayist.

* * *

George P. Brett, President of the Macmillan Company and a publisher of great experience, follows in his article an argument apt to encourage serious controversy. It will interest our readers to see the comments upon this paper made by a well-informed advertising man to whom we showed proofs of the article.

I have read with surprise the comments made by Mr. Brett in his article which are, I think, unfair, not only to the business of advertising, but to manufacturing and selling as well.

Let me check up certain of his points in detail.

In his third paragraph Mr. Brett gives the impression that a certain publication (which the judicious will recognize as the *Saturday Evening Post*) increased its circulation over-night. As a matter of fact the tremendous growth of this magazine covered a period of four years.

In paragraph four, he goes on to state that the general increase of the magazines in circulation and in bulk is due to advertising, further remarking that most of this advertising is simply a means for national advertisers to escape the excess-profits tax. He quotes the president of a large western corporation to prove his case.

Coming in contact as I do with the majority of national advertisers, I should dispute Mr. Brett's statement. There may be a few isolated cases of manufacturers spending more than they should, but the great majority are exercising just as much prudence and foresight in their advertis-

ing as under pre-war conditions. It is true, some advertising appropriations have been increased because of the fact that, advertising being free from taxation, the manufacturers are taking this opportunity of strengthening their hold upon the consuming public and creating a larger demand for their product and thereby reducing the cost of manufacture, which has been the function of advertising and the reason for its strength in our social, economic, and commercial life to-day.

As it happens, I have just come from the office of an advertising counsel who handles the publicity for a large public utility where the directors are inclined toward retrenchment at a time when it would be of great danger to their product to yield to the inclination. This case is multiplied by many within my personal experience.

A little later on, Mr. Brett seems to me to misrepresent the power of advertising, when he says, 'neither is it a matter of doubt that the many millions of dollars spent annually in advertising of this description are added to the price of the commodity sold and that the expenditure is one of the causes of our present high cost of living.'

From data which I happen to have on my desk I can show that there are but four large advertisers who are spending a higher percentage for advertising than that shown by Mr. Brett's book publisher whose exhibit appears on page 474. A women's wearing-apparel company, which sells entirely by mail, has no retail store or salesmen, and whose entire selling force is that of advertising, spends 15 per cent; Old Dutch Cleanser, 10 per cent; Sears, Roebuck, whose entire selling-cost is advertising, 10 per cent.

Mr. Brett's strictures on magazines are obviously directed to the so-called 'flat' magazines, not to periodicals of the old standard size. He does not differentiate between a standard magazine like the *Atlantic* and large-sized publications like the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *Pictorial Review*, where the amount of white paper per page is from 250 to 300 per cent greater than in the case of the standard magazine. It is fair that the reader should appreciate the immense economy of paper practised by the magazines of standard size.

As an illustration of what advertising can do, take the California Almond-Growers' Exchange. It assesses its members one cent per pound for advertising. During the past two years, the price of almonds to the consumer has increased about 25 per cent, while during the same period, wages have increased 300 per cent. There have also been heavy increases in transportation; but the reason that the increase in cost of almonds has been lower than in that of practically any other food-product, is that the advertising has so greatly increased the consumption of almonds.

Robert M. Gay, long familiar to *Atlantic* readers, is now Professor of English at Simmons College, Boston. His 'Writing through Reading,' recently published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, is based upon a novel plan for teaching composition, which has met with immediate appreciation.

* * *

Amory Hare, a Philadelphia poet pleasantly familiar to our readers, is a granddaughter of the late Bishop William Hobart Hare, the Apostle to the Sioux. **L. Adams Beck** is an Oriental scholar and wanderer in many lands. At this moment he is visiting the Midnight Sun in Alaska. **Francis B. Gummere**, who was Professor of English at Haverford College from 1887 till 1919, has left behind him a name honored wherever America cherishes the humanities.

* * *

Lord Dunsany, of the historic Plunkett family, and holder of one of the oldest titles in the peerage of Ireland, is the author of numerous volumes of plays and essays. His 'Fame and the Poet' was printed in the *Atlantic* for August, 1919. **Gamaliel Bradford**, eighth of the name, lives in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. **Carl F. L. Zeisberg** is a manufacturer, of Warren, Pennsylvania. **W. W. Williams**, who served his country at a dollar a year in Washington, here gives his poetic impression of a lady in the stenographic ranks.

* * *

Charles W. Eliot, for two generations a public servant in private life, is of all distinguished Americans the most detached and independent in beliefs and in processes of thought. The *Atlantic*, having invited this contribution without knowledge of President Eliot's present choice of party, is all the more interested in the definiteness of his conclusion. **Meredith Nicholson**, novelist and essayist, student of men and manners, and excursionist into politics, has with his solid friend Smith frequently figured in *Atlantic* pages. What Smith thinks of the Church is known, we imagine, to every clergyman who faces a congregation. It is the same Smith who now has a word of advice to politicians. **Raymond B. Fosdick** was appointed Under-Secretary of the

League of Nations, by Sir Eric Drummond, in May, 1919, but resigned when it became apparent that the United States was not likely to be an early member of the League. In June of this year the *Atlantic* printed his paper, 'The League of Nations is Alive.' **Eugene E. Rovillain** is Professor of French at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. He served his country with distinction in the war, and was subsequently sent to Mexico by his government as official observer.

* * *

Interesting testimony to the remarkable rightness of Mrs. Gerould's judgments comes to us direct from the capital of Bulgaria.

SOPHIA, BULGARIA, 7/20/20.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Another example of the 'Remarkable Rightness of Rudyard Kipling' is furnished by the inclosed clipping from the *Chicago Tribune*, Paris Edition. I had been rereading *Actions and Reactions*, when I came upon it. You remember the 'ads' that follow 'With the Night Mail'? Compare these actual ones with those.

AIR SERVICE SCHEDULE

Leaving Paris for London

9.30 a.m. & 4.30 p.m. (Daily) Air Express.
11.00 a.m. (Mon., Thur.) Gds. Express Aeriens.
12.30 p.m. (Daily) Mess. Aeriennes-Handley Page Cos.

Leaving London for Paris

9.30 a.m. & 4.30 p.m. (Daily) Air Express.
11.00 a.m. (Wed., Sat.) Gds. Express Aeriens.
12.00 m. (Daily) Mess. Aeriennes-Handley Page Cos.

THE GO-AHEAD BUSINESS MAN TRAVELS BY AIRCO EXPRESS

LONDON AND PARIS (TWICE DAILY)

PLEASURE TRIPS & FLIGHTS OVER LONDON

Daily Flights are made over London & Trips to all Business Centres, Pleasure & Health Resorts arranged at short notice.

After arid weeks, nay, months, of wandering about Germany and the Balkans, imagine the joy of coming, last week-end, upon two copies of the *Atlantic* (for May and July) up at the American School at Samokov, about forty miles back in the mountains from Sophia. The last copies I had seen were in the American Church Library at Munich: . . .

Next to a daily shower-bath, the chiefest delight of getting home again will be the regular

arrival, warm off the press, of each *Atlantic* at my front door.

Faithfully yours,

ALFRED LOURY.

* * *

The following 'human reaction' will interest deeply all those to whom the order of the world is a subject of concern.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I'm so sleepy, but I cannot resist the impulse to tell you what a breath of life you are to me at times. I live in one of the cesspools of the earth — in a city within a city. The Great City is one of the proud of the earth, whereas *my* city — my city is the sediment of the Great City; what even its jails and worst lodging-houses won't keep; for I am at 'the County.' I sometimes wonder if even the 'yellowest' reporter in the city would not be stunned into comparative silence by the vast fund of lurid experiences he would find if he were a nurse at 'the County.'

'The County' is in the heart of the city. It is near the Ghetto, near 'the Bucket o' Blood.' It knows that summer is here only because of the hideous waves of heat that sweep over the Great City and send in dying babies and hideous stinking sores. It draws its inhabitants from every corner of the earth — and the Seven Seas. One cold winter morning, just before dawn, I stood by a bed where lay a giant who would never walk again; and he grinned between his pains, and thanked me for the water I gave him by telling me of being for days in an open boat on the China Sea without a drop of that precious fluid. Near him lay a little gnome of a man, who has been with us for years — Johannus, who cleans the bed-pans, and who is nearing the end of his journey alone and in a foreign land. For Johannus is a son of a high-born German family, a graduate of Alt' Heidelberg, and he quotes Heine and Shakespeare and the rest. And not far from Johannus is a man who will go to jail under the Mann Act when his wounds are healed — wounds made with a dagger by a jealous woman.

On the floor above is a little Frenchman who has tried for the third time to commit suicide because of the overthrow of all his ideals and beliefs by the war. Beside him lies a belated 'D. T.', to use the hospital parlance: a man who is leaving this world in a delirium tremens in which his old mother on the farm seems to come to him between his fights with 'red-hot monkeys' and the rest. It was in that ward that Thaddeus died, coming out of his dreadful pain at the last, to cry, 'Mutter, mutter! Don't cry! Oh — I'm going to mass mit der angels!' Thaddy was the son of a fine old man, who had been a banker in Poland and who had surrounded his family with every luxury — till the Germans came.

But I could go on indefinitely — we get them all, the murderers and the murdered, the suicides, the betrayed, the feeble-minded. We have a fourteen-year-old colored girl and her baby, whose father is little older than the mother; we have the girls whose families have cast them off and who have come here to have their illegitimate babies;

we have old people whose families have turned them out in their helpless old age; we have tiny children who are already steeped beyond hope in sin and crime; we have lepers that society fears as it does no other class; we have women with broken heads and razor-cuts and bruised faces.

Can you see what a breath of life you are to me when I come out of this that is so far from the happy, sane, beauty-loving world you live in? I am seized with a sort of horror at times as I look at some of them! 'And this is the Dream He dreamed, to be the ruler of the world, to search the heavens for power, to feel the passion of Eternity!' Oh, I know that is not correctly quoted, but I'm too sleepy to see or quote correctly. Imagine only two nurses on duty, all night long, making rounds with a candle in the midst of *this*! Don't you believe that it is almost soul-crushing at times? How many who lie in their comfortable beds ever think of that hideous maelstrom at 'the County'?

* * *

Is the dearest tenet of popular natural history in danger? Is 'playing 'possum' an exhibition, not of cunning, but of nerves. Mr. Erich A. O'D. Taylor, of Newport, Rhode Island, writes us as follows: —

The author of the 'Whimsical Goddess' seems to be under the impression that the 'possum is capable of feigning death to escape its enemies, much in the same way as the man in the story feigned death to escape the bear. Such is not the case. It seems almost unnecessary to say that in order to imitate something one must have some idea of the thing one would imitate. As far as I know there is nothing to show that the 'possum (or indeed any other animal) does know anything of death. If there were, we must admit that the animal takes thought of the future. That seems to me to be going too far.

Jean Henri Fabre, the French entomologist, made very careful experiments upon this subject. In his case, however, a beetle and not a 'possum was the subject of the experiment. It was dropped two or three times and then turned on its back. To all outward appearances it was dead. Sometimes this condition lasted for over fifty minutes; sometimes only twenty. At any rate, after a longer or shorter time its legs began to quiver and its antennæ moved. Within another minute it had turned over and was moving off as alive as ever.

If the beetle was subjected to strong light (which exposed it to full view of its enemies), the 'sham' ceased. In other words, when danger threatened, the beetle ceased to 'sham,' and made frantic efforts to get away.

If the 'sham' was a trick, why did it not make use of it? On the other hand, if this condition is not a trick of the beetle to escape its enemies, what is it? The answer is fairly simple. The insect has been 'hypnotized' by the shock! If it was 'shamming,' when the danger had passed it would at once turn over and escape. Instead, its energy returns slowly, and it is some time before it is strong enough to right itself. All this coin-

cides with the action of one returning to consciousness after a faint or a deep sleep.

The scorpion has been said to sting itself to death if surrounded by a ring of fire. M. Fabre made this experiment also. He surrounded a large scorpion with glowing charcoal. The animal, crazed by the heat, made a vain effort to escape. It brandished its sting, crooking and straightening it out, with all the fury of its intense anguish. At length it became motionless. Had it stung itself? It might well have done so, for its movements were so rapid that the eye could not follow them. With much uncertainty the experimenter removed the 'corpse' from the furnace and placed it on some cool sand. Within an hour the animal returned to life as lusty as ever. Evidently hypnosis, or a faint, is again the answer.

Birds also may be hypnotized. There are probably many people who have tucked a hen's head under its wing and rocked it gently until the bird was apparently dead. Only the rise and fall of the feathers denotes the fact that she 'is not dead but sleepeth.'

Now birds, scorpions, and beetles are all less highly organized than the 'possum. Clearly, then, the argument that the 'possum belongs to too low an order to be rendered unconscious by a nervous shock falls to the ground. The shamming of the 'possum is no more a trick than that of the bird, beetle, or scorpion, or the fainting of a woman on hearing of her husband's sudden death.

* * *

Thousands who have read in the *Atlantic* of 'Old Sawney' have a regard for him which may fairly be called affection. It is good, then, to learn from Mr. E. B. Chappell of Nashville that he

has not retired from the oversight of the school. He is still hale and vigorous, a Socrates grown mellow with the passing of the years. He still makes his morning talks to the boys, not the garrulous mouthings of an old man in his dotage, but talks full of wit and vivacity and homely counsel, and apt comment upon current life and events. And the school is still dominated by the influence of his personality. Moreover, two of his sons, who have inherited a measure of his genius and have worked with him for many years, are ready to perpetuate the spirit and ideals which he has wrought into the life of the institution when the great founder has gone to wear 'a truer crown than any wreath that man can weave him.'

* * *

The 'Soaring Hawk' will not stay down. Another paper on the subject will be contributed by Mr. Burroughs to an early issue. Meanwhile, Mr. John Breck, of Grosse Ile, Michigan, has some interesting remarks to make.

How does a hawk soar? That question will probably remain open for speculation through

another decade while we perfect the airplane. A spirited discussion of it between Mr. George Clough and Mr. Burroughs has recently broken into print. It would be a bold naturalist who dared oppose either one of them in his own field, but — I have tried soaring.

Back in the early days of airplanes, I had a third interest in a glider — a home-made contraption of split bamboo fishing-rods lashed together with a wilderness of wires. And it was a monoplane, an imitation of the wings of a soaring bird.

It would support us only in a strong head wind. The instant it veered off a direct course, the leeward wing would drop and it would begin a descending spiral. But if you could manage to lean the windward wing, it would sometimes seem to pry up the leeward one, — which had less wind-pressure, and therefore less resistance, — face about full and lift strongly again.

Isn't this the secret of the body-roll? Isn't a bird a kite, with gravity for the boy and the string, the wind for its power, and this incessant shifting of the weight on the windward wing for its lifting energy?

The forward motion of a bird, at any gait, is intrinsically a matter of wing-construction. The wing is an arch, since an arched surface will lift half again as efficiently as a plane surface in the same head wind. Its centre of support is the hollow directly behind the bone; its rigid cutting edge, a form echoed by each individual flight-feather. Here is the point of compression for the downward stroke; the escaping air is kicked out of the flexible rear edge of the wing exactly as a screw-propeller kicks water. Hence even the slight pressure exerted by gravity may enable the bird to use a head wind in lieu of considerable forward effort.

But the wind cannot do it all. The bird must lift itself enough to counteract that gravity-pull. It must maintain steerage-way, the stability to continually present those arched wings to the air-currents. Otherwise it would fly like a curled leaflet, tumbling before the autumn breeze. Whichever way it heads, its own velocity must keep it at an angle with that tie to the solid earth, like a kite tugging at its slanting string. And the alternating stroke of the body-roll applies as positive a pressure as though the wings beat in unison. Little power is needed, no more than the tentative oar-dips by which we head a boat into a current, perhaps no more regular.

After comparing the wing and tail areas on various birds as diverse as the frigate-bird and the hawk, for instance, I feel sure that a tail is a counter-balance with no more effective a supporting surface than the tail-planes of an airship, unless perchance the thrushes get an occasional lift out of that spank with which they mark their dipping flight. The frigate-bird's tail is slit for three fifths of its length, and the two halves have an opposable as well as a united action. This not only contributes to the marvelous flexibility of his turns and dodges, but gives him a forward impulse. He brakes by water-pressure, either submerging or dragging his feet at the end of his glide.